









## DUELS DANELLES ARE RELEASED.

Mining Warfare Armies Busy. Progress is Made. Much Report.

Turk Transport Confirmed.

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## ELOQUENCE OF OMAR LOSSES IN DIVORCE.

MRS. ELIJAH GENTRY SECURES DECREE FROM VENICE MAN DESPITE POETRY.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.) CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Sept. 24.—"Ah, love, could we but with the fates conspire. To grasp this sordid scheme of things entire, 'Would we not shatter to bits, and then, 'Mold it more nearly to our heart's desire.'"

Thus, with the aid of Omar, Elijah J. Gentry sought to win back the affection of Mrs. H. Gentry, because they could not "mold things more nearly to the heart's desire." "If total and dead indifference hadn't seized you in its vice-like grip, perchance you might yet pause. Allow me to say this and only this: 'My Dear Wife: It may be my last time to so address you pending the result of your suit.'"

Only hope you're intensely aware of the gravity of the sentence which you're about to pass upon yourself. I speak from a scriptural viewpoint. 'If total and dead indifference hadn't seized you in its vice-like grip, perchance you might yet pause. Allow me to say this and only this: 'My Dear Wife: It may be my last time to so address you pending the result of your suit.'"

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## ROCKEFELLER VISITS PLANT.

Shakes Hands with Workmen Amid Dirt and Grime.

Who'll Pay for Spoiled Suits, Characteristic Query.

Magnate Inspects Hospital at the Pueblo Branch.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) PUEBLO (Colo.) Sept. 24.—A perspiring man, with collar wilted and with his dusty coat slung over his arm, today plodded and dodged his way through the big steel plant of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. The man was John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

After a fifty-three-mile motor trip from Walsenburg, the mine owner barely took time for luncheon at the home of J. S. Walsburg, manager of the corporation's fuel department, then plunged into the steel plant, his weary staff of company officers and newspaper correspondents at his heels.

Through the dirtiest and most dangerous portions of the plant, Rockefeller made his way, shaking hands with the workmen and making a stream of questions of the officials of the company, who piloted him. "The trip was not without peril, but the inspection was made without mishap, save for a plentiful accumulation of dust and grease."

What I want to know, remarked Rockefeller, as he smoked from the last building, "is who's going to pay for new suits all around for this crowd?"

After inspecting the steel plant, Rockefeller went through the company's big hospital. Rockefeller announced he would be ready for a rest Sunday. "I've been averaging four hours of sleep a day since Monday," he remarked. Rockefeller, however, looked as fresh as when he reached Trinidad, the days of motoring having given him a thick coat of tan.

STRIKERS INJURE THREE POLICEMEN. BRICKS AND STONES THROWN BY RIOTERS AT NEW BRITAIN FACTORY.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.) NEW BRITAIN (Conn.) Sept. 24.—In a clash with strike rioters at the Corbin screw factory of the American Hardware Corporation here this afternoon three policemen were injured. Flying bricks and stones hurled by the rioters. One officer, George Ellinger, had his jaw broken. It was at first reported that one officer had been shot but this was denied later at police headquarters.

The riot started when the police attempted to disperse a group of strikers near the plant. After quiet had been restored, policemen drawn revolvers remained on guard about the plant.

THIS IS A BLOW. Gompers Refuses to Talk for the First Time Within the Memory of Man.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, made public tonight a letter he had written Maj. Gen. Wood declining an invitation to speak at the Flatbush (N. Y.) citizens' training camp.

Deprecating any tendency toward militarism, Gompers declared the practice of requiring applicants for admission to military camps to file records of their professions or callings enabled the officers in charge to create and encourage undemocratic customs.

GRANTED NEW JUDGE. Petition of Hawkins and Clark, Arrested in Colorado for Subornation, is Allowed.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.) TRINIDAD (Colo.) Sept. 24.—Judge Granby Hillyer and A. W. McHendrie of the Third District Court today granted the motion of H. N. Hawkins and F. W. Clark, attorneys for the United Mine Workers of America, for a change of judge. The request was made in connection with the recent arrest of Hawkins and Clark on charges of subornation in connection with the affidavit of Granby Hillyer from presiding in future strike trials. Hall was a member of the jury that convicted John E. Lawson, union leader, of first degree murder. Hall's affidavit stated that he voted for acquittal until decisive measures were taken by a court bailiff. The petition of Hawkins and Clark charged the judges of the third district with prejudice.

MAYER WEDS AGAIN. (BY A. P. DAY WIRE.) POCATELLO (Idaho) Sept. 24.—Following decrees of divorce within the last two weeks granted by District Judge J. G. Cowan of Blackfoot, Idaho, after a residence here of seven months, John Mayer, grandson of the late Theodore A. Havemeyer, and Mrs. Beatrice V. Blackwell, former wife of William B. Blackwell, clubman and retired attorney of New York City, were quietly married yesterday in Butte, Mont.

UNIONISTS TRIAL BEGINS. NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Taking of testimony was begun today in the trial of the seven officials of the cloak and suit makers' union, accused of procuring the death of Abraham Liebowitz, who was beaten to death during the garment workers' strike of 1910, after he had obtained nonunion employment.

TO BURY F-4 VICTIMS. Fourteen unidentified Bodies of Crew of Ill-fated Submarine will be Interred at Arlington.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—Fourteen unidentified victims of the submarine F-4 will be buried at Arlington National Cemetery Tuesday, September 28, with full military honors. The bodies will reach here from San Francisco Sunday. Secretary Daniels, Assistant Secretary Roosevelt and many high officers of the navy will attend the funeral. Troops from Fort Meyer and bluejackets from ships stationed here will form the escort.

## Rain, Wind and Snow.

(Continued from First Page.) effects of the storm to any extent and it is believed that the grape crop was not injured.

SLIGHT DAMAGE AT SANTA BARBARA. (BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.) SANTA BARBARA, Sept. 24.—The high winds of today have done some damage to the vine and grape crops. From the P. C. Marbel ranch comes word that the damage will total \$500 from the blowing away of vines that had been cut. Blast blowing was stopped in some localities. The damage, however, is not expected to be very great.

SNOW FALLS IN MOUNTAINS. (LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.) UPLAND, Sept. 24.—After threatening rain during most of today, very heavy rainfall, lasting for several minutes, fell here shortly after noon today. The precipitation, as reported by the U. S. weather bureau, was .35 inch. Severe thunder and lightning accompanied the rain here. The weather is still threatening. Camp Baldy reports a nice, gentle shower of rain, with some hail, and a drift of snow on some of the near-by peaks.

USELESS MILLS QUICKLY SOLD. (BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Testimony that the City of New York had twenty-two useless mills after it had absorbed them, was given today in the hearing before the government's suit to dissolve the corporation as an alleged monopoly under the Sherman law. This was brought out while Frederick T. Fisher, secretary and treasurer of the company, was on the stand.

Secretary Fisher also said that he examined many of the plants taken over by the corporation and that many of the buildings deteriorated rapidly and became worthless. He told of the sale of various unused plants at a price below their value. These plants were in various parts of the East and the Middle West. Some had not been operated for ten years before their sale in 1908 and 1911.

In all, Mr. Fisher testified, twenty-two plants were sold and eleven corporations dissolved since the formation of the City of New York Water Company. Counsel for the company contended that the testimony proved the company never had closed or dismantled a plant that was in operation when purchased.

VON PAPPEN RETICENT. Author of Phrase "Idiotic Americans," Has But Little to Say on His Visit to San Francisco.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.) SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 24.—Capt. Franz Von Pappen, German military attaché at Washington, D. C., who recently became implicated in the troubles centering around Austrian Ambassador Dumba through the arrest in England of James F. J. Archibald, (a) in San Francisco today. He is accompanied by a friend, who registered as "Mr. Hatfield" of New York, but who is said to be Prince Von Hatfield of the German Embassy at Washington.

Capt. Von Pappen, who is charged with having written to his brother, "I always tell these idiotic Yankees they had better hold their tongues," attempted, it is said, to preserve an incognito. Asked how long he intended to remain here, Von Pappen replied: "Until I leave."

Prince Von Hatfield refused to make any reply to questions addressed to him. Capt. Von Pappen merely states that he has been in San Francisco several weeks on leave, and is understood to be in the West.

GRAFT SPREADS AMONG THE JAPS. (A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.) TOKIO, Aug. 20.—The bribery scandal which caused the downfall of Viscount Oura, the Home Minister, and forced reconstruction of the Okuma ministry has extended to others. Four more former members of the Diet have been arrested.

Thirteen men are now in jail awaiting trial on charges connected with parliamentary corruption. These include four members of the present Diet and seven ex-members of the Diet. The others are Mr. Matsumoto Hyashida, who was chief secretary of the House of Representatives and the manager of a Japanese firm at Daifon, and an ex-member of the House of Representatives. He has announced that it will pursue the policy of the old, and as Mr. Y. Ozaki continues to suffer from ill health, the bribery affair may be expected to be probed to the bottom.

FAVAR FUNERAL HERE. Body of Actress Killed in Memphis Will be Brought to this City for Interment.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) MEMPHIS (Tenn.) Sept. 24.—On the theory that jealousy prompted the killing of Margaret Favar, actress, and J. C. Crowell, Greenwood, Miss. business man at Miss Favar's apartment here early Tuesday, detectives today renewed their search for former associates of the actress. Joe Cue and Louis Raber, dancing instructors, were questioned tonight and were detained at police headquarters for further examination tomorrow.

Instructions were received today from Los Angeles for the shipment of the woman's body to that city.

NEGRO BOY HANGED. JACKSON (Ga.) Sept. 24.—Joe Persons, a negro boy not more than 14 years old, was hanged here today for assaulting an 8-year-old white girl. To the half-hundred persons around the scaffold the boy admitted he committed the crime and proudly announced he was ready to die.

## FINDS SECRET OF PLANT FOOD.

Cleveland Druggist Proves Fertility Not Needed.

Grows Corn in Cotton and Tomatoes in Sand.

Says Crop Failures Impossible with His Formulas.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.) CLEVELAND, Sept. 24.—J. A. Smith, manager of a drug store, may have discovered the secret of plant food compounds and fertilizer formulas which the United States Agricultural Department scientists have been seeking for 100 years.

With Mr. Smith to prescribe for plants, there would be no poor years, no short crops. It's only a matter of knowing what to feed plants, he declares. The degree of fertility of the soil is of little moment if you know what food the plants require.

HAS THE PROOF. He has growing in a Cleveland greenhouse healthy sweet corn planted in absorbent cotton which has been treated with the chemical food the corn requires. In another greenhouse he has tomatoes thriving in washed lake sand.

Smith has worked on the discovery during his spare moments for fifteen years. Previous to that, a scientist did the investigating. Mr. Smith believes he has learned just what food each plant requires. He also believes he has a formula for each plant by which he may know in just what proportions to feed it nitrogen, potash and the other necessary chemicals.

THE WEATHER BACK EAST. Schools Closed Week Ago Because of Heat Shut Down Again Account of Cold Wave.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.) CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Sept. 24.—The cold wave has hit the Eastern States squarely, after much delay. In Massachusetts schools which closed a week ago because of heat today closed because of the cold. The maximum of 47 deg. The Middle West was warmer than yesterday, several points reporting 80 deg. All of Western Canada is near at its freezing point, with general rains. Other temperatures:

City—Max. Min. Abilene, Tex. .... 78 68 Boise, Idaho .... 72 52 Boston, Mass. .... 66 50 Calgary, Alberta .... 64 34 Chicago, Ill. .... 68 44 Denver, Colo. .... 86 56 Des Moines, Iowa .... 76 60 Dodge City, Kan. .... 74 66 Durango, Colo. .... 70 48 Galveston, Tex. .... 82 74 Havre, Mont. .... 64 44 Helena, Mont. .... 58 48 Jackson, Wyo. .... 68 48 Jacksonville, Fla. .... 78 68 Kamloops, B. C. .... 72 44 Kansas City, Mo. .... 72 52 Knoxville, Tenn. .... 76 56 Memphis, Tenn. .... 84 62 Minneapolis, Minn. .... 68 48 Montreal, Quebec .... 60 48 Moorhead, Minn. .... 60 48 New Orleans, La. .... 86 76 New York, N. Y. .... 52 32 North Platte, Neb. .... 82 60 Oklahoma City, Okla. .... 66 60 Pittsburgh, Pa. .... 70 52 Rapid City, S. D. .... 80 64 St. Louis, Mo. .... 80 64 St. Paul, Minn. .... 66 56 Salt Lake City, Utah .... 82 62 Sheridan, Wyo. .... 62 50 Swift Current, Sask. .... 60 44 Tampa, Fla. .... 90 72 Tulsa, Okla. .... 76 48 Williston, N. D. .... 66 48 Winnipeg, Man. .... 44 26

PROTESTS SEIZURE OF PEARLS. Japanese Commissioners at the Exposition Allege Customs Collectors Show Discourtesy in Holding Gems.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.) SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 24.—Representatives of the Japanese Exhibitors' Association, it was learned today, have protested to the Japanese Embassy at Washington concerning what they allege was a discourtesy act of agents of the Treasury Department in seizing a large quantity of culture pearls sent here for exhibition. Fifteen of the pearls were held by customs authorities because, it was alleged, they were not listed on invoices.

The Japanese Embassy at Washington was informed of the facts and a package of about 500 pearls sealed in a safe by customs officials was released for exhibition with the exception of fifteen.

It is alleged by representatives of the Japanese Exhibitors' Association that the Japanese mar to the Japanese Embassy, it was said, and offered to deposit the duty on all the pearls. Disposition of the fifteen pearls now held by John O. Davis, Collector of Customs, has not been determined.

SCHOOLS TO STAY CLOSED. WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—There is little hope of reopening missionary schools and colleges in the interior of Turkey, according to a dispatch today from Ambassador Morgenthau, who said many school properties remained vacant for lack of teachers, pupils and patrons.

## BIG STEEL PLANT CHANGES HANDS.

MIDVALE IS SOLD BUT THE PURCHASERS' NAMES ARE UNKNOWN.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.) PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24.—The Midvale Steel Company, one of the largest of the so-called independent concerns in the country, was today sold to purchasers whose identity has not been disclosed. The sale price approximately \$15,000,000.

Coinciding with the sale of the Midvale plant came the report that the Cambria Steel Company, another big independent concern, with a plant at Johnstown, Pa., is in the course of changing hands.

No confirmation could be had of the report that the Midvale and Cambria plants would eventually become units of a new big steel corporation to be organized to take in a number of independent plants in the eastern part of the country.

The Midvale plant, which is located in this city, employs about 5500 men and is one of the three steel concerns in the United States which furnishes armor plate to the navy. It also usually does a large amount of government ordnance work.

William E. Corey, formerly president of the United States Steel Corporation, it was learned from an authoritative source tonight, is to return to the steel industry and become the head of the reorganized Midvale Steel Company. Percy Rockefeller, son of William Rockefeller, and nephew of John D. Rockefeller, and others well known in the financial world, are to become associated with him.

Mr. Corey retired from the presidency of the United States Steel Corporation in 1911 after eight years in that office. Since then he has continued to be a director of many corporations, although he has spent much of his time in France.

Reports that Charles M. Schwab of the Bethlehem Steel Company and Alfred I. Dupont, president of the E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co., were among those interested in the purchase of the Midvale plant lacked confirmation tonight. Mr. Schwab was in Philadelphia today and conferred with Mr. Dupont and later met E. F. Ingraham B. Morris, chairman of the board of directors of the Cambria Steel Company, but none of them would discuss the subject of their conference.

Another unconfirmed rumor today was that the Baldwin Locomotive Works was to be made a part of the big combination of independent steel plants. Alva B. Johnson, president of the locomotive company, refused tonight to either confirm or deny the reports.

"I have no personal knowledge of any change in the control of Baldwin," he said. "There have been large sales of stock in the open market but we cannot determine who the purchasers represent. As far as entering any combination is concerned, I can only say that I have no knowledge of it."

STRIKE IS OFF. (BY A. P. DAY WIRE.) OMAHA (Neb.) Sept. 24.—A strike of bricklayers, which has partially blocked building operations here for several weeks, ended today when all idle men returned to work. The men had demanded an increase in wages from 70 to 75 cents an hour but a compromise was agreed upon by which they receive 72 1/2 cents until December 1, and 75 cents thereafter.

Age rests lightly on the shoulders of the man who wears —



Mullen & Bluett Clothes

The brisk business man hovering around the age of forty, and enjoying the fruits of a dozen successful business years, will find deep and lasting satisfaction in Mullen & Bluett clothes

Mullen & Bluett Broadway at Sixth

"I never tasted such good Tea Isn't it delicious? And so refreshing

N. A. Newmark & Co. Wholesale Distributors.

SAFE TEA FIRST















Helpless Angels Let Oakland Take Another Ball Game.

MAKES DEFEAT OLD JACK RYAN.

Angels are Crippled and Discouraged.

Figures in Runs on Both Sides.

Angels Taken Out to Give Burns Chance.

Angels' defeat was a crushing blow to the team.

Angels' defeat was a crushing blow to the team.

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JOHN BEALL TO JOIN CINCI REDS.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 24.—President August Herrmann of the Cincinnati Nationals announced tonight that John Beall, the heavy-hitting outfielder of the Milwaukee American Association team, had signed a contract today to play with the Reds. Beall was recently drafted by the local club.

SIX HEATS ARE NEEDED IN TROT.

Mirthful Finally Wins from St. Frisco.

Miss Rejected Falls, Throws Driver from Seat.

Rastus Defeats John Dud in Pacing Event.

COLUMBUS (O.) Sept. 24.—To each of the three class races carded for the fifth day of the Columbus Grand Circuit racing, there was something out of the ordinary. The programme itself was not completed, Mirthful and St. Frisco making it long with a six-heat trotting battle.

Tomorrow the 2:15 pace will be finished, and there will be consolation races for 2:11 pacers and 2:17 trotters.

Rastus, favorite, won the 2:05 pace after the first heat had gone to John Dud.

St. Frisco was the first choice for the 2:09 trot. Vaster, making his second start of the week, won the first heat and then the race.

Mirthful and St. Frisco, the Murphy mare made a costly break in the third heat and was outtrotted in the next. She had the most endurance, winning the fifth without trouble, and virtually setting the race by going the first half of the sixth mile in 1:02.

Her jockey, finish, however, lost both St. Frisco and Vaster from being shut out.

Virginia Brooks was the original favorite in the 2:15 pace, the first heat of which went to Budd Elliott in slow time.

During this heat Miss Rejected fell, and Driver Yates was thrown to the track and slightly injured. All horses were placed in the next two heats. Thelma Patch and Red Mike took turns in winning.

Summary: The 2:05 pace, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:05; St. Frisco, 2:06; Vaster, 2:07; Rastus, 2:08; John Dud, 2:09; Miss Rejected, 2:10; Thelma Patch, 2:11; Red Mike, 2:12.

The 2:09 trot, 3 to 5, \$1000. Vaster, 2:09; Mirthful, 2:10; St. Frisco, 2:11; Rastus, 2:12; John Dud, 2:13; Miss Rejected, 2:14; Thelma Patch, 2:15; Red Mike, 2:16.

The 2:15 pace, 3 to 5, \$1000. Virginia Brooks, 2:15; Budd Elliott, 2:16; Rastus, 2:17; John Dud, 2:18; Miss Rejected, 2:19; Thelma Patch, 2:20; Red Mike, 2:21.

The 2:17 trot, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:17; St. Frisco, 2:18; Vaster, 2:19; Rastus, 2:20; John Dud, 2:21; Miss Rejected, 2:22; Thelma Patch, 2:23; Red Mike, 2:24.

The 2:11 pace, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:11; St. Frisco, 2:12; Vaster, 2:13; Rastus, 2:14; John Dud, 2:15; Miss Rejected, 2:16; Thelma Patch, 2:17; Red Mike, 2:18.

The 2:13 pace, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:13; St. Frisco, 2:14; Vaster, 2:15; Rastus, 2:16; John Dud, 2:17; Miss Rejected, 2:18; Thelma Patch, 2:19; Red Mike, 2:20.

The 2:15 pace, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:15; St. Frisco, 2:16; Vaster, 2:17; Rastus, 2:18; John Dud, 2:19; Miss Rejected, 2:20; Thelma Patch, 2:21; Red Mike, 2:22.

The 2:17 trot, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:17; St. Frisco, 2:18; Vaster, 2:19; Rastus, 2:20; John Dud, 2:21; Miss Rejected, 2:22; Thelma Patch, 2:23; Red Mike, 2:24.

The 2:19 trot, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:19; St. Frisco, 2:20; Vaster, 2:21; Rastus, 2:22; John Dud, 2:23; Miss Rejected, 2:24; Thelma Patch, 2:25; Red Mike, 2:26.

The 2:21 pace, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:21; St. Frisco, 2:22; Vaster, 2:23; Rastus, 2:24; John Dud, 2:25; Miss Rejected, 2:26; Thelma Patch, 2:27; Red Mike, 2:28.

The 2:23 trot, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:23; St. Frisco, 2:24; Vaster, 2:25; Rastus, 2:26; John Dud, 2:27; Miss Rejected, 2:28; Thelma Patch, 2:29; Red Mike, 2:30.

The 2:25 pace, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:25; St. Frisco, 2:26; Vaster, 2:27; Rastus, 2:28; John Dud, 2:29; Miss Rejected, 2:30; Thelma Patch, 2:31; Red Mike, 2:32.

The 2:27 trot, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:27; St. Frisco, 2:28; Vaster, 2:29; Rastus, 2:30; John Dud, 2:31; Miss Rejected, 2:32; Thelma Patch, 2:33; Red Mike, 2:34.

The 2:29 pace, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:29; St. Frisco, 2:30; Vaster, 2:31; Rastus, 2:32; John Dud, 2:33; Miss Rejected, 2:34; Thelma Patch, 2:35; Red Mike, 2:36.

The 2:31 trot, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:31; St. Frisco, 2:32; Vaster, 2:33; Rastus, 2:34; John Dud, 2:35; Miss Rejected, 2:36; Thelma Patch, 2:37; Red Mike, 2:38.

The 2:33 pace, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:33; St. Frisco, 2:34; Vaster, 2:35; Rastus, 2:36; John Dud, 2:37; Miss Rejected, 2:38; Thelma Patch, 2:39; Red Mike, 2:40.

The 2:35 trot, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:35; St. Frisco, 2:36; Vaster, 2:37; Rastus, 2:38; John Dud, 2:39; Miss Rejected, 2:40; Thelma Patch, 2:41; Red Mike, 2:42.

The 2:37 pace, 3 to 5, \$1000. Mirthful, 2:37; St. Frisco, 2:38; Vaster, 2:39; Rastus, 2:40; John Dud, 2:41; Miss Rejected, 2:42; Thelma Patch, 2:43; Red Mike, 2:44.

PIERCY IS AFTER COIN.

Bill Piercy, young and promising pitcher of the Tigers, has wired the New York Americans that he is not satisfied with the terms submitted. Piercy denies that he is trying to hold up the club, and says that all he asks is a reasonable salary. He is not particularly eager to leave Maier, anyway, and would rather remain on the Coast than play in the East at the salary named in his contract.

COINS FOR OTHER COUNTRIES.

American Mints do a Large Foreign Business, and do not Mark Their Products "Made in United States." [Washington Star:] "Made in the United States" might in all truth be stamped on the coins of nearly a dozen of the countries of Latin America in which a shopper would try in vain to buy merchandise bearing that slogan. For though the United States does not ship great amounts of goods to the countries between the Rio Grande River and Cape Horn, it does supply them with a large part of their money, and this, in spite of the Spanish phrases and foreign emblems that it bears, is the product of Uncle Sam's own mints.

The United States government, unknown to many of its citizens, who can hardly be expected to know all of its statutes by heart, was authorized by law more than forty years ago to engage in the business of minting money for foreign countries. Under this authorization the government has turned out millions of foreign coins in its big money-making establishments.

Just now, according to Robert W. Woolley, director of the mint, the bulk of the work being done in the mints is either under the contract for one of our neighbors to the south, or for the Philippines, our foster government across the Pacific. Aside from the mere matter of the demand of these countries for minting services, the concentration on foreign work at this time arises from the fact that however strange it may appear to the average man or woman—that we now have more money than we need in circulation in the United States. This is indicated by the fact that there are on deposit in the treasuries and sub-treasuries approximately \$25,000,000 in silver coins, and the average man or woman who has a few dollars in his pocket, or a few cents in his change, is likely to find that his money is made up of silver coins, and not of paper certificates as issued.

The minting work for foreign countries now under way in the United States is being done at Philadelphia for Cuba, Salvador, Ecuador and Costa Rica. The San Francisco mint is doing the work for Mexico, and the Denver mint is doing the work for the West Indies, and for Hawaii before its annexation.

All foreign minting by the United States is done at a price that just covers the cost. There are two reasons for the government engaging in the business. It puts this country in a position to do neighborly acts, and it allows us to keep our coinage equipment and force of operatives busy during periods when it would otherwise be necessary to suspend operations. The decreasing needs for mints with our vast accumulations of coins, the growth of banking and the use of paper money is shown by the fact that of the seven mints that have been in existence in the history of the country only three are now equipped for turning out coins, the others having been either abandoned or turned into assay offices.

ST. MARY'S IS COMING.

BERKELEY, Sept. 24.—St. Mary's College will make a trip south to play U.S.C. on October 3 unless unexpected faculty objection is encountered. Because of the loss of time from studies which the trip will necessitate, the final decision will not be known until tomorrow when the board of control meets. Action by this board has been delayed by the absence of the president of the college, who has attended the funeral of Bishop Cony in Los Angeles. St. Mary's will put a 180-pound team into the field. But until the team learns more football it cannot be counted formidable.

AMERICA'S GREATEST CIGARETTE.

AMERICA'S GREATEST CIGARETTE. "The Love of Beauty and Idealism which has been handed down through the centuries as one of the distinguishing features of the Greek of today," said the speaker. "The love of beauty and idealism which has been handed down through the centuries as one of the distinguishing features of the Greek of today, is the champion of civilization against despotism." Lectures in the course are given each Friday night at the hall.

SOIREE DANSANT.

Entertainment for Relief of Belgian War Relief Fund Takes Place This Evening. For the benefit of the Belgian War Relief Fund a soiree dansant will be given in Blanchard Hall at 8 o'clock this evening.

Adeline Leone McAdam, principal of the McAdam Normal School of Dancing, will present three professional numbers, and Petite Mario will appear in her famous Borillo snake dance. There will be a presentation of the Belgian flag by Mme. Max Blaes, and the national dance of Serbia will be given by a group of Serbian boys and girls in national costume, accompanied by the National Serbian String Band.

The programme also includes the Highland fling by Miss Helen Darling, accompanied by the bag pipes; the "Rafanahan Oriental," staged under the direction of Miss McAdam; "Shew-trava," a Scotch dance; the "Pas de Fleurs," a sword dance; by Miss Darling; selections by the Watson Royal Scottish Pipe Band; readings by Mme. A. Perghis, crystal seer, and by Mme. F. S. Raymond, palm reader.

The grand military march will be played by the Allie Orchestra, the Lafforgue Band, the Overseas Club Band and La Jene France Boys' Drum Corps.

According to a report made by the Department of Commerce, exports of gasoline and naphtha for the first six months of this year totaled 25,806,218 gallons, valued at \$2,101,402, compared with 17,382,036 gallons, valued at \$1,149,491, during the corresponding period of 1914. For the twelve months ending June 30, 1915, 240,013,504 gallons were exported, compared with 181,578,774 gallons during the year previous.

PREP SCHEDULE IS MADE OVER.

Heavy Contests Put off for Several Weeks.

Big Games to be Played on November 25.

Manual and L.A. to Meet in December.

The Southern California Athletic Council met at L. A. High last night and revamped the football schedule of the high schools. Under the schedule adopted last week several of the schools thought that they were plunged into heavy contests early in the season and other institutions allowed an extra week's practice.

So the principals and vice-principals turned out in full force and rehearsed things in great fashion. Interest was so high that Cleveland of Long Beach even turned out in his wheel chair.

At the close of the session everyone was on the best of terms and boasting of the fine football material at his particular school. E. W. Oliver, principal of the Los Angeles High School, pronounced the committee meeting a huge success.

Under the new order of things the big Poly-L. A. game will be played on Turkey Day and Pasadena will meet Long Beach the same afternoon. The officials have their eye on Washington Park for the Poly-L. A. game.

It is probable that the games scheduled for the L. A. field will be moved to some other place as Housh Field has no bleachers as yet. Neutral ground will be secured for all of the important games. The schedule:

October 16—L. A. and Long Beach at Los Angeles.

October 16—Pasadena and Manual Arts at Manual.

October 23—L. A. and Hollywood at Los Angeles.

October 23—Long Beach and Manual at Long Beach.

October 23—Polytechnic and Santa Ana at Polytechnic.

October 30—L. A. and Pasadena at Pasadena.

October 30—Manual Arts and Polytechnic at Manual.

October 30—Santa Ana and Long Beach at Long Beach.

November 13—Manual and Hollywood; neutral ground.

November 13—Pasadena and Santa Ana at Santa Ana.

November 20—Santa Ana and Hollywood at Hollywood.

November 20—Polytechnic and L. A. at neutral ground. (Probably Washington Park.)

November 25—Pasadena and Long Beach at Pasadena.

December 3—Manual and L. A. at neutral ground.

December 3—Hollywood and Polytechnic at neutral ground.

TENNIS STARS DIVIDE SETS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 24.—In an exhibition tennis match here today William M. Johnston, national tennis champion, defeated M. E. McLoughlin in the first set, 6-4, and McLoughlin took the second set, 7-5. A large crowd witnessed the contest.

THE END OF THE GAME.

By Guy Arthur Jamieson.

ON THE TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

By Maria P. de Galeana.

It Beats 'Em All.

The Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly Magazine

This week's number has the following and other attractive features:

A Texas Cattle King in Southern Brazil. By Frank G. Carpenter.

The War's Effect on American Immigration. By Edward Marshall.

Uncle Sam Developing the Sulphur Industry. By Alfred C. Pickells.

What War Has Done to Food Prices in Europe. By a Special Contributor.

Looking up a Lemon. By Eugene Brown.

The Little Mother. By Eva Davis Cogswell.

In Old Edam. By Sydney Wetzler.

After the Conflict. By May C. Ringwalt.

The End of the Game. By Guy Arthur Jamieson.

On the Twenty-first Birthday. By Maria P. de Galeana.

Is Your Name Among Them? By Francis M. Fultz.

Furnishing Inspiration for the Family. By Gladys Green.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren. By Mabel Herbert Uner.

Rural Credit and Rural Topics. By M. V. Hartranft.

Mr. Parker as a Strategist. By Frederick John Jackson.

The Tip. By Kenneth Rossiter.

"By Grace." By C. Sharpe.

The Economy of Preserving Eggs. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

The Eagle—The Lancer—Good Short Stories—The Human Body—"Home, Sweet Home"—City and House Beautiful—California, Land of the Sun—Poetry, Humor, etc.

Pictorial Features.

Wonderful View of Ypres Taken from an Aeroplane. (Double-page Halftone.)

Picturesque Smiley Heights. (One-page Halftone.)

Big Diesel Engine at Panama-Pacific Exposition. (One-half Page Halftone.)

Former President Taft Given Military Honors at San Diego. (One-half Page Halftone.)

Recent Newspaper Cartoons. (One Full Page Halftone.)

Numerous Other Smaller Illustrative Halftones.

Magazine Ready for Readers Saturday Morning.







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[illegible]







Suspicious.

## BRUSSELS QUIET:

**FEAR SPYING.**

**Dumb Hostility to Germans is Evident Everywhere.**

**Secret Agents of Teutons in All Public Places.**

**Problem of the Workless is Hard to Overcome.**

[A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.]

BRUSSELS, Sept. 15.—Visitors who knew Brussels before the war and who then were struck with its vitality and the volubility of its citizens, now are amazed at the quietude of the place.

What has brought about the dumbness is, in the first place, the knowledge that everyone is under constant surveillance, not only by soldiers, but by secret German agents, and that every chance word may lead to arrest and probable deportation to a concentration camp in Germany, where the Mayor of Brussels, M. Max, now is.

In the street cars, in the stores and on the streets, the citizens seldom converse even when relatives or close friends are together, and should a stranger address them the reply is usually just plain "no" or "yes" or "I don't know!"

**SEEK TO AVOID TRAPS.**

On the street cars a passenger will sometimes remark about a rumored military action—for rumors of all kinds are current in the city in the absence of local newspapers—at the same time expressing in a low voice his pleasure if the German troops have suffered a slight reverse. The others in the car never respond, since many of their compatriots have fallen into the trap and, after stating their opinions to the "sympathetic" stranger, have been arrested and heavily fined or imprisoned, or both.

Many men and women immediately change seats should a German soldier take a seat next to them in the car. Others get up without a word and leave the car at the next stopping place.

Dumb hostility can be observed everywhere, and the Germans, notwithstanding their efforts, seem unable to gain the confidence of the Brussels people.

**SECRET AGENTS PLENTY.**

There appear to be as many secret German agents—some of them Belgians—as there are soldiers in Brussels. They are encountered everywhere. In the cafes it is declared they listen to every chance remark of the customers; they form into line with the Belgian applicants for passes at the official permit office; they mix with the poor people waiting for their supply of food from the relief commissions. Anything that may be said against the German authorities is certain to be overheard, and reported, for the secret agents are linguists who speak French and Flemish and many of the dialects.

This constant surveillance, with the increasing poverty of the Belgian laboring classes, has a very depressing effect. Hope and conviction that at some future, unknown, period their country will again be made possible to bear patiently the discomforting presence of the German troops, but the coming winter is awaited with some trepidation. The poor, despite their habitual thrift, have almost reached the end of their resources. In consequence of the stoppage of many industries, the number of unemployed is growing rapidly, and as a result savings made before the war have been in many cases exhausted.

**THE WORKLESS PROBLEM.**

On July 31 official figures showed that there were in the whole of Belgium 714,000 workless, including both sexes, and this number has since been added to. In Brussels and its suburbs alone there were just over 88,000 without work, besides nearly 27,000 women and 42,000 children under 16 years old receiving relief. Hundreds of the skilled workers have managed to leave the country to seek work elsewhere or to join the ranks of the army. Most, however, are unable to find the means to secure guides to take them over the Dutch and Belgian frontiers, which are next to impossible to obtain.

Recent decrees issued by the German governor-general in Brussels have made life even more difficult for the laborers, who decline to carry out work which might assist the German authorities. Prosecution and punishment are threatened for all workmen who refuse work; when it is offered them, while anyone who, by means of relief, sustains a workman in his refusal, also renders himself liable to severe punishment. In the last week of August the National Bank was fined \$5000 because one of its clerks paid out \$500 to the order of a Belgian depositor, now a refugee in Holland.

**CHINESE REBEL IS EXECUTED.**

**WANG LUNG IS DEAD AND OTHER LAW-BREAKERS ARE UNDER ARREST.**

[A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.]

PEKING, Aug. 10.—Wang Lung, a rebel leader who formerly commanded the Sungkiang troops and was responsible for many disturbances inspired by Huang Hsing and other prominent agitators, was executed in Peking recently, while three of his accomplices were sentenced to imprisonment for long terms.

Wang Shun, a former financial commissioner of Kiangsi, has also been sentenced to death for having received bribes and for selling opium. His trial was long and hard-fought, it was impossible at first to prove the charges, but it happened that during the trial policemen noticed much smoke coming from the accused man's house. They rushed in and discovered the former commissioner burning official papers. Among the papers seized by the officers were documents which are said to have established his guilt.

Death sentences are not infrequent in China for dishonesty and crime. In fact, a law has been passed under President Yuan Shi Kai's direction which makes the theft of as small an object as a rickshaw punishable by death.

Such severe punishment is regarded as necessary to restrain bandits and outlaws who terrorize remote districts and to check the grafting spirit among officials.







# The Times

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1915.—EDITORIAL SECTION.

POPULATION

By the Federal Census (1910)—213,194  
By the City Directory (1915)—229,817

XIV YEAR.

## AND LID UPON CAFES TILTED.

Investigators Report  
Against Three.

Meetings and Naughty  
Dance Among Shocks.

Down or Face Charges,  
Official Attitude.

Alleged to be shocking  
in nature and in at least three  
of the objectionable features of  
this may result in charges  
being filed at next Tuesday's meet-  
ing of the proprietors of the  
cafes.

SUITS FILED.  
The suits were filed by  
the city attorney, and  
the suits are against the  
proprietors of the cafes.

CHIEFS GRANTED.

The chiefs of the cafes  
have been granted the  
right to file suits against  
the city attorney.

DEATH LIST.

The death list for the  
week ending September 23  
includes the following names:

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## WEDDED BLISS IN THE SOUP.

Too Much Broth, Bouillon, Con-  
somme, etc., Sends Pair to  
Divorce Court.

Every day was soup day at  
the Christner home.

"It was soup, soup, soup every  
day," testified Mrs. Alice Christ-  
ner in her suit for divorce  
against Albert Christner, tried  
and decided in her favor by  
Judge Monroe yesterday.

"My husband had indigestion.  
One day it would be bean soup,  
the next day we would have  
mutton soup, and, for a change,  
the following day there would be  
tomato soup. He gave me a  
soup bone one day when we  
had company and told me to  
go into the garden, gather a  
ripe tomato and make tomato  
soup. Why, Your Honor, he  
never gave me a cent, not even  
a nickel to enjoy myself at a  
moving-picture show. Then he  
left me."

The court granted Mrs.  
Christner, in lieu of alimony,  
\$280.55 on deposit at a bank.

Police Commission and which has  
been investigated thoroughly is that  
waiters at the place serve to facilitate  
introductions between male and  
female patrons. This, one member of  
the commission asserted yesterday,  
was discovered to have considerable  
foundation in fact.

The tilting of the lid at the Por-  
tola has afforded a signal to the un-  
derworld that Los Angeles will be  
allowed to get by the censorship  
of the police and the Police Com-  
mission.

One of the chief complaints against  
McKee's cafe is that an epicurean  
form of entertainment has been provided  
regularly each evening by a fair  
and frisky dancel of raven hair and  
the main dining-room is tame com-  
pared to that which regales the  
patrons of the upstairs portion of  
the establishment.

Here, it is asserted, liberties are  
taken.

The cabaret at John's has also  
come in for criticism, and the Police  
Commission has been asked to force  
the management to expurgate certain  
features said to be objectionable. It  
is charged that the cabaret, given in  
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is charged that the cabaret, given in  
the main dining-room is tame com-  
pared to that which regales the  
patrons of the upstairs portion of  
the establishment.

Here, it is asserted, liberties are  
taken.

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taken.

## FOR SHEPHERD WHO HAS GONE.

City Pours Out its Grief at  
Bishop Conaty's Bier.

Remarkable Scenes at Loved  
Prelate's Funeral.

Text of Eloquent Eulogium  
by Archbishop Hanna.

Solemn and brilliant rites, attend-  
ed by features never before seen at  
any similar service in the history of  
the city, were performed over the  
body of the late Bishop Conaty yes-  
terday morning at St. Vibiana's Cathe-  
dral. Hundreds of persons kept an  
all-night vigil near the iron gates in  
the hope that by some chance they  
might gain admission to the sacred  
place, made more sacred by the  
memories of the great and good man  
who rested in death near the altar  
where often he had knelt.

By 3 o'clock a.m., when the chil-  
dren's mass began, a great throng  
had gathered on both sides of the  
cathedral. The intense eagerness with which men,

women and children of all classes  
pressed near the building for a faint  
sound of the prayers within was a  
noble tribute to the influence of the  
late bishop.

In their eagerness to gain admis-  
sion to the cathedral the mourners  
resorted to stratagems which taxed  
the wits and patience of the police  
and the ushers who guarded the va-  
rious entrances to the yard and the  
building.

An aged woman who didn't happen  
to have one of the little black-bor-  
dered cards which admitted the for-  
tunate few to the sanctuary, knew a  
kind-hearted policeman at one of the  
side entrances. Her tears were too  
much for him and she "got in."

Victory was only half won. At the  
cathedral door an usher asked for the  
card. When she couldn't produce it  
the young man directed a policeman  
to put her outside, with the crowd.  
Her tears again won the day and she  
remained and found a seat half way  
up the center aisle.

When the door into the choir loft,  
which had been reserved for the rep-  
resentatives of the press, was un-  
locked, women and heads and boys  
were found inside. They had en-  
trenched themselves on the front row  
of seats. The usher was so surprised  
that he did not order them out and  
the zealous interlopers kept their  
places. When somebody wanted to  
know how it happened, the mother  
whispered shyly: "We had no cards,  
but a good friend on the inside."

RUSH FOR GATES.  
Early in the morning the score of  
policemen in front of the cathedral  
succeeded in keeping a passage clear  
through the crowd, but something  
happened at 9 o'clock to spoil the  
path. The ringing of the cathedral  
bells at that hour was taken as a  
signal that the gates to the yard  
would be opened, and there was a  
great rush toward the main entrance.  
For the next three hours there was  
a solid "mass of humanity" in front  
of the building, with only a small path  
for the holders of the precious admis-  
sion cards.

Back of all the zeal of the people,  
individually and collectively, was the  
admiration for a good man's life and  
an intense desire for an opportunity  
to honor his memory by being inside,  
where could be seen the candle burn-  
ing on the altar and the sorrowful  
pageant enacted around the gray cas-  
ket.

The active and honorary police-  
men, representatives of the Federal,  
State, county and city governments,  
and members of various civic and  
commercial organizations and of  
Catholic societies, met in the Hilgins  
Building, across the street from the  
cathedral, at 9 o'clock, and marched  
to their reserved seats in the build-  
ing.

Solemn pontifical mass was said by  
Bishop Gifford of Sacramento. In his  
eulogy, Archbishop Hanna of San  
Francisco gave a sympathetic ap-  
preciation of the personality and achieve-  
ments of the late bishop. The absolu-  
tions were by Archbishop Hanna.

To Archbishop Hanna: Rt. Rev. J. M.  
McCarthy of Fresno, Very Rev. T. J.  
Fisher of Santa Cruz.

To Archbishop Gifford: Very Rev.  
John Brady of San Bernardino, Rev.

(Continued on Tenth Page.)

## In Brilliant Pageant of World's Youth.



## Children who took part in the United Spanish War Veterans' spectacle,

Given at Selig Zoo Park last evening. At the top is little Dorothy Hellwell, who represented the sun in the story of the creation. Below, rear row, left to right, are Evelyn Wadsworth as a blue bird, Ruth Hart as a mushroom, Fanny Johnson, dandelion; second line, left to right, Marguerite Babbington as a vine; Violet Rogers, violet; Emma Bauer and Mary Morgan, vines; Julia Narvaez, butterfly; Elizabeth Bauer, vine; bottom row, left to right, Helen Rantoso, Albert Peterson and Shirley Timewell, butterflies; Helen Vign as a white rose; Elmer Narvaez, frog; Sarah Timewell, poppy; Dorris Wentzel, Savon Steinkung and Dorothy Fowelson, butterflies.

## PINK-FACED CHILDHOOD REVIVES WORLD'S DAWN.

A LICE and a few others were  
transported to Wonderland last  
night when the Mad Hatter and  
the Cheshire Cat made wild love to  
a creamy toadstool and a puffy green  
frog "In the Beginning of the World,"  
a pageant play with pantomime and  
classic dances interspersed as a vine;  
the Selig Zoo, under the auspices of  
the Auxiliary, U.S.W.V.

First there was darkness, as in the  
beginning of the world, then the sun  
—it was a calcium light, but it suf-  
ficed—burst through a veil of cheese-  
cloth, and awoke the planet to life.  
Dewdrops with pink cheeks glistened;  
flowers with equally pink cheeks  
raised their sleepy heads; birds, and  
butterflies of the kissable kind flut-  
tered about, while real bears, lions and  
tigers roared, and the creamy toad-  
stool evinced a liking, in a quite, le-  
gitimate way, for a fat green toad  
that wobbled his head and smiled in  
a quite happy way.

It was an infant creation of the  
world, with the Cheshire Cat look-  
ing on, and the Cheshire Cat looked  
quite offended until their turns came.  
It was an infant creation of the  
world, with the Cheshire Cat look-  
ing on, and the Cheshire Cat looked  
quite offended until their turns came.

But as all good things must end,  
the Eden out Eastlake Park way "stuffed  
off" quite dramatically. It burned up repeated.

## GOLDSTEIN ACQUITTED OF SLAYING CHARGE.

S AMUEL GOLDSTEIN'S acquittal  
of a charge of murder by a jury  
in Judge Craig's court yesterday  
was attended by a remarkable court-  
room demonstration upon the part of  
a hysterical crowd of the prisoner's  
friends, followed by a mob scene in  
front of the County Jail.

Goldstein, a peddler, had been ac-  
cused of slaying his partner, Joseph  
Cohen, on the night of February 10,  
near the Jewish Cemetery. Circum-  
stantial evidence was strong against  
him, but his defense won over the  
District Attorney's fight to prove his  
guilt.

When the verdict of the jury was  
read yesterday, there was a near-  
riot in the courtroom. "Good for  
Goldstein!" some one shouted. And  
down the corridor, and to the waiting  
crowd in the street, went cries of  
"Goldstein! Goldstein!"

Deputy sheriffs and balliffs were  
impotent to hush the throng. Men,  
women and children became excited  
in their gratification at the verdict.  
Not many of the spectators in court

could understand the admonition  
given by Judge Craig.  
L. Forer, who seemed to be a leader  
in the demonstration, was arrested  
and taken before Judge Craig, where  
he was fined \$5 for contempt. This  
dampened the ardor of the others and  
the demonstration quieted down,  
while there was a disorderly exodus  
to the street.

The sidewalk was blocked, and  
Sheriff Cline ordered out his full force  
of deputies to disperse the friends of  
the radiant Goldstein.  
Bewildered by the suddenness of  
the verdict, which removed a cloud  
from his name and made him a free  
man, Goldstein embraced his wife,  
and went back to jail to gather his  
belongings. With a sack over his  
shoulder containing his effects, and  
tears in his eyes, he emerged into the  
sunlight. There was a greeting in  
Yiddish that caused a blockade on  
two streets and attracted a crowd of  
curious onlookers.  
An aisle through the throng was  
formed mechanically when the two

## BOURBONS RISE TO SAVE PARTY.

Launch Fight on Johnsonian  
One-man-power Laws.

Formal Move by the County  
Central Committee.

In Line with Other Workers  
Against Oligarchy.

Democrats are being called to arms  
in the fight against the destruction  
of their party, as proposed by the  
two Johnson bills held up for approval  
or disapproval by referendum, and to  
be voted upon October 26.

The proposed bills would destroy  
the Democratic party in California, as  
it would destroy all other political  
parties, and rear at Sacramento a  
political oligarchy responsible to no  
organization nor to the people.

The Democratic County Central  
Committee passed resolutions last  
night against the anti-party laws, as  
follows:

"Whereas, the Legislature of the  
State of California has enacted laws  
providing for the election hereafter  
of all State officers on a nonpartisan  
basis, and

"Whereas, the people of the State  
of California have by referendum peti-  
tion, referred these laws to the peo-  
ple for their approval or disapproval  
at an election to be held on October  
26, and

"Whereas, the enactment of these  
nonpartisan laws would destroy party  
government in California, and

"Whereas, we believe that the  
rights and interests of the people of  
the State would be best preserved and  
safeguarded by the retention of party  
government and responsibility  
rather than by the encouragement of  
individual personal ambition to hold  
office.

"Therefore, be it resolved, that we,  
the Democratic Central Committee of  
Los Angeles county, do hereby go on  
record as being unalterably opposed  
to nonpartisanism in State govern-  
ment, and, be it further

"Resolved, that we hereby urge all  
Democrats in Los Angeles county to  
be in their utmost to accomplish the de-  
feat of these nonpartisan bills at the  
coming election on October 26."

The Democrats will fight their bat-  
tle alone, and while they will be  
aided by the Republicans and mem-  
bers of all other parties who wish to  
preserve party discipline and tradi-  
tion, Democracy will carry on its own  
battle against its own people.

Edgar F. Davis was selected by the  
county committee to be chairman of a  
committee of five to adopt ways and

means of prosecuting a vigorous cam-  
paign against the Johnson laws. The  
other members of this committee are  
B. F. Grove, Alfred Moon, Lloyd Mc-  
Atee and Miss Mary E. Foy.

## WOMEN UNITE FOR CITY HALL.

REPUBLICAN LEAGUE SOLID FOR  
NEW CIVIC CENTER.

Will Get Out and Work for Pro-  
posed Bond Issue—"Present Struc-  
ture a Disgrace to Los Angeles."  
They are Told in Address by  
Gregory.

The proposed bond issue of \$2,000-  
000 for a civic center on the block  
bounded by Franklin, Temple, North  
Spring and New High streets, was  
given the unqualified indorsement of  
the Women's Republican League yes-  
terday afternoon. Not a word was  
uttered in opposition to the propo-  
sition and the women pledged them-  
selves to work untiringly in its be-  
half.

Miss Gregory, who has studied  
the plan for several years and who  
is looked upon as an authority in the  
matter, appeared before the ladies  
and explained many of the more or  
less intricate features of the issue. At  
the conclusion of his address, which  
was enthusiastically applauded, Mr.  
Gregory answered numerous ques-  
tions and the ladies said they are  
perfectly satisfied that it is their duty  
to get out and work for the success  
of the project.

"Practically every taxpayer in  
Los Angeles is in favor of the new  
civic center," Mr. Gregory said. "The  
Civic Center League has as its mem-  
bers representative people of Los An-  
geles. In fact, they represent a large  
per cent of the taxes paid in the city  
and they are for the proposed bond  
issue, heart and soul."

"The matter has been studied care-  
fully by the newspapers and I am  
glad to announce that they are a  
unit for the success of the propo-  
sition. It is realized by everyone that  
the present City Hall is a disgrace to  
the city and before we can stand  
abreast of other leading cities in the  
country we must remedy this situa-  
tion."

"It has been said that some few  
real estate operators will profit by  
the location, but this would be true  
as difference where it was decided to  
build the City Hall. As a result, we  
must get behind the site that will  
be of the most convenience to the  
largest number. It would be ridi-  
culous and out of the question to have  
a new City Hall on a site many  
blocks from the Courthouse, Hall of  
Records, and other administrative  
buildings."

"A civic center has no north, south,  
east or west. It is merely a location  
for the people and we must not  
be selfish in a matter like this."

Mr. Gregory went into the details  
(Continued on Third Page.)

## N. B. Blackstone Co.

Novel Neckwear  
for the New  
Suits and Dresses . . 65c

These new neck fixings give the autumn suit or gown that  
finishing touch that nothing else can give. They are absolutely  
necessary to the woman who is particular about details.  
Collars and roll collars, vests, collars and cuffs to match—in  
solid or separate. Materials are crepes de chine, marquisette,  
silk and oriental lace. Some with colored edge and hand  
embroidery, others finished with wide hem or Venetian lace.  
Many styles in each and all sparkling with newness. 65c.

## School and College Girls' Coats

The style attached to these coats that wins the approval of  
every observer—style and price together would be nearer,  
because they are so much better in material and making than  
any shown before. Prices range from \$5.75 to \$35.00.  
\$10.00—There's a line made of mixed cheviot in blues and  
greys, belted and pocketed, large velvet collar. Sizes for  
girls, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years, \$8.00.  
\$12.00—Are coats of plaid or plain zibeline, mixed tweeds,  
serges, wide wale black and white diagonals, 3/4-inch white  
black checks. They show the new college pocket, belted,  
with velvet collar. Sizes 8 to 14 years, marked \$12.00.  
besides dozens of other styles, many exclusive.

## Hats for Girls All Ages

\$1.75 to \$18.00  
The new hats were not so pretty and so decidedly smart  
fashionable they would not be going as they are. Surely  
before saw such endless and such varied assortments.  
Hats at \$1.75—Trimmed with a white or black cord  
and ribbon.

Hats, \$2.25—A natty, new looking creation with  
stiff stick-up.  
Hats, \$3.75—Made of black beaver with stiff plush  
band.

Bring the youngsters in and let them choose for them-  
selves.

## Three Pairs Onyx Silk Lisle Hose \$1.00

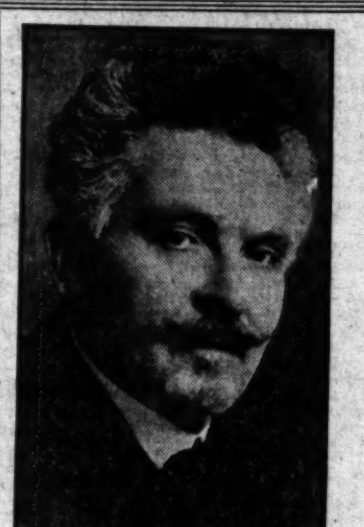
There's a lot more to a stocking than the yarn it is made from.  
It is fit and finish, and, above all, style, not one of which  
is sacrificed when you wear Onyx. Ask to see this new line.

Line, 3 for \$1.00.  
These lustrous black silk lises, knit with very elastic wide  
band and good wearing double sole and heel. To introduce  
this new line we are selling it 3 pairs for \$1.00.

## School Stockings for Boys and Girls 25c

These cotton stockings, toes and heels reinforced with  
extra cotton, will not kick out, suitable for either boys or girls.  
Line expressly for boys, a little heavier than the above  
and considerably stronger. 25c pair.

318-320-322 South Broadway



### Signor Achille Alberti

Noted Operatic  
Baritone  
and Teacher

Among the many artists who received their instructions under the  
able direction of this eminent teacher is Margaret Jarman, the  
mezzo soprano internationally known; Helen Newcomb, now en-  
gaged in operatic work in New York; Archie Chandlee, the Los  
Angeles tenor, like Bonci, destined to reach the very pinnacle of  
fame; Wanda Robertson, lyric soprano, the little musical genius,  
and late of the National Grand Opera Co.; Aurelia Castruccio, and  
others.

Signor Alberti will open his new studio in the Majestic Theater Building,  
October 1st, Suite 620-621, and in selecting the piano he, like other noted  
teachers and musicians, purchased the incomparable Chickering. In a  
letter received today he says:

Gentlemen:  
I am delighted with the beautiful Chickering Grand  
Piano which I purchased for my studio.  
The Chickering Piano is truly an artist's instrument,  
and its sweet singing tone quality blends beautifully with  
that of the voice.  
I congratulate you on having the agency for this  
renowned piano.

Very Sincerely,  
*Achille Alberti*

We invite your inspection of our complete line of  
Chickering Pianos  
Grands Players Uprights

Easy Terms if Desired. Beautiful Art Catalog on Request.

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC CO.

Frank J. Hart, President.  
332-34 SO. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES.  
Branches: Pasadena, Riverside, San Diego.



have him the dissolved poison tablets under guise of medicine. A wet towel had been wrapped about his head, but the woman may have used the towel in an effort to revive him after the collapse.

Mr. Brown's two sons, O. F. and J. R. Brown of Oakland, telegraphed last night they did not believe any woman could have been involved, as

or embroidery...\$1.25 up

**Beeman**  
351-3535

Flannel .....\$1 up

**W. & H. Hendee**  
CO. BROADWAY

## This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A vertical crease is visible on the right side of the page.

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**Los Angeles Times**

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**TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.**

**CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.**  
 (At Home.) Retail business, the best  
 criterion known in the ups and downs of  
 prosperity, is increasing all over the country.  
 Sections somewhat pessimistic a while  
 ago are now taking a brighter view of the  
 future. The higher prices of cotton are a  
 boon to the South, while war orders, both  
 munitions and foodstuffs, are increasing  
 heavily. The cold snap in the East has  
 brought out a heavy demand for woollens.  
 Bank clearings show a large gain for the  
 week.

(Abroad.) The new German war loan  
 totals \$3,007,500,000, according to Berlin.  
 This makes \$6,272,500,000 raised since the  
 war began.  
 (For details see financial pages.)

#### HOTEL LIFE FOR ALL

The movement to make the hotels  
 wet and everything else in California dry  
 is monstrously unfair. There are lots of  
 people who will not want to sell their bun-  
 galows in order to live in hotels.

#### HAVE LIFE BACKWARD.

The Mayors and police chiefs of South-  
 ern California met at Riverside to plan for  
 the reception of tramps this winter. This  
 problem includes all the difficulties of ab-  
 normal psychology. All tramps are not  
 alike, yet an astonishing percentage of them  
 boast of faults as if they were virtues and  
 count themselves as having been right only  
 where they have succeeded in committing a  
 wrong. A big class of people have all of  
 their values upside down.

#### NOT PERMANENT VOICES.

The claim is set forth that since the  
 breaking out of war English-speaking people  
 have had an opportunity to become ac-  
 quainted with other Belgian writers than  
 Maeterlinck and Verhaeren. It is only nat-  
 ural that the war would afford inspiration  
 to many young poets and impulse for the  
 publication of their works, yet we seriously  
 doubt the literary value of writers who  
 could not make themselves without these  
 extraordinary circumstances.

#### THEY THINK THEY DID IT.

The War Office of Great Britain sol-  
 emnly announces that it has put an end to  
 the submarine campaign of the Germans.  
 We like to see people in earnest, but the  
 British must not expect Americans to keep  
 a straight face in the face of such an an-  
 nouncement. Over here we have our own  
 ideas about why the Germans are letting  
 passenger ships alone. But perhaps the  
 English idea of a victory is something done  
 for them by somebody else.

#### POSSESSION HIS ONE CHANCE.

Carranza will act wisely if he moves  
 all of his departments and himself to Mex-  
 ico City and is able to stay there long  
 enough to report his arrival at Washing-  
 ton. Possession holds good with regard to  
 the Mexican capital as far as it would any-  
 where else. The only difficulty has been  
 that nobody has been able to retain posses-  
 sion long enough to get himself recognized.  
 It is a foregone conclusion that if Carranza  
 wants to get to Mexico City he will have to  
 go for himself. He will never be carried  
 there by President Wilson.

#### OATS.

"Oats," said Dr. Johnson in his dic-  
 tionary, "a grain that is used in England  
 as food for horses and in Scotland as food  
 for men." And where, said a late  
 Scotchman, "will ye find such horses and  
 such men?"

The West of Scotland Agricultural Col-  
 lege is establishing a demonstration farm  
 in each county to be devoted mainly to oat  
 culture. Various fertilizers are being used  
 to ascertain which will produce the largest  
 quantity of the most nutritious variety of  
 oats.

Oatmeal bread is taking the place of  
 wheaten bread in many British households.

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What could the parents of Arthur  
 Seward Smith and of Albert Schurz Simp-  
 son and of Aminadab Scroggs Sloan be  
 thinking about when they named them?  
 Each one of these three members of the  
 anti-party party will, unless he foregoes the  
 use of initials and signs either his entire  
 name, his first name or his middle name in  
 full to love letters and business epistles, be  
 compelled to emulate Justice Dogberry of  
 Shakespearean fame and write himself  
 down an ass. With such a handicap he is  
 almost compelled to identify himself with  
 the anti-party party.

#### LOOK OUT FOR YOUR PANCREAS.

Medical science advances and surgery  
 signs for more worlds to conquer. New  
 fashions for the coming season are being  
 set by the Philadelphia Medical Society in  
 convention assembled.

The day of the appendix is drawing to  
 a close. No longer can a man or a woman  
 claim social distinction on the strength of  
 an operation for appendicitis. The verni-  
 form appendix has now to take second  
 place before the more lordly pancreas.

Hereafter no truly fashionable patient—  
 when an inexplicable pain twinges his tummy—  
 will be content with an out-of-date ap-  
 pendix; now he will expect to see his far  
 more arrogant pancreas adorning a shelf  
 in a vial of alcohol as a tribute to the latest  
 triumph of progressive surgery. And when  
 the human system has been totally an-  
 nulled and entirely dispancreated we wonder  
 what will be the next organ to go, if that  
 mysterious little pain in the tummy  
 persists in staying?

#### "IDIOTIC YANKEES."

Among the correspondence alleged to  
 have been taken from Correspondent James  
 Archibald was a letter written by Capt. Von  
 Papen, the German attaché, in which he  
 refers to the Americans whose hospitality  
 he has accepted as "those idiotic Yankees."  
 We presume, if the gallant captain really  
 employed these words, that they reflect his  
 sincere opinion as to the mental make-up  
 of his hosts. Perhaps he would have cred-  
 ited them with better sense if some time  
 ago they had applied a forcible foot to the  
 seat of his Teutonic pantalons. Perhaps  
 that is the way he has been in the habit of  
 treating his own valets.

But "idiotic" Yankees? No, we hardly  
 think the majority of his own countrymen  
 or of any other that way about it. In some  
 cases the wish may be father to the thought.  
 Many of the chancellors and secretaries of  
 state in Berlin, London and Paris are mov-  
 ing heaven and earth to drive us to some  
 idiotic act that would further their own  
 ends or help them to overreach their ene-  
 mies. And they are all deeply chagrined  
 because Uncle Sam preserves the even  
 tenor of his way unmoved by abuse and  
 impervious to soft sawder.

If this be "idiotcy" there is apparently a  
 surplus of uncommon sense behind it. It  
 is the brand of "idiotcy" that many a home-  
 less Belgian, many a suppersed Pole, many a  
 crippled German and battered Britisher  
 looks to see prevail in the councils of Euro-  
 pean diplomacy. If such idiotcy had been  
 the rule in France, Germany, England and  
 Russia during the opening years of this  
 disastrous century, civilization had been  
 spared this ordeal by blood and fire and  
 the heritages of millions of children had  
 not been sacrificed to the ambitions of a  
 handful of rulers.

Long may this form of Yankee "idiotcy"  
 flourish in our own land and, for the sake  
 of humanity, may it some day penetrate the  
 star chambers of Europe where wars are  
 hatched in secrecy and international hat-  
 reds and jealousies openly encouraged! We  
 can afford to be called "those idiotic Yan-  
 kees" by every green-eyed militarist in Eu-  
 rope, and even glory in the title.

So long as this country is filled with  
 happy homes; so long as our cities resound  
 with the cheerful hum of industry; so long  
 as we can harvest our crops in peace and  
 possess our soul in patience, why should  
 we wish to exchange our Yankee "idiotcy"  
 for European madness? In a whole world  
 gone crazy the peaceful "idiot" is less to  
 be shunned than the maniac foaming at the  
 mouth.

But perhaps Capt. Von Papen has been  
 misquoted or mistranslated. Perhaps, after  
 all, what he really said was "those damna-  
 bly sensible Yankees." What the whole  
 world will be saying of us ten years after  
 the close of the war will be something quite  
 different from either of these criticisms. It  
 will approximate to what Belgian women  
 and children are already saying whenever  
 the word "America" greets their ears.

#### AIR AND OCEAN WARFARE.

The under-water and upper-air warfare  
 which Germany taught Britain the latter  
 power is adopting, and she has fair to bet-  
 ter the example of her instructor. The New  
 York Herald says that a fleet of 10,000  
 armored submarines, equipped with machine  
 guns, searchlights and a newly-perfected  
 bomb-dropping device, is being hurried to  
 completion in this country, Canada and else-  
 where for use by the British government  
 in protecting London and the English coast  
 from further attacks by the Zeppelin dir-  
 tibles, and, unless aerial and submarine war-  
 fare shall be stopped by mutual agreement,  
 of returning the visits heretofore made  
 by German Zeppelins to English seaside  
 resorts and dropping a few hundred shells  
 into Berlin.

Great Britain, the Herald says, already  
 has a fleet of 2000 aeroplanes of various  
 types and speed, but she is constructing  
 now the mightiest aerial war fleet in ex-  
 istence. The new aeroplanes will have a  
 maximum speed of 100 miles an hour. They  
 are capable of carrying six men and a large  
 amount of explosives, and are equipped with  
 four machine guns and a newly-perfected  
 bomb-dropping device. They are expected  
 to fly at an altitude of 12,000 feet for four  
 hours, more than half a mile higher than  
 any Zeppelin now constructed. With their  
 revolving searchlights and a signaling sys-  
 tem, it is expected it will be possible to  
 circumvent any attack by German dir-  
 tibles on any vital spot along the English  
 coast and to make it impossible for any  
 Zeppelin to reach London.

Without an air guard it is impossible for  
 any town to fight an aeroplane. The latter  
 at 12,000 or 5000 or even 3000 feet is a  
 speck in the sky, at which it is impossible  
 to aim from the land, while the town or  
 military camp is a large and discernible  
 target over which an aeroplane may hover  
 and drop bombs.

The allies have recorded 300 successful  
 raids by aeroplanes within the German lines  
 which have wrought great damage, but they  
 have to their credit be it said—made a  
 point not to attack undefended places or to  
 threaten towns which have not a military  
 value, and whatever may have been the  
 violation by Great Britain of the law of  
 nations on the sea, she has never, with sub-  
 marine or with cruiser, destroyed either an  
 enemy or a neutral unarmed and unresist-  
 ing vessel without first amply providing  
 for the safety of passengers and crew.

Great Britain, in addition to quintupling  
 in number and quadrupling in size and ef-  
 ficiency her aeroplane fleet, is drilling men  
 to fly them, and thousands of students are  
 now under instruction both in England and  
 in Canada. The giant aeroplane America,  
 constructed to cross the Atlantic Ocean in  
 thirty hours and capable of carrying bombs  
 enough to wreck a town, is to be duplicated  
 twenty times. Germany will not be slow to  
 make similar increases in her aerial fleet,  
 and Tennyson's prophetic lines concerning  
 the grappling of aerial navies may soon be  
 realized.

One of the most ingenious recent inven-  
 tions in under-water warfare is that of the  
 motor submarine which is capable of a  
 speed of forty miles an hour and is con-  
 ducted by one man. Half a dozen of these  
 ready for launching can be carried on the  
 deck of a ship and when she reaches the  
 war zone can encircle and guard her, and  
 torpedo any submarine that threatens her.

One advantage of a military training is  
 that it makes a man stand straight. All of  
 which comes in mighty handy when one  
 has to do a bit of strap-hanging.

## A Money Saving Proposition.

**MUNICIPAL BONDS FOR CONSTRUCTION OF NEW CITY HALL TO BE VOTED OCTOBER 26**

**YES, WE NEED A NEW AND LARGER ONE!**



#### DUMBA AND GOMPERS REPUDIATED.

The joint and several efforts of Dumba,  
 the kicked-out, and Gompers, the cockney  
 anarchist (who is alleged to have mollified  
 his wounded British conscience with Ger-  
 man salve) to bring about a general strike  
 among American munition workers, appears  
 not to be a pronounced or a general suc-  
 cess.

A majority of 20,000 to 25,000 employees  
 of the Westinghouse Electric and Manu-  
 facturing Company at East Pittsburgh refused  
 to obey the order to strike of John L. Lewis,  
 general organizer of the American Federa-  
 tion of Labor, and denounced the federation  
 as a "scaberation" and Gompers as a  
 paid crook, and nobody quit work.

In other localities in a few instances hy-  
 phenated Americans, working in the arms  
 factories, quit their jobs. On the other  
 hand, the members of the Bethlehem Austro-  
 Hungarian-American Munition Manufactur-  
 ers' Union declared that as long as the pay  
 and conditions were in keeping with the  
 work performed so appeal to strike would  
 be listened to by the Czechs and Slovaks  
 on the grounds of loyalty to the Hapsburgs.  
 They resented the statement of Dr. Dumba-  
 as they called him—that natives of  
 Hungary are illiterate and unable to ap-  
 preciate that they are making munitions for  
 their enemies. They reminded Dumba that  
 Prague had the largest and best ins-  
 titution of learning in the Middle Ages  
 and that Bohemia has the smallest propo-  
 tion of illiterates of any country in Europe.  
 They said that, having been oppressed  
 for years by Austria and Hungary, they  
 have little love for those countries and that  
 in all probability they would regard it as  
 a patriotic duty to make munitions for the  
 purpose of freeing their land from the Haps-  
 burg misrule.

The resolution of the union said in part:  
 "We, the Czechs and Slovaks of Bos-  
 ton, resent the assertion that we are  
 unable to comprehend our acts, that we  
 assert that we are loyal to Austria,  
 but that Austria is a vassal state to  
 Germany can lay no claim to our  
 loyalty. For years have we suffered  
 under the Hapsburg misrule in its at-  
 tempt to Germanize by force all of the  
 various Slavic races. Now, when the  
 Austrian monarchy is the pawn, to be  
 moved at will by the German Gen-  
 eral Staff, we no longer will listen to  
 any appeal to our loyalty that means  
 nothing but an intensification of our  
 sufferings if Germany is allowed to  
 make a sweeping victory of the present  
 conflict."

Meetings of people of various races who  
 formerly lived in Hungary or Austria were  
 held in Chicago, Boston, New York and  
 other places throughout the country, at  
 which resolutions of similar tenor were  
 passed.

#### PASSING "A" DIVIDEND.

"I have called for my pass," said an  
 urbane, gold-spectacled gentleman to the  
 president of a western railroad company.  
 "Your pass" was the reply. "On what  
 grounds do you claim a pass?" "On the  
 ground," answered the applicant, "of your  
 published announcement in this morning's  
 Journal. You said that the board of di-  
 rectors of your company had resolved to  
 pass a dividend. My name is Arthur Divi-  
 dend and I want my pass." "Humph," said  
 the railroad president, "your gall is almost  
 equal to that of Hiram Johnson. There is  
 a meeting of shareholders in the next room.  
 Suppose you go in there and talk that mat-  
 ter over with them. Most of them are op-  
 posed to passing you, but all of them will  
 be delighted to see 'A. Dividend.'"

#### RIPPLING RHYMES.

**DREAMS REALIZED.**

We all have dreams when we are young,  
 sweet dreams of future splendor; we see  
 upon our pathway flung all kinds of legal  
 tender; we see ourselves achieve a fame  
 that spreads from Troy to Goshen, so all  
 the people speak our name with fervor and  
 emotion. Then some of us sit down and  
 read the vision's sweet fulfilling, depending  
 on a kindly fate to help us make a living.  
 We wait till we are weak and old, for Fortu-  
 ne's kindly token; we wait till we are  
 green with mold, and all our dreams are  
 broken. Our hearts are filled with bleak  
 despair when wintry age approaches, and  
 to the porchhouse we repair, to weep and  
 sweat the roaches. And some have dreams  
 of gorgeous hue, fine dreams of coming  
 glory. "We'll make those dreams," they  
 say, "come true, before we're old and  
 hoary." With willing feet and eager hands  
 they're chasing Fortune always, while "oth-  
 er dreamer idly strolls, or sits and chews  
 his galways. Oh, dreams are fine if you  
 have spunk to follow up the vision, but all  
 those dreams are simply bunk which bring  
 free gifts elysian. WALT MASON.

#### CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

Mining Stock Promoter: Where can I  
 hide? The police are coming! Chief Clerk:  
 Get into the card-index case. I defy any-  
 one to find anything in there.—[Judge].  
 The Man: If you are so forgetful, how is  
 it you remember me? The Girl: Lots of  
 times I remember little things when the  
 big ones escape my notice.—[Stray Stories].  
 You say that you were the only man at  
 the summer resort? "Yes." "How about  
 the one who kept the hotel?" "He was a  
 shark."—[Springfield (Mass.) Republican].  
 Village Storekeeper (as pastor executes  
 a masterly retreat from his store): Dingled  
 old hypocrite! This is the same lead quar-  
 ter I put in the collection last Sunday.—  
 [Judge].

"Which do you prefer, my dear, a little  
 claret or some champagne?" "I think I  
 prefer champagne, George. And, besides,  
 we really ought to do all we can for  
 France."—[Life].

Gentleman: I wouldn't mind helping you  
 if I thought there was anything in it. Tramp:  
 Gimme a dime, boss, an' see how  
 quick dere'll be somethin' in me.—[Boston  
 Transcript].

Friend: Well, how's the war affecting  
 you? Post-Cubist-Impressionist Sculptor:  
 Not a bit, old chap. I never sold anything  
 before it started—and I haven't since.—  
 [Punch].

"Blighna is a remarkable fisherman."  
 "Yes, I honestly believe it's more wonder-  
 ful for a man to think up the stories Bligh-  
 na tells than it would be actually to catch  
 the fish."—[Washington Post].

"Now, this typewriter is equipped with  
 all the summer attachments." "Summer  
 attachments?" "A small mirror, a mini-  
 ature clock and a thermometer; everything  
 a girl has to consult frequently."—[Louis-  
 ville Courier-Journal].

#### Fairy Stone.

[United States Geological Survey:] Per-  
 haps the most curious mineral found in the  
 United States is staurolite, otherwise  
 known as the "fairy stone." This is an  
 iron aluminum silicate found only in Vir-  
 ginia and North Carolina, the reddish brown  
 and brownish black crystals occurring in  
 well-defined single and double crosses.  
 There is some commercial demand for the  
 crosses as curios, which are worn as watch  
 charms or on chains in the manner of a  
 locket or lavalliere, a demand perhaps stim-  
 ulated by the quaint legend which is told  
 of their origin; the fairies living in the  
 caves of the mountains, on hearing the sad  
 tidings of the death of Christ, fashioned  
 these crosses as mementos of Him.

## THE AMERICAN INVENTOR A SAFE STANDBY.

**CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT, Managing Editor, The Scientific American.**

GIVEN an inventor's board, such as we  
 are promised by Secretary Daniels,  
 what may we expect of America's in-  
 genuity? Given a vastly increased foreign  
 commerce, will our native inventiveness de-  
 vise cheap methods of manufacture so that  
 we may hold the ground we have gained in  
 new markets after the war is over? Are  
 the brains of the American inventor more  
 active, more groping, than those of his Eu-  
 ropean rival? In a word, is there anything  
 peculiarly racial in American invention?

He who said that "necessity is the moth-  
 er of invention" knew whereof he spoke.  
 For the course of invention is automatically  
 directed by economic conditions. Because  
 the necessities of the United States differ  
 so vastly from the necessities of Europe,  
 American inventors seem to stand apart.

We have been rich in resources, but poor  
 in labor. Iron, coal, timber and wheat we  
 have in plenty; but the hands to dig and  
 garner have been too few and, therefore,  
 too costly. No wonder that we have invented  
 labor-saving devices—marvelous artificial  
 muscles and senses compared with which  
 the human organism seems puny indeed.  
 No wonder that we devised the harvester  
 and the binder which made it possible to  
 grow and reap grain on fields measured not  
 by acres but by square miles; that we gave  
 the world automatic machines to parse steel  
 and forge iron; that we devised mechanism  
 for making shoes and setting type; that we  
 supplanted the pick and shovel by huge  
 buckets that scoop up five tons of earth or  
 ore at a time.

With Europe it has been otherwise. Poor  
 in resources, but rich in labor, its economic  
 necessities demanded the conservation of  
 material. Since that is a scientific rather  
 than a mechanical problem, the chemist  
 has played a greater part in the industrial  
 upbuilding of Europe than of America.  
 Even invention, as such, has been directed  
 into the same channel. The European  
 saw dividends floating into the atmosphere  
 from the flaming tops of blast furnaces, a  
 waste in his eyes equivalent to that of  
 lighting cigarettes with ten-dollar bills.  
 Forthwith the blast furnace gas engine was  
 invented to utilize the energy dissipated.  
 Coal is expensive in Germany. A Pielock  
 invented the superheater for utilizing fuel  
 very sparingly on locomotives, and a Diesel  
 designed an engine which can burn any  
 liquid fuel with such marvelous economy  
 that the German manufacturer is able to  
 compete with the American and English-  
 man who burns cheap coal.

How economic necessity shapes the des-  
 tinies of the inventor we see in the de-  
 velopment of the big American corporations.  
 The trusts have made invention a recog-  
 nized profession. Men rent their inventive  
 brains by the year to makers of shoe ma-  
 chinery, telephone apparatus and electric  
 devices. How many have heard of Charles  
 Schriber? Only a few electrical engineers.  
 Yet he has patented nearly a thousand in-  
 ventions for cheapening and improving tele-  
 phonic communication. There are dozens  
 like him—men who rank with the foremost  
 inventors of the world, but whose person-  
 alities are so completely submerged as  
 those of book-keepers and are never ex-  
 ploited in the daily press. They are eco-  
 nomic necessities in themselves; for the  
 enterprises with which they are identified  
 would never have grown to vast propo-  
 rations without their aid.

If in the struggle to hold our ground in  
 foreign markets we must invent still more  
 amazing machines to offset cheaper Euro-  
 pean manufacturing costs, rest assured that  
 the American inventor will rise to the oc-  
 casion. Not his the fault if we are to  
 conduct our financial transactions after the  
 South American fashion or if we persist in  
 shipping buttons in great packing cases to  
 countries where the railway is unknown  
 and the mule is the only carrier; not his  
 fault if our government makes it difficult  
 for our exporters to trade with foreigners.  
 Tell him that the economic necessities are  
 such that Lake Superior must be sucked  
 dry and he will produce a titanic pump for  
 the purpose. In the lexicon of invention  
 there is no such word as failure.

Soon there will be no great difference in  
 the character of European and American  
 inventions. Our resources must be hus-  
 banded. We are using our coal and our  
 ores less recklessly than was our wont.  
 Industrial research and scientific manage-  
 ment have become economic necessities.  
 We find that we, too, must employ chem-  
 ists to show us how the most is to be made  
 of cottonseed and corn, of slaughtered  
 steers' horns and intestines.

In another decade science as well as in-  
 venture will play its part in developing our  
 industries. And then it will be difficult to  
 distinguish the American from the Euro-  
 pean inventor—at least from achievements  
 alone.

#### The Gift to Japan.

[New York Commercial:] The transfer  
 of Pacific Mail boats from the Pacific trade  
 is a hard blow to the pride and prosperity  
 of San Francisco, but it has been struck  
 with poetic justice because California has  
 been the fountain head of the labor agita-  
 tion which has driven the famous old com-  
 pany out of business. Owners of vessels  
 on the Pacific have done exactly what they  
 said they would be forced to do when they  
 tried to make Congress see what the effect  
 of the La Follette seamen's bill would be.

American fondly said and believed that  
 the Pacific was our ocean in which our in-  
 fluence would predominate through natural  
 causes. We have lowered our flag to Japan  
 and the Pacific Ocean is hers today. Never  
 will Japan seek war with us. She will  
 hereafter put our commerce on that ocean  
 under tribute by lawful means which we  
 have placed at her disposal. Successful  
 war could not give her more. She must be  
 gratified for the bounties we have thrown  
 in her lap, free gifts from a free but foolish  
 people to those they taught only sixty years  
 ago to look beyond their own boundaries.

#### Who's Who in a Missouri Family?

[Macon Times-Democrat:] The Times-  
 Democrat has brevetted its Dra' town-  
 ship representative for the best story of the  
 week, which told of a man marrying his  
 mother-in-law. The bridegroom has  
 four children, two boys and two girls, who,  
 by his marriage, become the sons, uncles  
 and aunts. They are also brother-in-law of  
 their own father and grandmother. The  
 husband is now his own father-in-law and  
 his wife's son-in-law, while his wife is his  
 daughter-in-law and her own mother-in-law.

#### A Ready Answer.

[New York Times:] The big, gruff-look-  
 ing man loomed up over little Jiggs, and  
 shook his fist in his face.  
 "I want to know, and I want to know right  
 now, sir, what are your intentions toward  
 my sister?" he demanded.  
 "Mum—my intentions are none—not tut-  
 toward your sus—sister," stammered little  
 Jiggs. "They are a—w—away from your  
 sus—sister, sir."

## Pen Points: By the Sea.

Greece and Rumania will remain neutral for a minute.

The trouble is we have too many  
 in the American navy. Do you get it?

No wonder the Russian soldiers are  
 strong and healthy—they retire early.  
 What has become of the old-  
 fashioned man who used to wear the broad-  
 brimmed hat?

Perhaps that new land discovered by  
 anson is some place the Democrats  
 carry in 1916.

What has become of the Hiram  
 boom for President? Has someone given  
 a dose of twilight sleep?

Bulgaria is reported as being on the  
 of war, but she has been there before,  
 a time, many a time.

Bishop Cooke of Oregon says that  
 lation is needed in the Methodist  
 and-Out Club. He is tarred with the  
 stick.

Advice from Greece are to the  
 that King Constantine has left  
 is likely to bring an action for  
 dent.

Now we have it. The Fry case  
 referred to arbitration. It will be  
 about the time that Bryan is elected  
 dent.

It might be well to add the name of  
 Von Papen to the me: berish of the  
 and-Out Club. He is tarred with the  
 stick.

The appearance of Mr. Bryan  
 White House Wednesday was his  
 showing since he was killed by the  
 Kansas man.

William Allen White is making  
 on the lemon pie. If he was  
 the California brand wherein they  
 lemons he would not be so fierce.



# Good News of Our Readiness to Supply Fall and Winter Wants

## Make Ribbon Novelties Now

While there is ample time to look over the made-up samples that we display in stock—and while you can buy ribbons so inexpensively! We are offering just now lustrous warp prints and stripes in ribbons between 4 and 6½ inches wide—all sorts of dainty color combinations—for just 35c a yard; although included in them are short lengths of ribbons that sell the country over up to 80c a yard.

(Ribbons; Main Floor)

## Winsome Tailored Silk Blouses

Smart and exclusive models in the new Radium silk—in china blue, flesh, and orchid shades; trimmed with large pearl buttons and finished at the neck with a black tie.

Blouses of cashmere silk crepe, in china, may be had at the same low price, \$6.50.

Of rich Georgette crepe, in the regular flesh color; pin tucked and made with convertible collars, for \$6.00.

(Waists; Second Floor)

## Becoming Styles in Wash Dresses for School Girls

Styles for little girls of six to fourteen years haven't in years been so attractive as this season—and seldom have we been able to show so many of the choicest at such little prices:

### Of Peggy Cloth

And Galatas, in stripes, trimmings with plain materials, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.95.

### Plain Materials

With jacket effect, \$2.25

### Of Gingham Crepes

And Galatas, in stripes, plain and Middy styles, for children of two to six years; there are some remarkably good values at \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

### Tailored Hats

All the new fall models and colors, for little tots and for girls of 14 years, \$1.00 to \$4.50

(Children's Wear; Second Floor)

## Utmost Value in Suits at \$22.50

Remarkable for the intrinsic quality of fabric, trimming and workmanship, and for the charming variations in style. There are dressy suits, fancy suits and plain tailored suits; sizes and appropriate styles all figures from 16 to 44.

Suits, poplins and similar materials, in navy, black, browns; long or long coats.

We could just as readily get \$25 for suits as to mark them \$22.50—but we cannot duplicate them, they are available at the lower price.

Other suits, of finer material, are good values at \$25 and \$30.

(Garments; Second Floor)

## Real Cowhide Suit Cases at \$5.85

Thoroughly good suit cases, 24-inch size, in tan genuine cowhide; strong and durable; may be had with either strap fasteners or the double metal locks. Fully lined, with shirt fold and double set of inside straps; steel frame with leather protected corners; every case fully guaranteed by us, special \$5.85; in 26-inch size \$6.25

## Genuine Walrus Traveling Bags

These are leather lined, with leather protected corners; with inside pockets; with perfectly secure with double claw locks; in sizes 15 to 18-inch, special \$5.85

## Hand Bags at \$2.35

Just arrived, these bags are the latest styles; not odd lots of discontinued numbers; we have them at a very low figure, hence we can sell them at \$2.35

(Handbags; Main Floor)

## Dress Goods \$1

In such a choice assortment of weaves you surely can find exactly the material you plan to make up into a fall dress, skirt or costume.

Many of the goods mentioned are underpriced at a dollar—all are shown in desirable colors, black, white and ivory.

48-inch French Serge, \$1.00.

46-inch Panama Suitings, \$1.00.

47-inch Popinette, \$1.00.

42-inch Eponge, \$1.00.

42-inch Henrietta, \$1.00.

40-inch Santos Suiting, \$1.00.

42-inch French Crepe, \$1.00.

(Wool Goods; Broadway Annex)



## Saturday Specials in Wash Materials

White cotton Crinkled Crepe—for underwear; our best 15c quality, for today... 10c

White mercerized Flanne Crepe—for undergarments; regularly 25c, today... 17½c

White Pique—in two sizes of cords; 36 inches wide; regularly 50c, today... 35c

(Wash Goods; Rear South Aisle)

## 75c Sheets Each 59c

Fine Sheets, torn size 72x99, or two yards wide and two and three-quarters yards long (note the extra length), special... 59c

Pillow Cases of similar quality, torn size 45x36; made of soft cotton, without dressing; good heavy muslin; regularly 20c, each... 15c

(Domestics; Rear South Aisle)

## Miscellaneous Specials

20c and 25c Guaranteed Tooth Brushes 10c

\$1.50 to \$2.50 Hair Brushes; solid back, wire-drawn bristles... \$1

25c Etched Wine Glasses... 10c

30c Sundae Glasses for... 10c

35c and 50c Hand Scrubs... 25c

10c Toilet Tissue, either roll or flat... 5c

(Six rolls for 25c.)

\$1.50 Clothes Brushes, assorted backs, good bristles... 95c

25c Etched Water Tumblers... 10c

25c Ice Tea Tumblers, etched... 10c

30c Etched Custard Cups... 10c

## Charming Neckwear 50c

Included are splendid assortments of dress collars and sets, coat collars and sets, vestees, high standing effects, the popular Puritan collars, fichus and many other fall styles—on voile, organdie, net and the sheer materials.

Delicate touches of real hand embroidery; single and double hemstitching, cords, lace and net trimming, with many colored pieces, add to the variety to be found in this unusually good assortment at 50c

(Neckwear; Main Floor)



TO CHARGE CUSTOMERS: All purchases made on and after today appear on statement rendered November 1st.

## Our Annual Sale Dressmakers' Supplies

Standard brands of notions and dressmakers' findings at prices only to be duplicated when we make the next sale of the sort. Prices hold good from September 25th until October 1st, inclusive—

### Guaranteed Dress Shields Nainsook Covered

Regularly No. 2, 35c; No. 3, 35c; No. 4, 35c; No. 5, 35c

### Lace Edged Shirtwaist Style Silk and Nainsook Covered

Assorted sizes, regularly 17½c; 12c—\$1.35 dozen

### Garment Shields Standard Brands; Assorted Sizes

10c; 25c—\$3.00 dozen

### Princess Brassieres; Assorted Sizes

\$1.00; 65c—two for \$1.00

### Fancy Covered Shields

20c and 25c, sizes 2 and 4... 12c—\$1.35 a dozen

### Curved Dress Belting, Black or White

18c, 14-inch, yard... 10c—10 yards 75c

### Double Serge Silk Belting

10c, Art. 24, yard... 10c—10 yards 75c

### Silk Dress Belting

25c, yard... 22c—12 yards \$2.80

### Revol and Koh-I-Noor Dress Fasteners Hooks and Eyes, Pins, Etc.

5c Dress Fasteners; guaranteed rustproof; black or white; assorted sizes, three dozen... 10c—gross 35c

### Dressmakers' Pins

No. 2, box 25c; No. 4 and 5, box 30c; No. 6, box 35c

### Miscellaneous Notions

10c Spool Sewing Silk; 100 yards; Carlson-Curtis assorted colors, 3 for... 25c—dozen 85c

### Button Moulds

Assorted sizes, 10 to 24; dozen... 15c

### Large Assortment of Lining Silks

24-inch plain A. B. C. Silks... 50c

### French and American Haircloth

24-inch, 35c to 45c yard; 18-inch... 25c

### Bust and Dress Forms

Queen Coat Forms; natural and black... 30c and 25c

Jersey Bust Forms, in black; all sizes from 32 to 44... \$1.50

Gray Jersey Bust Forms; 32-inch, size 32 to 40... \$3.00

Press-Form Dress Forms... \$15.00

Hall-Borchert Dress Forms, adjustable... \$12.00 to \$20.00

(Regular dressmakers' discounts apply on all of the foregoing notions, linings and forms.)

(Linings; Dress Forms; Broadway Annex)

## Fine Muslinwear Reduced

The fact that we have been purveyors of elegant muslinwear to two generations of Los Angeles women is sufficient evidence of the esteem in which our selections are held. Many brides-to-be have secured their entire bridal lingerie at this reliable store; we give particular attention to their requirements. Word of our ability now, to sell high-class undermuslins at commonplace prices. Reductions of one-fourth here:



### Gowns

Regularly \$5, now... \$3.50 and \$3.75

\$6... \$4.50 \$12... \$3.75 \$10... \$7.50 \$15... \$10.00

### In Crepe de Chine

Charming styles that captivate all who see them—

\$6.50... \$4.85 \$9.00... \$6.75 \$7.50... \$5.75 \$15.00... \$8.00

### Hand-Embroidered and Hand-Sewn Gowns

Of the finest French lingerie cloth—

\$3.50... \$2.75 \$5.00... \$3.50 (Four styles at this price)

\$8.00... \$5.00 \$10.00... \$7.00

Combinations, envelope chemise, French hand-embroidered chemise and camisoles similarly reduced.

(Muslinwear; Second Floor)

## New Silks at \$1

A dollar spent for any silk you buy at Coulter's is a dollar invested, as hundreds of patrons know—we want more to learn, hence these noteworthy prices:

40-inch Silk Crepe de Chine, in dark shades and evening colors; our regular \$1.50 quality... \$1.00

36-inch Stripe Taffeta Silks, in styles for dresses or waists... \$1.00

26-inch Surah Plaids; good color effects and very smart... \$1.00

35-inch Black Satin Messaline, a \$1.25 silk at... \$1.00

35-inch Satin Messaline in dark colors and evening shades... \$1.00

32-inch Tub Silks... \$1.00

27-inch Velvet Cords; just put in stock; all the new silent shades, with black, white and ivory... \$1.00

(Silks; Broadway Annex)

## Sturdy Guaranteed Stockings for School Girls and Boys



Growing, active girls and boys cannot be expected to take care of their clothes; so sensible parents buy clothes that will take care of themselves—and let the youngsters romp to their hearts' content!

These guaranteed stockings are particularly recommended to children attending school—each pair carries with it a guarantee for three months' wear, without holes—for girls in black and white; for boys in black only, three pairs for... \$1.00

(Hosiery; Main Floor)

## Pretty Handkerchiefs for School Children

Good enough for anywhere; not too good to have their loss mourned if mislaid by children at school or elsewhere.

Extra good, all-linen, or sheer handkerchiefs, with embroidered corners, twelve for \$1; each... 10c

A wide assortment of all kinds of new style handkerchiefs in colors and white, at 25c; or, by the half dozen... \$1.35

(Handkerchiefs; Main Floor)

## McCall Patterns Here

The patterns that women like to work with, because they are easy to follow, authentic in style and varied in their range.

Here, only in Los Angeles, at 15c; McCall Magazine mailed to your home for a year for 50c; with a free 15c Pattern of your own choosing with each subscription.

(Patterns; South Aisle)

## Special Opportunities For Corset Buying

If you are one of those hard-to-fit women we particularly want your corset patronage, because we carry so many different lines, in so many different styles and materials, that it is practically impossible for you to fail of being correctly and comfortably fitted here.

## Rengo Belt Corsets \$2

A special price for a limited time only; this well-liked corset has elastic in the back, which lends ease and grace to the figure wearing it; in sizes 20 to 30, special... \$2.00

## W.B. Reduso Corsets \$2.25

Another special price, for this popular corset for women of full figure sells regularly at \$3.50; shown in sizes 24 to 36; we can fit anybody who at all approaches normal proportions... \$2.25

(Corsets; Second Floor)

## Extra Large Crochet Bedspreads at \$1.95

A great, big, heavy bedspread—85x95—is one of the best special offerings that the Linen Section will put out today at this low price. We sell it every other day at \$2.50, because the spread is worth it!

\$1.00 Table Linen—just received from one of the best makers; pure Irish damask in blue, bell, tulip, fern, spot, scroll and other dainty patterns.

Centerpieces and Squares—500 of them; lace trimmed, and some with neat embroidery in the centers; 30-inch sizes, regularly 75c, Saturday for... 37½c

(Linen; Rear South Aisle)

## Buy Gloves Today

One and 2-clasp Cape gloves, PXM and pique sewn, in tan only, and in sizes 5½ to 6¼... 95c

Single-clasp Roxburgh white pique gloves; sizes 5½, 6½, 6¾ and 7, regularly \$1.25... 95c

Sixteen-button tan silk gloves; in small sizes only; regularly \$1.25, for... 50c

(Gloves; Main Floor)



## Blanket Comfortables at \$1.95

Shown in beautiful Jacquard patterns, in fast colors; these are so much superior to silk-oline covered cotton-filled comforters that people almost invariably buy the blanket comforters after comparison; usually \$3.00 each.

Emmerich's Guaranteed Feather Pillows—in art ticking; full size, reg. \$3.00, pair \$1.50

Coulter's Special Mattress—full 45 lbs., of fine carded lintens; assorted art ticking; roll edge; regularly \$10, on Saturday... \$7.50

(Bedding; Rear South Aisle)















stormed the doors of the courtroom  
in a rush for seats.

Deputy District Attorneys Becker and Selph, and Attorneys Dominguez and Dehm, for the defense, the jury retired at 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning. It was 2:45 in the afternoon when the jury returned. It was said by some of the jurors that nine held out for acquittal from the start.

and Colleges.  
for Girls Over Fourteen

**st Third St.—** FIFTH YEAR OPENS  
OCTOBER 5TH.  
Based in the Wilshire district and it is expected  
new buildings at Thanksgiving. Until then  
room and Dining Rooms are enlarged. There  
and later a swimming pool will be added. This  
day; sleeping porches and windows are so  
will be instantly converted into "open-air rooms."  
within two short blocks of the new school  
sidewalks to the school.

**SCHOOL**

parallel with the best Eastern Preparatory for Groton, St. St. Paula, Taft, Thacher or the

**Term Begins September 23d**

**MILITARY ACADEMY**  
**STON DRIVE**  
 For those who appreciate the best. Small boys  
 their residence in separate building.  
 Grammar Grade and High School sub-  
 stants for Business Life, Government and Teach-

**for COLLEGE ENTRANCE.**  
Advantages. Twenty-first year begins Sept.  
1; East 450. **WALTER J. BAILEY, A.M.**

---

**TION HALL**  
Girls. Oneonta Park, South Pasadena  
ities. Art Expression. Aesthetic Dancing. the

# ACADEMY

**ISTA SCHOOL**  
ANDREWS PLACE  
a. College preparatory and special courses; a  
opens September 23. Oril Wing, A.B., Principal

**ING, 5TH AND BROADWAY.** Foremost of all enrollment now beginning. All controllable. Now is a good time to begin. Main 132: First

---

**DEMY**

All usual High School subjects. Write for Weaver, A.M., Director. 1550 South Figueroa

**SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**  
**OPENS SEPTEMBER 27TH**  
 Avenue. Boarding and Day School. College  
 Preparation. Courses. Music. Art. Domestic Science.

**ERT GREGG SCHOOL**  
6th St. Location, Equipment and Course Ideal  
to write and easier to read than other systems  
**SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**  
UNES SEPTEMBER 29TH.  
Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, Stanford

**STUDIES OF EXPRESSION AND  
DYNAMIC ART**  
Fifteenth St. Mondays and Thursdays. Major

only; all departments. New building, outside  
28. Principal. MISS L. C. PIERCE. Home 5842

**SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**

Non-sectarian boarding and day school for girls  
Preparatory for Marlborough. Girls' College at  
Class and First Grade. Music, Languages, &  
Principals. Tele. W. 1557; Home 21226

**SCHOOL**

CLYDE AND HOOVER STREET  
TWENTY-THIRD YEAR  
Accredited University of California

High grade, High School, Post-Graduate  
 Cooking, Sewing, Ample Arts, Standard  
 pupils. Miss Parsons and Miss Shannon  
 classes, Commercial, shorthand, Accountant,  
 Grammar School, Wireless Telegraphy, Car  
 Automobile, Machine Shop, Mining, Electric  
 privileges. Classes forming. Call, phone  
 1930, 715 So. Hope St.

**SCHOOL (Military)**

**CALIFORNIA MILITARY ACADEMY**  
Test equipped school for young boys on  
West. New buildings, gymnasium, skate  
rink, playground; all grades; music department  
1081 W. 18th St. Home 74072; West 418

**PHOLLMAN**  
*Business Deals*

Enroll now for Sept. term. Low rates. See for catalog 1017 Figueroa Bldg. 2500, S.W.

**KENNINGTON SCHOOL & KINDERGARTEN**  
Resident and Day Pupils. All departments  
Music, Languages, Domestic Science

**Notice**

**To Real Estate Men**  
 All sales in WINDSOR SQUARE  
 will pay FULL commission to other  
 agents.  
**R. A. ROWAN & CO.**  
 440 Pitts. Insurance Bldg.  
**MONEY TO LOAN.**  
 20 American Bank Bldg. to \$50,000.

in amounts from \$500 to \$5,000,  
On City or Country Property.  
Current Rates.  
**ROBERT MARSH & CO.**  
300 Marsh-Streng Bldg.  
Ninth Street at Spring and Main  
20175



## Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

At the Courthouse.

## PALES HUSBAND'S THINGS OUTSIDE.

HE'S TOO LAZY TO WORK, SAYS INDIGNANT WIFE.

Lankershim Man Tells Court of Methods Pursued to Convince Him He was Not Welcome at Home, but Spouse Makes Statement and Decree is Denied.

In the case of Francisco Deniro of Lankershim, who entered the divorce court yesterday, he typified the saying that if you marry in haste you will repent at leisure. He knew his bride four days before marriage, a friend introducing him to her.

A few days after the wedding, he testified, he came home and found a dresser containing his clothes and other effects on the sidewalk. To his way of thinking, it was Mrs. Deniro's idea of signifying to him that he was persona non grata, and that she could do without him. But he elected to look upon it as a joke.

"I still thought she was joking when she told me to go," he said. "I figured, and she said to wait until she came back with a gun. I knew it was no joke then, and I haven't been back since."

As there are two sides to every story, the court continued the case to hear what Mrs. Deniro had to say.

She was sent for and appeared, denying that she had thrown her husband out. In retaliation she said that he was too lazy to work. On one occasion she said she gave him \$500, and \$200 at another time.

Judge Monroe refused Mr. Deniro a decree, and suggested to Mrs. Deniro that she hold the case until the property for the money she had advanced him.

At the City Hall.

## DID FIRE ENGINE BUMP P. E. TRAIN?

REPORTS OF AFFAIR DIFFER ON VITAL POINTS.

Captain Says Electric Locomotive Ran Into Fire Engine and Railway Employees Say Fire Engine Tried to Knock the Train off the Track.

Differences of opinion between Capt. Tilton of the fire department and Pacific Electric Railway employees regarding a collision between an automobile fire engine and an electric locomotive September 1 developed before the Police Commission yesterday when the railway company informed the commission that it "must refuse to accept" a bill rendered for repairs to the fire engine.

The accident happened September 1, at about 7 a.m., at the Central avenue and Thirtieth street crossing of the Santa Monica Air Line, and that the fire engine was in the lead.

Capt. Tilton, who was on the fire engine, instructed J. A. Hill, a new driver, how to operate the automobile fire engine, saying they discovered the electric train bearing down on them at twenty miles an hour.

He says the electric locomotive struck the fire engine on its right, front side, and the railroad men in charge of the train say they were going about four miles an hour; that the motorman whistled for the crossing; and the engine hit the side of the locomotive near the middle.

"I hold R. A. Hill, driver of the fire engine, absolutely blameless," says Capt. Tilton.

The engineer and train crew are in no way to blame for the accident, says the Pacific Electric superintendent.

"I move the papers be filed," said the Mayor.

At the City Hall.

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## Bishop Conaty's Funeral

(Continued from First Page.)

James McManus of St. Mary's, Los Angeles. To Archbishop Mendoza: Rev. P. Howe of Santa Monica, Rev. R. M. Mestres of Monterey, Mex.

To Archbishop Christie: Father T. J. Fitzgerald of Redlands, Rev. William Quillan of Pasadena.

To Bishop Glass: Rev. J. S. Laubach of Orland, Rev. R. J. Carter, D. D., of South Pasadena.

The following others participated in the ceremonies: Rt. Rev. Mgr. P. Harcourt of the cathedral, assistant priest of the cathedral; Rev. Clement Molony of St. Agnes Church, deacon of the mass; Rev. George Donohue of Our Lady of Loretto Church, subdeacon of the mass; Rt. Rev. J. McCarthy, V. F., of Fresno, and Very Rev. P. Fisher, V. F., of Santa Cruz, deacons of the mass; Rev. J. J. Follen, Bishop Conaty's secretary, and Rev. James A. Reardon of Long Beach, masters of ceremony; Rev. Edward R. Kirk of the chapel of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and Rev. Paul Dillon of St. Cecilia's Church, chanters.

Several thousand persons had gathered at Calvary Cemetery when the body of the bishop was taken there for interment yesterday afternoon. It was placed in a temporary vault and to be removed later to a crypt in the proposed new cathedral.

## THE FUNERAL ORATION.

"Our friend, our father, our guide, the bishop of our souls and the shepherd of the flock of Christ in the beautiful land of the angels has passed from life's stern battle to his appointed place in the church triumphant," Archbishop Hanna said in his eloquent funeral oration.

"With hearts bowed down by grief, we gather here to pay our tribute to his blessed memory, and drop our tear of sorrowing love upon his bier.

"There come times in life when the pain of loss is so great that words cannot give it expression; there come times when the feeling of sorrow is so profound that it finds outlet only in silent tears. We cannot tell our loss; it is not this vast city in mourning; it is a mightier testimony than my mere words."

"His great interest in education, his wonderful power of administration, his ardent patriotism, his intense love for souls, so attracted the leading men of the church, that they say to call him to the greatest position in their gift, and the restoration of the Cath-

olic University of America was the crowning honor of the days of his priesthood.

"I need not tell you of his labors, for you all know them better than I. I need only point to the monuments which dot this land from south to north, monuments to his intelligence and to his zeal, monuments that will be lasting, and oh! greater, better monuments still—the lives that he has touched, and by touching, given unto them that nobility and that power which will make his name endure unto generation and generation.

"And now, thou best of fathers, must we commit thee to the bosom of mother earth; now must we pray thee to rest. Thou hast loved justice, thou hast hated iniquity, thou hast kept to truth thy plighted troth. We are still struggling on to the bourn; help us to battle manfully 'e'en to that end. The hearts of those of thy household need God's loving touch to heal grief's wound. Oh! ask the father to help them. Thy priests still need thy strong, kindly guidance that they may do God's will, and bring in His kingdom; do thou from above give them thy aid. Thy children will miss their father's presence, their father's kindly, helpful word; do thou be with them in spirit. And above all things, in these days when the world seems to have fallen into chaos, be mindful of holy mother church, in whose service thou didst consume thy life! Be mindful of her, pray for her, that in these days of darkness she may be a light unto the world, as strength unto weakening will.

"Pray for him who guides the destinies of the apostle of Christ, that he may be strong in the firmness of Peter, and finally of us all, be not forgetful, for we need ever-renewed strength to fight life's stern battle. Pray that we may fight bravely, humbly, wisely. Pray that in sorrow, in anxiety, in pain, we may be triumphant, till in the end we may come through the sea of tears, where battle will give way to peace, sorrow to joy, tears to ecstasy, separation to union everlasting.

"May God grant unto thee rest eternal, and may His light shine on thee forever."

A telegram was received yesterday stating that at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., the late Bishop Conaty's alma mater, solemn high mass was said for the departed prelate yesterday morning by Bishop Beven, a former college mate. Eighty priests were in attendance.

Bishop Conaty assisted at St. John's Church, Worcester, for seven years and was the founder and pastor of the Sacred Heart Parish there for seventeen years.

## IN MEMORIAM.

The Late Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Bishop of Los Angeles, and Monterey.

Obedient to his sense of appreciation and admiration the undersigned, rabbi of congregation Israel B'nai Chai, desires to lay this memorial tablet upon the newly made grave of the late Right Reverend Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey, and thus testify to his place in his name and in the name of those whom he represented, their respect for the memory of a man who in his life, and by his life's work, has contributed to the uplift of his fellow-men, and in his death left a precious heritage to humanity.

Bishop Conaty was a man in the full sense of the noblest sense of the term, a gentleman, a scholar, a leader, a dignified and successful statesman, coupled with his native, unostentatious devotion to his duty, his sense of the loss of whom is a source of grief to all who knew him, and a blessing to the church of which he was a devoted and sincere servant.

May God receive in mercy the soul of this great and justly beloved man, and grant him that reward which is to all the good and pure, the verdict from on high: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," may his memory be a blessing to all who cherish it.

Rabbi of Congregation B'nai Chai.

## UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.

There are telegrams at the Western Union for Mrs. Frank Conaty, Mrs. Adolph Rose, E. H. Hanna, Thomas L. Croom, H. W. Clark, F. Decker, Evans Evans, P. G. Egan, Mrs. A. D. Falk, F. L. Gilmer, J. Graham, P. Harding, Mrs. H. H. Graham, Mrs. Helen Morley, J. G. O'Connell, Mrs. L. A. Newton, Tom Peterson, E. H. Robinson, Dr. C. E. Schmitt, Mrs. M. S. Shattuck, J. J. Smith, J. P. M. Serrurier, George H. Smith, Miss Carrie Swinerton, R. F. W. Postal, T. E. Hammond, E. Evans, Ahlstrom, Mahlon D. Thoburn, J. A. Hayes, Mrs. J. D. Wiley, C. K. Eichler, E. B. Gould.

## Sign of Good Digestion.

When you see a cheerful and happy old lady you may know that she has good digestion. If your digestion is impaired or if you do not relish your meals take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets. They strengthen the stomach, improve the digestion and make a gentle movement of the bowels. (Advertisement.)

## Tennis Racquets

Special—\$1.00

—Of selected wood, and gut-string—unquestionably the best racket in Los Angeles at this low price.

Croquet Sets Only \$2.50—a complete 8-ball set—a wonder value at \$2.50.

(Hamburger's—Fourth Floor—Today)

Established 1881

**Hamburger's**  
BROADWAY AND HILL  
EIGHTH STREETS  
SUNSET, BDWY. 1168—HOME 10063

## HIGH SCHOOL GLOVES OF KID \$1.25

—Mantle in style, and having the English thumb which gives perfect freedom to the hand.

—No wonder school girls and women prefer them to all other gloves! At Hamburger's exclusively.

La Masco Gloves \$2.00—High-grade gloves of real French kid—leather lined and wear—and wear! See the shades here in great variety. (Main Floor)

## Saturday at Hamburger's—A Day for Boys and Girls

—A whole day their very own—for the new togs are wonderfully interesting and we want the youngsters to see them all.

—Special designers planned every garment—and, following our instructions, created more styles than have heretofore been the rule.

## School Dresses That Have Style, \$5.00

—How delightfully pretty they are—and how girls will adore them! We have required our designers to give to our girls' clothes the same variety and originality embodied in women's apparel—and the result is charming.

—These models for instance: The skirts of the better kind—and lifted far above the ordinary by their fashioning. Let the girls try them on—let them see just how becoming they are; 6 to 14 sizes; wonder values at \$5.00.

**Tub Dresses—scores of styles—6 to 14 sizes, \$1.25**

**Simplicity and Good Taste in these Specially Designed Coats for Girls \$10**

—Important to her happiness, as well as her appearance, is the cut of a girl's coat—she must wear it so very, very often throughout the season.

—Blue ribbons, fancy mixtures, broken plaids and double-faced materials are most fashionable. At \$10.00 we are showing some stunning models—6 to 14-year sizes.

(Hamburger's—Second Floor—Today)

**These Coats for Little Tots Are Very Clever \$5.00**

—It takes ingenuity to create styles so delightfully charming as these—for little folks of 1 to 6 years. We want you to see them today.

**Sweaters, \$2.50—wool, so comfy and warm!**

And in pretty Norfolk styles—surprising values at \$2.50.

(Hamburger's Baby Shop—Second Floor—Today)

**Children's HATS and BONNETS \$2.95**

—Plushes, velvets, corduroys, corded silks—such quaint little hats—all trimmed with ribbons and dainty rosettes.

—And so many styles—you can't guess how many. Bring the wee folks shopping to Hamburger's for their fall and winter hats.

(Hamburger's Baby Shop—Second Floor—Today)

**Dear Children:**

—At last we are going to have the pleasure of seeing "Fairylend" play the all the children are talking about. I know you will be delighted when you see it—for it is just great.

Well, I'll see you today. Be here on time, 3 o'clock.

"Fairylend," 5th floor.

**Smart Clothing That Boys Like—\$5.00**

—Nowhere in Los Angeles will you find such a wide variety of smart, new styles and patterns. The quality is high—the same that is found in all Hamburger clothing; the fit will be perfect, and prices are unusually low, considering the high character of the clothing.

**The Suits, \$5.00**—newest Norfolk models of dependable tweeds, cassimeres, Scotch tartans, stripes and mixtures; 2 pairs pants; 6 to 17 years.

**Overcoats, \$5.00**—several models—all well tailored. Of the new materials in wanted colorings; 2 to 8 years.

**Boys' Fall Hats, \$1.00**

—In lively, new checks, plaids and mixtures and in colorings to match the new suits and overcoats—hats that will please the boy, and his parents, too; sizes 6½ to 7-11½.

**Shirts at 79c**

—Specially purchased or they'd be marked \$1.25. Plain colors and stripes, in sizes 12 to 14.

(Hamburger's—Second Floor—Today)

**Pajamas at 59c**

—Of excellent outing flannel, cut full and roomy—they'll sell rapidly at 59c; sizes 6 to 14 years.

(Hamburger's—Second Floor—Today)

## "Policeman" Play Suits

**\$1.75**

—Just what hundreds of red-blooded little Southern California kiddies are wishing for. Of sturdy blue twill with cap, badge, belt and club; sizes 3 to 12 years.

(Hamburger's—Second Floor—Today)

## Daffodils for Early Planting

Now is the time to make a first planting of these splendid spring flowering bulbs. Set out at this time they come into bloom during very early Spring. Successional plantings during October, November and December will give you an unbroken succession of bloom up to the end of May. Nothing better in the way of Spring Flowers for garden ornamentation or for cut flower purposes. Our bulbs are plump, well ripened, Montebello grown stock. To plant them means satisfaction.





IN MEMORIAM.

Late Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Bishop of Los Angeles, and Monterey.

Obedient to his sense of apprehension and admiration the undersigned, of congregation First Fifth, with desire to lay this modest tablet upon the newly made grave of the late Right Reverend Thomas Conaty, D.D., bishop of Los Angeles and Monterey, and thus feebly to express in his name and in the name of those whom he represented, their respect for the memory of a man who contributed to the uplift of his own men, and in his death left a glorious heritage to humanity. Bishop Conaty was a man in the best and noblest sense of this term; a scholar, a teacher, a patriot, a devoted American. These qualities, allied with his native, unostentatious devotion of those who were not of his faith, all of whom share in the life of the Jews, sustained by his faith, all of which he was a devout and true servant.

May God receive in mercy the soul of his great and justly beloved man, and grant him that reward vouchsafed to all the good and pure. May the light from on high be: "Well done, a good and faithful servant," and may his memory be a blessing to all who cherish it.

R. HECHE, of Congregation First Fifth.

UNDATED TELEGRAMS  
for Mrs. Frank Spotted  
Adolph Boas, E. M. Smith,  
L. Croom, H. W. Clark, E.  
becker, Evans Evans, P. G. Evans,  
A. D. Falk, P. L. Gilmer, John  
Mrs. Helen Morley, J. G. Mott,  
L. A. Newton, Tom Peterson, Mr.  
L. Robinson, Dr. C. E. Schwartz,  
M. Sander, Mrs. H. H. Sherrill,  
Curtis Spilington, R. F. Van  
T. E. Hammond, E. Evans, G.  
ton, Marion D. Thatcher, Jr., A.  
Hayes, Mrs. J. D. Wiley, Charles  
Schier, E. B. Gould.

Sign of Good Digestion.  
Just you see a cheerful and happy  
lady you may know that she has  
good digestion. If your digestion is  
allied or if you do not relish your  
food, take a dose of Chamberlain's  
etc. They strengthen the stom-  
ach, improve the digestion and cause  
a healthy movement of the bowels—  
a pleasant surprise.

SCHOOL. \$1.25  
S OF KID  
in style, and having the  
which charms which gives perfect  
to the hand, girls and boys  
would prefer them to all other  
At Hamburger's exclusive  
in Los Angeles. \$2.00—High-grade  
and wear! New Fall  
have the great variety.  
(Main Floor)

er's—  
Girls



TEN CENTS. THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST. 1781-1915

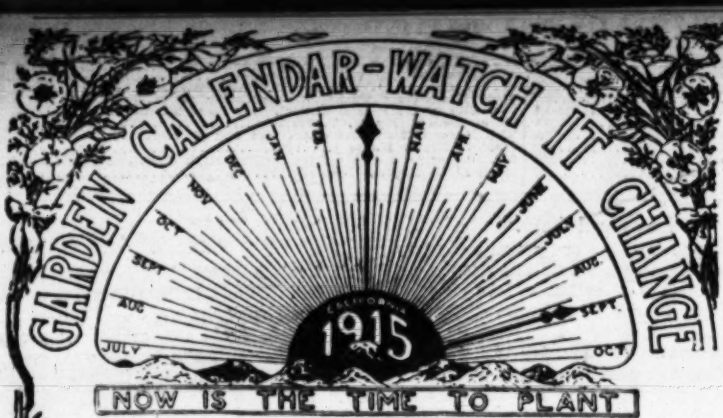
*Picturesque Smiley Heights, Redlands.*



*Study by Mode Wineman.*



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## Hardy Perennial Phloxes

Like many other herbaceous plants, autumn is the time for planting Phloxes. By planting them during September they make strong clumps before winter and start with great vigor in early spring. Our collection is an exceedingly choice one and is now in full bloom. Come out to Montebello and see them. We can tell you many ways to use them which will add greatly to the beauty of your garden.

Price of any of the following strong plants, balled:  
Each, 20c. Per dozen, \$2.00.

- Henri Regnault—Very large purple.  
Hervor—Rose with a white eye.  
Inspector Elpel—Pale rose, dark eye.  
Lothair—Deep salmon.  
Mrs. Robinson—Pure salmon, very large.  
Mrs. Jenkins—Fine tall white.  
Mad. Paul Dutrie—Pale pearly pink.  
Mad. Marie Kuppenheim—Dwarf white.
- Obergartner Reichenau—Bright rose.  
Pantheon—Soft salmon pink.  
Prof. Schellemann—Lilac rose.  
Rosenburg—Large carmine purple.  
Rynstrom—A gem. Pale salmon.  
Selma—Pale rose with clear eye.  
Siebold—Deep rich scarlet.  
Vesuvius—Rich crimson scarlet.  
Zouave—Carmine crimson.
- Albion—Pure white with a faint aniline red eye.  
Coquelicot—Pure scarlet. Nothing finer.  
F. G. von Lassburg—Immense pure white.  
Frau Dora Umgeller—Deep purplish crimson.  
Bridesmaid—Pure white, crimson eye.  
Gen. Von Heutz—New orange salmon.

## Daffodils for Early Planting

Now is the time to make a first planting of these splendid spring flowering bulbs. Set out at this time they come into bloom during very early Spring. Successional plantings during October, November and December will give you an unbroken succession of bloom up to the end of May. Nothing better in the way of Spring Flowers for garden ornamentation or for cut flower purposes. Our bulbs are plump, well ripened, Montebello grown stock. To plant them means satisfaction.

- plant them means satisfaction.
- EMPRESS**—A giant bi-color variety. Trumpet rich golden yellow, perianth white.
- EMPEROR**—One of the largest flowered of all trumpet Daffodils. Color is pure, rich, deep yellow throughout. One of the finest varieties in existence for cut flower purposes.
- BARRI CONSPICUUS**—Flowers exceedingly large. Perianth soft yellow with a cup edged with orange scarlet. A gem for cutting purposes.
- CAMPANELLE RUGULOSUS**—A medium size trumpet daffodil, deep rich golden yellow in color. One of the prettiest things we know of for small vases, etc.
- Price of Any of the Above Varieties
- ORANGE PHOENIX**—As double as a perfectly formed Camellia and not unlike one in shape. Color white and orange.
- SULPHUR PHOENIX**—Very large double flowers. Practically the same in shape as Orange Phoenix but differing in color, being a soft sulphur yellow shade.
- PRINCES**—Perianth pale yellow trumpet deep yellow, very free blooming.
- GOLDEN SPIR**—One of the earliest pale yellow trumpet Daffodils. Comes into bloom a few weeks before Emperor and Empress and materially lengthens the flowering period of these plants.
- Per Dozen 50 Cents. Per 100, \$3.50.

Price of Any of the Above Varieties Per Dozen 50 Cents. Per 100, \$3.50.

**Other Seasonable Bulbous and Tuberous Rooted Plants  
Which Should Be Planted Now.**

**Ismene—Calathina Grandiflora**

A beautiful, free blooming bulbous plant from Brazil, and one which is especially adapted to culture in warm Southern climates. The large blooms are intensely fragrant, pure white in color, with greenish bands in the base of the throat. The edges of the flower have an irregular fringed outline which greatly enhances the beauty of the bloom.

**Price—Each, 25c; per dozen, \$2.50.**

**Freesia Refracta Alba**  
By planting Freesias now you can have them in bloom before Winter is over. They are quite hardy and furnish an abundance of fragrant cut flowers.  
Price—Extra fine bulbs. Per Doz. 25c—per 100 \$1.50

**Important Notice.** We have just received invoices covering our shipment of bulbs from Holland. The bulbs are due to arrive some time during the month of October. Delivery will probably be later than last year owing to war conditions. But we are fortunate in securing our usual supply of high grade bulbs. We will have our customary full line of Hyacinths, Spanish Iris, Tulips and other Holland-grown stock to offer you. Hold your order until you can inspect our stock. The quality will be the best you have seen.

### The New Pink Canna "Hungaria"

A gem amongst Cannas, the color being entirely new. Elegant soft pink flowers with trusses immense in size. Planted now the rhizomes become firmly established, beginning to bloom in early Spring. Autumn planted stocks give far better results than those set out in Spring.

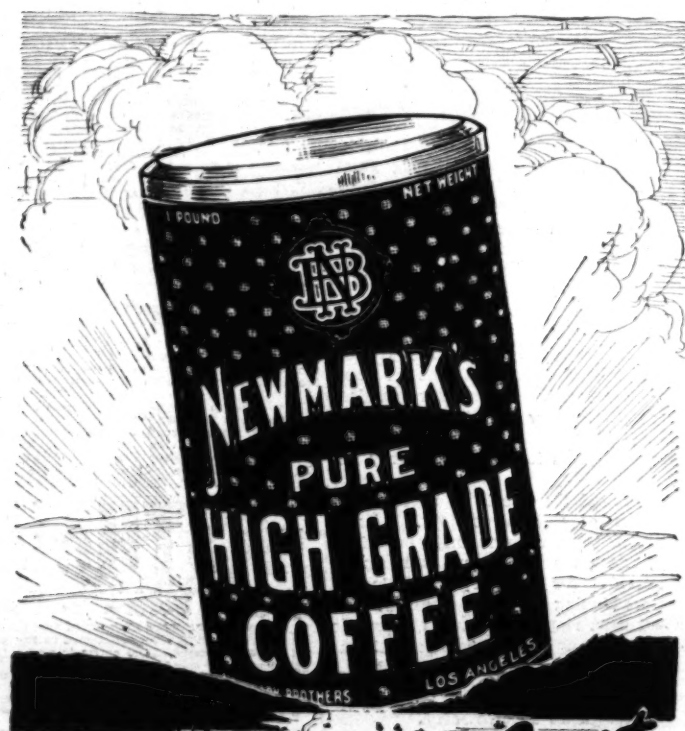
Price—each 25c; Per dozen \$2-50

**Amaryllis Belladonna**

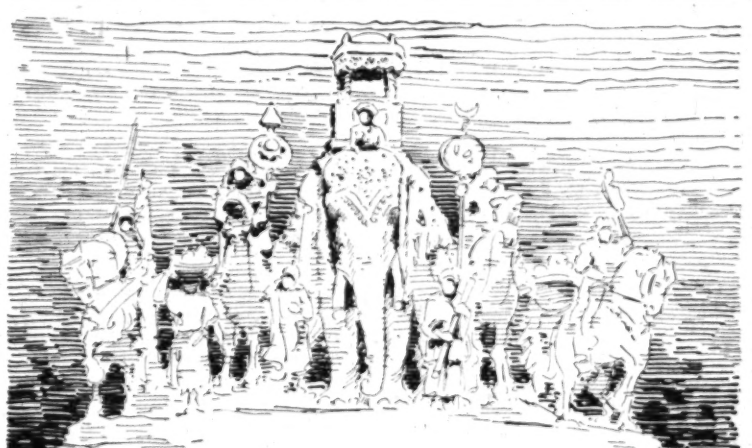
These bulbs are now perfectly dormant. If you wish a display of these in your garden next July and August now is the time to plant them. Growth will soon start. It will then be too late to handle them successfully.

Price—extra fine bulbs, each 20c; Per Doz.

*Howard & Smith*  
9<sup>th</sup> & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES  
NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO  
MAIN 1745-10957



*On the Pacific Coast  
It's-Newmarks-*  
Rich  
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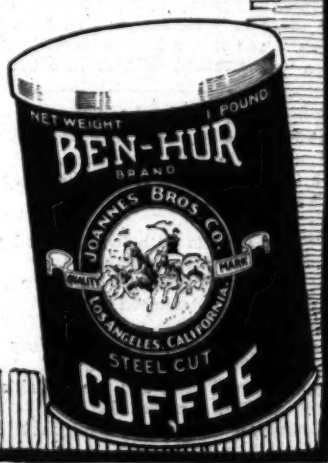
**40 Years  
of Quality**

For forty years the makers of Ben-Hur Steel-Cut Coffee have been concentrating their efforts both here and in the East, on the production of quality goods—including Ben-Hur—a quality product.

Good because it's steel-cut, chaffless and dustless. Known everywhere for its strength and uniformity.

**It satisfies.**

Joannes Bros. Company,  
Importers, Roasters,  
Manufacturers.  
Los Angeles.









*By Frederick John Jackson.*

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## Looking Up a Lemon.

By Eugene Brown.

FOR some time past I have been in pursuit of a lemon. It is no unusual thing to be handed one—the sour and skinny things! But to be in actual quest of the lemon is to arouse an active interest.

So it happened that when I let it leak out that I was anxious to take over a real lemon patch, I at once became an object of our most pleasing and hospitable real estate agents. They remarked how well I was looking and all I needed was the little whole lemon or orange grove.

I explained that I already had an orange plantation and that what I wanted now was a lemon orchard—I refused to call it a grove. They said I was just right. I was the wise guy who could read the signs and who realized that the lemon was the hope and the future greatness of California. Oranges were all right in their way and walnuts were a nice crop to handle, but the lemon—ah! that's the stuff! a market all the year round and something coming in all the time.

Sure, it was a lemon yard I wanted. So it happened that I have inspected various green and yellow upholstered patches of our witching scenery. I have been gliding blithely over our smooth and cordial fens of several amiable gentlemen who were willing to part with their lemon fields in order to get an accomplished and engaging stranger into the community.

I told them I expected to engage in the lemon industry with the idea of reforming it. They said the business was well enough, but possibly it needed reforming. They would welcome all reformers—who had the price.

So I kept on pawing over the lemon ranches. I saw them with trees twenty years old and trees just set out. There were seedlings thirty feet high and some dinky ones as tall as a plug hat. I found them in the "frostless" belt and I saw them where they had been nipped back to the ground. I found out about the irrigation problems in a dry town and I learned what moisture cost when you lapped it up by the bucket or flooded a hundred miles of inches over your land. At one inviting place they offered to plant a tract to my order, water, cultivate and care for it and then turn it over to me all ready to move in as soon as I was able to show results.

I kept telling the lemon gentry that the industry needed gingering up: "Why is it," exclaimed I, passionately, "that I can't go into any blooming grocery store in Los Angeles, Chicago or New York and pick up a bottle of clear and pure lemon juice? Everybody prefers it to vinegar and it can be used in a dozen different ways where vinegar is impossible. Lemons that could not be shipped to advantage would be all right to use for the juice and the product could be marketed almost as cheaply as vinegar. What's the matter? Won't the stuff keep?"

I learned that the lemon producers were not overlooking all the bets. Within the last few years it has been pretty well established where the real lemon land of California is located and it is almost foolish and strong, bearing grove, with suitable build-territory may be held at \$3000 an acre. That may seem a stiff price for a horticultural proposition, but there are some groves that have paid 10 to 20 per cent. profit on this investment.

But not this year. A combination of circumstances, some unforeseen and some premeditated, have shot the industry to pieces for the moment.

No matter what his politics may be the California citrus farmer must whoop her up for a tariff on lemons. Taking it down in the Underwood law put a crimp in the California trade that has not yet been ironed out. The principal competition is from the groves of Sicily, where the cost of production is comparatively small. Russia has always been a noted user of lemons. The people there take lemon with their tea. The natural, easy market for the Sicilian lemons is up the Adriatic to Trieste and then by rail throughout Austria and Russia. But the war obliterated this

trade and the lemons have been coming as a cheap return cargo, by water, to New York. They have been laid there at a rate as low as twenty-eight cents a box. The freight rate by railroad is a dollar a box from Los Angeles to Chicago. The California lemon is larger, better and more popular than the Sicilian product, but the combination of free trade and high freight creates a handicap that is baffling for the moment.

But only for the moment. When American ships are running thickly through the Panama Canal it will be somewhat different. Refrigeration on a water haul is a much cheaper proposition than by rail. It is promised in the early future that lemons can be properly iced and moved by steamships to New York at a rate of not exceeding fifty cents a box. This with the diversion of the Sicilian crop to its natural market would mean a return of substantial prosperity to the lovable lemon man of our large and pleasing State.

At least that's the way they put it up to me. Also I find that they are making some progress along the lines I have been kicking about. The lemon men have a good organization and a feature is a by-products company with a million dollars behind it. They have been developing citrate and other elements for the drug trade. In the marketing of a pure lemon juice they had encountered some troubles. The suspended matter in the liquid would sometimes oxidize and impart a bitter and pungent taste. Now they discover that by clarifying it through Fuller's earth they have a product that is practically colorless and has no suspended matter whatever. This juice can be bottled economically. It will keep almost indefinitely and is instantly available for use in hotels, restaurants, the household—and the saloon, for after all the American bar is the greatest consumer of American lemons. This in spite of the inroads made by the smaller and desirable time.

After acquiring this fund of information I concluded to go ahead in my quest for a lemon patch—I still refused to call it a grove.

### The United States Supreme Court

[Case and Comment:] Is Congress fully sensible of the country's obligation to the Supreme Court and the earnest desire to sustain and preserve it in its glory and power? It is the one stable element in the composition of the government. The manner of doing things changes, but the principles live forever. That is the secret of the strength of this republic. No political storm can sway it from its course, for there is a pilot at the helm. The Supreme Court nurtured the nation in its infancy, trained it in its youth and is now guiding it in the straight and narrow path of its maturity. It has been to the nation a pillar of fire by night; it has guided destructive revolutionary doctrines into beneficial evolutions; the violence of anarchy and the persuasiveness of the demagogue have fitted themselves into the constitutional mold; the oppression of concentrated power and the chicanery of corrupt organizations have ceased to trouble and alarm, at its simple word. It is the final arbiter between man and his brother, the state and the church, the citizen and the soldier, between political parties, and even between Congress and the Chief Executive himself. There abides in the people of the United States a sublime faith in their highest tribunal, that makes of submission the noblest attribute of national character. Could a greater calamity befall the nation than a weakening of its beneficent power and the faith of a grateful people.

### The Doctor Knew.

[Chicago News:] If some men are skeptical others place an implicit faith in the doctor's prescriptions; and of these was a man in Limerick, who went to the undertaker to order a coffin for Pat Connell. "Dear me," said the undertaker, "is poor Pat dead?" "No, he's not dead yet," answered the other, "but he'll die tonight, for the doctor says he can't live till morning, and he knows what he gave him."

der a package. If some practical business man could visit these countries and learn the size of packages put up for retail and imitate some of the German and English trade-marks, selling the goods at the same price as the European stuff, something practical might be accomplished.

### Future of Los Angeles.

LET no man for a moment think dull times have come to stay in the city of Los Angeles. For a matter of thirty years, in flush times and in times of depression at the East, this city has gone on advancing by leaps and bounds. She is in a more solid position for advancement today than ever before. Each year shows increments to her population of a very substantial amount at the worst, and of an astonishing amount at the best.

We have a population now in the city, throughout Southern California and all throughout the Great Southwest, large enough to justify and encourage the establishment of new manufacturing plants and the enlargement of those already in existence. There is a home market of sufficient volume to enable the manufacturer here to compete successfully with his larger rivals at the East, when we consider the cost of transporting finished products by rail across the continent. Then there are the Orient and South America opening up markets for us in competition with world rivals.

So it does not surprise any Angeleno who has kept track of affairs here for some years past to read in the columns of The Times that the American Can Company is about to establish a branch manufactory in this city to manufacture cans. The wonder is that this plant has not been laid down here before. We can so much fruit and vegetables and so much fish that there is a home market for an immense number of cans, and a regular market for the employment of a factory every day in the year.

So one industry begets another, and as this is the era of manufacturing development in Los Angeles, we may expect to read of daily instances of a nature similar to this American can industry.

### An Ancient Volcano in Alaska.

[Geological Survey Bulletin:] Every traveler on the upper Yukon River has noted a conspicuous white bed, four to six inches in thickness, that occurs on the river banks. This is made up of volcanic ash derived from a volcano located in the northern margin of the St. Elias Range more than 100 miles to the south. Though geologically speaking the material is of recent age, yet it was probably erupted 1400 years ago. There are, of course, no historical records of this eruption, but in the course of explorations in Alaska much has been learned about the distribution and thickness of the material ejected. It originally covered an area of more than 140,000 square miles, and some of it was deposited over 450 miles from the volcano. The near the volcano to an inch or two at the margin of the area covered by it. A rough estimate indicates that over ten cubic miles of material was ejected at the time of this eruption. During the eruption of Katmai volcano in Southwestern Alaska in June, 1912, about five cubic miles of ash was ejected, and about the same amount fell from the Krakatoa eruption of 1883. This Yukon eruption is therefore comparable in intensity with some of the larger eruptions of historical time. All the available information about this subject is summarized in a paper entitled "An ancient volcanic eruption in the upper Yukon basin," by Stephen R. Capps, issued by the United States Geological Survey as Professional Paper 95-D.

### Speaking in War Terms.

[Athens Globe:] War terms are getting into ordinary speech, as a matter of habit. For instance, Jude Johnson, while talking about a row with his wife, made this statement this morning: "I retreated, but with great loss to the enemy."

posing lines. A flying squadron of our esteemed baseball writers would hurl confusion on any enemy that ever carried a fountain pen. Walt Mason would offer a starry exhibit of rhetorical shrapnel that would make the doughty Kipling whimper like a spanked baby. The State of Indiana would come to the front with its first aid—George Ade at that, and when George's artillery paused in its curdling bark the enemy's trenches would be fairly cluttered up with the defunct. Our glittering company of playwrights would prove a wonderful host for war. They would pour a mystifying fire of adjective and diatribe ranging from pop-gun to mortar caliber and crippling the enemy beyond compare.

If the literary reserves should ever be drawn out the field would be flooded with the grand army of scenario writers who are armed to the gizzard with spy-glasses and dope guns and are able to shoot words of one syllable into the opposing lines with deadly effect.

This being neutral while we still have a dictionary and a battery of double-barreled typewriters is some job.

If it is to be a war of words let America break into it first hand and show the enemy a few deadly samples of our vernacular. A man who writes heads for baseball stuff ought to be able to shoot some fiendish pills into any hapless foe.

### Latin-American Trade.

MR. MADDOO, Secretary of the Treasury, has had a commissioner going over South America studying trade conditions in those countries. We do not know whether this is in direct line with the policy pursued by Mr. Bryan when Secretary of State in writing to Mr. Sullivan, then representing us in Haiti, to look out for remunerative jobs "for deserving Democrats" or not.

However that may be, Mr. McAdoo's commissioner returned with information that every intelligent American knew beforehand. The commissioner found generally in South America, particularly in Chile and Peru, great disappointment that our merchants and manufacturers were not making a greater effort to build up trade between our country and theirs, taking advantage of the opportunities created by the war. He found that the great obstacle in the way of our doing business with the Latin Americans was that our merchants exacted cash payment from people who have been accustomed by long years of practice to do business with British and German manufacturers, who granted a term of credit never less than ninety days, and often running to twice that space of time.

In these editorial columns of the Illustrated Weekly these conditions have been set forth time and again, and our merchants instructed that they must not expect to do business with our neighbors to the south on the same terms as prevail at home. There is a great deal for our people to learn in extending our commerce with the world in general which will take time and patience to learn and put into practice. The Latin Americans, being mostly of Spanish origin, are exceedingly conservative and do not easily change their habits, and in this matter of long credits it is very doubtful if the most nimble-minded and radically-inclined American or Englishman could change under the circumstances prevailing in those countries. There is furthermore the way of putting up packages that our shippers will have to learn, and it will be no easy task. In many of these Latin-American countries a great many of the people are illiterate and know goods by the trade-marks on them. They are put up in a certain-sized package, sold at a certain price, and all they know is that a can of goods has a blue anchor or a red cross, and that is the way they or-

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# Mr. Parker as a Strategist.

By Frederick John Jackson.

## THE CAPTURE.

"PILIKEA" is the Polynesian word for trouble, and when Billie Jones, of the Tavall Hemp Company, fastened this on his partner, Parker, the nickname stuck, for it aptly described Parker's propensities in that direction.

Pilikea Parker and Billie Jones sat loitering on the shaded veranda of the office on their plantation in the Western Fiji. Dejection, disgust and an all-pervading gloom hung heavily in the immediate vicinity of the veranda.

"Ain't that hell on wheels?" Pilikea propounded morosely. "Here's that hemp machinery layin' in the warehouse over at Lavuka, an' the blitherin' agent won't turn it over to us because we ain't got nine hundred eighty three dollars an' forty five cents in the ice-box handy to turn over to him. The hop-shootin' hapa-hala won't take a draft on Brisbane like he agreed to. For a scuttle of warm beer I'd go over to Lavuka some night an' hand that black-an-tan fool the surprise of his misguided life. I'd get that machinery!"

"Yeh, an' yuh might get or otherwise absorb an acute case of lead poisonin' in the bargain," growled Billie, "an' then I'd be lookin' for a new partner."

"Huh!" snorted Pilikea. "I guess I got brains enough to steer clear of that."

"Brains!" drawled Billie in derision as he lazily rolled a cigarette. "Why if your brain was money you couldn't buy a hand of bananas over at Walkapoo where they give them away. You'd be a bankrupt; you'd be in the hands of a receiver—an' he wouldn't have anything to receive; why, if your brain would fetch the price of platinum you'd strain your finances if yuh bought a Pittsburgh stogie. Don't you talk to me about brains!" he finished scornfully.

"Ye-es," returned Pilikea good-naturedly. "Your line of gab is almighty cheap—but it takes money to buy machinery. I don't notice you spillin' so many bright ideas that I have to wear smoked glasses. If you had anything remotely resembling a brain in your sandpapered dome you wouldn't be spendin' your time runnin' a hemp plantation in this next-door dump to the place you're goin' when you kick the bucket!"

"The only case of real brains in this part of the world is that fellow, Durand's his name, who engineered the escape from Noumea last month. Nine of them got away in the government schooner—that was some stunt. You read about it didn't you? Only escape from New Caledonia in eight years."

"Yeh, the last Sydney papers were full of it. Apache leader of the slums of Paris—betrayed by a woman—going back to seek revenge, and all that stuff. Killed three men to get away. They'll get him, though. Every port is watching for the schooner to show up, and there's a cruiser and a gunboat combing the New Hebrides for him."

With that, Billie stretched, yawned in sheer ennui, and arose to his feet. In front of him the pale yellow sand of the coral beach glared in a blinding strip as it sloped down to where an occasional lazy ground-swell would break snowy-white against its background of deep-blue, almost black, tropical sea. He squinted as he looked down the blazing pathway of the late-afternoon sun.

Pilikea yawned as he watched his partner. "What d'yuh see now?" he queried with rich sarcasm, "some more brains?"

"Boat!" returned Billie laconically, reaching for the binoculars. "Whaleboat under sail. One man in it. By God, that lop-sided leg-of-mutton belongs to Callahan, of Rairatabu. There's something in the wind or he wouldn't be leaving the post!"

Half an hour later the partners, assisted by a score of Kanaka plantation hands, pulled Callahan's whaleboat high and dry up the shingle. Carefully they led Callahan to the plantation headquarters—a much-changed Callahan from the hale, hearty, boisterous Irishman they knew—a Callahan pale, weak from loss of blood, a deep-stained handkerchief about his head and at times incoherently babbling in delirium. A stiff

jolt of brandy cleared his brain enough to enable him to tell the story.

"They came at daybreak," he began, "nine av thim, the murtherin' beasts, in a whaleboat. They raided the Kanaka quarters first—they're nearest the beach—the shootin' woke me up. Gawd! Ut was awful, the dirty butchers. Killed a dozen natives like mad dogs running wild in a bunch av sheep. Killed men, women and children before the rest took to the hills."

He paused for a moment's rest and another drink of brandy.

Pilikea glanced at his partner. "Nine of them!" he said significantly. "That's Durand and his bunch of scum!"

"There was nine av thim," continued Callahan, "but there's only seven now. I plugged two av thim with a Winchester. Then a bullet smashed me rib an' another creased me head. I couldn't see to shoot for the blood runnin' down in me eyes so I made a run for the whaleboat at the landin' in the cove around the point. There was a stiff trade blowin' an' I run up the sail an' got away. They had no sail in their boat. I came here to warn ye. Ut's like as not they'll strike here next."

Billie had been thinking over Pilikea's conjecture.

"But if it's Durand and the gang from Noumea, where's their schooner?" he inquired.

"Piled it up on a reef in the night, the chances are," answered Pilikea. "They'll be lookin' for another schooner!" Involuntarily he glanced through the window to where, his trim, single-top-mast auxiliary schooner Daisy lay swinging idly at her anchor in the lagoon behind him. A peculiar glow came into his eyes, a light of deviltry.

Billie saw it and side-stepped mentally. "Let's see," continued Pilikea. "The French government pays one thousand francs apiece for the capture of escaped prisoners, dead or alive. Nine of them—nine thousand francs. That's nearly \$1800 in real money," he computed dreamily. "We'll split it three ways; Callahan gets a third, and then you an' me together'll have more than enough to pay for that new sisal and hemp machinery."

"Seems to me you're a bit previous," grinned Billie. "I don't know what darn-fool scheme yuh got in your crazy noodle now, but just remember the one about countin' before the incubation. What in the name of the sacred sun-god have you next to your hairy fore-arm now?"

"Nothing, yet," acknowledged Pilikea. "But as long as we need the whole gang of them in our business I'm going to get them. Are you with me?"

"Sure," grumbled Billie. "I've always gotta trail along and pull yuh outa trouble. You always look for it—and that ain't all either. You always find it."

"Yes, go on," said Pilikea, "why don't you finish it? I always get out of it, don't I?"

"Yeh; that's the devil of it," admitted Billie, grudgingly; "but I know why I'm beginning to get gray hair."

"Callahan," queried Pilikea a little later after he had finished washing and bandaging the Irishman's wounds, "was there any liquor left at Rairatabu?"

"Nary a drop in the whole tradin' post," answered Callahan. "Ut's nearly two months since the Lolita has called—"

Suddenly he sat bolt upright on the cot. "My God; she's due to show up any day now," he cried. "Think what'll happen if she drops her hook in the cove while those devils are there. The captain's got his wife and sister along this trip, too."

Pilikea turned to Billie.

"We sail tonight," he said briefly.

Two hours later the Daisy, under the impulse of her gasoline engine, slid through the narrow channel from the lagoon to the open sea. Pilikea, at the wheel, signaled full speed ahead and laid a course for Rairatabu.

Wiping his hands on a piece of soiled cotton waste, Billie, oozing perspiration from every pore, emerged from the hatch to the engine room.

"I'd like to know what in three shades of blue plazes you're goin' to do," he began in disgust. "Goin' to Rairatabu after seven

man-eaters with just you an' me aboard. Why didn't yuh bring a dozen Winchesters an' some Kanak's who can shoot?"

"Callahan had a Winchester," Pilikea pointed out, "an' look where he is now. Looks like a picture of the spirit of '76—the fellow with the headache I mean. I didn't bring any of the Kanakas because some of them might get hurt, and we need every black mother's son of them to strip hemp. And besides, I don't want those frog-eaters shot. That would be too crude—and they might beat us to it," he added naively. "Anyhow, dead men are messy things in this climate, and it'll be easier to have them delivered aboard on hoof."

"What in the name of seven sins are yuh goin' to use then?"

"Strategy," succinctly replied Pilikea.

"Strategy?" repeated Billie. "You're plum poopoo, you are. Don't you know it takes brains to use that?"

"Sure, you heard what I said. If I get away with it will you admit I've got brains?"

"Yeh, I certainly will," Billie admitted unguardedly. "But lemme tell you you're lucky to be in the South Seas. They've got nice thickly-upholstered cells back in God's country for people like you."

"Perhaps," was the enigmatical reply. "Here, take the wheel. I've got some work to do below."

An hour before daylight the Daisy had found bottom in six fathoms a quarter of a mile off the trading post at Rairatabu.

"Now, Billie, you skip below and unscrew the sparkplugs from the engine, get the spare ones from the locker, too, and bring them all to me."

The dinghy was lowered from the stern davits and Pilikea took the oars and they headed through the inky, tropical, just-before-dawn darkness. By instinct it seemed, or guided, perhaps, by the phosphorescent glow of an occasional ground swell breaking on the beach, Pilikea headed for a landing beach out of sight of the village around a rocky point half a mile away.

"You're goin' out on a limb," was the only explanation Pilikea would vouchsafe to his partner's repeated inquiries. "Darn your hide," he grinned, "I'll make you admit I've got brains."

"Yeh, an' yuh better keep your weather eye peeled or somebody'll get between you and the tree and cut off the limb."

"Not while I've got the spark plugs and there's no breeze, they won't," promised Pilikea confidently. "You see, we're just goin' out on the limb to give the other fellows a chance to climb the tree—then we crawl in and drop bricks on them."

"What time we goin' back to the plantation?" demanded Billie as they landed and hauled the boat up the beach.

"Well, we could get there this afternoon," replied his partner with a wicked chuckle, "but I reckon we might as well run over to Noumea with the Frenchmen and cash in first."

"I got a picture of that," was the skeptical reply. "You're even nuttier than I thought you were. If you figured on catchin' them asleep, you've got another figure comin'. The rattle of that chain through the hawse was enough to wake the dead in Sydney."

"Aw, come on; you talk like a carved cocoa shell," Pilikea sweetly informed him. "Come on up on the point; it's getting light and the curtain goes up on the first act in a jiffy."

A little later the east was ablaze with the splendor of a tropical sunrise. The sun had just begun to peep over the rim of the horizon when Billie leaped to his feet with an oath at the sight of a whaleboat laden with seven men leaving the beach and pulling furiously for the deserted schooner.

"Of all the asinine, thick-headed, fat-witted, boneheads, you're the limit," he exploded. "A sweet mess you've made of it, I must say, a-coolin' our heels ashore here, while you allow those red-handed murderers to get away with Daisy."

"Aw, keep your shirt on," advised Pilikea, sentimentally. "They're on the Daisy, but they haven't got away yet. Anyhow, it's my schooner, ain't it? An' ain't I runnin' this here fiducialy peregrination—that ought to hold you."

"Good-night," murmured Billie feebly; "I quit; only if you had half the reasoning power of a month-old turtle you wouldn't be here now. They cut off the limb, all right. We'd ought to have stayed aboard and met them with a couple of Winchesters."

"Aw, your mind runs in a groove. If I had to think automatically like you do, I couldn't enjoy life. Meet 'em with a couple of Winchesters," he repeated. "That's too Silently, with mixed emotions, one with disgust and the other with elation, the partners watched the whaleboat dance over the swells and bump alongside the schooner. Sinister glints of light flashed in the morning sun from their firearms as five of them leaped aboard. The empty, dangling falls at the stern davits told them how the crew had left, if the schooner was deserted—as it appeared to be. Three of the five disappeared in the after cabin, while the other two investigated forward and in the engine room. Then one of the three appeared at the cabin companionway and shouted 'o his comrades. Instantly there ensued a wild struggle to reach the cabin. The two Frenchmen in the whaleboat threw a painter aboard, hastily made it fast and ducked into the cabin on the heels of the other two."

"Well," announced Pilikea, "here's where we get ready to go aboard."

They shoved the boat down the beach into the water.

"Get into the bow, Billie, with your rifle ready," ordered Pilikea. "I got this all figured out. There's about one chance in a hundred of one of them appearing on deck before we get aboard. If any of them come on deck, Billie, it's up to you to shoot first. But I'll give you ten to one that you won't have to shoot."

They pulled for the schooner. In vain Billie endeavored to fathom the element his partner had introduced to interest these desperadoes enough to keep them in the cabin. The boat slid up alongside the schooner with as yet no sign of the Frenchmen. Pilikea in the lead, they tiptoed across the deck to the cabin companionway. A vicious-looking, unshaven convict lay sprawled unconscious half way up the steps, where he had been halted in his efforts to gain the deck. By the jagged scar on the left side of his face, running from his eyebrow to his chin, Pilikea knew it was Durand, the leader. At Durand's feet lay one of his followers. Below in the cabin five others lay in various attitudes, flushed of face and breathing stentoriously.

"Billie," queried Pilikea, "do you remember my asking Callahan if there was any liquor at the post? He said there was none. I knew they would be wild after it, and then again, they're Frenchmen. When a Frenchman sees wine is he going to pass it up? Not a chance. And if I've raided the medicine chest and spiced the wine with a judicious quantity of chloral-hydrate are they goin' to sleep?" He indicated the slumbering septette with a wave of his hand. "There's the answer. Now, darn your hide, will you admit that I used brains?"

A gleam of admiration shone momentarily in Billie's eye. His lips parted as he started to speak what was in his mind, but suddenly the thought of Pilikea's overweening bump of self-esteem came into his mind, and, accordingly, he took no chances.

"Brains! Hell!" he disparaged witheringly. "Any darn fool can use knock-out drops. If you call that strategy I pity your head, you poor fish."

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## EYES AND NERVES

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...tion and some temporary forms of neuritis. Again a warning seems wise; pain has its home muscles, stiff joints, simple indigestion and some temporary forms of neuritis. of home treatment are headaches, colds, the statements of the drug heads themselves. Fact that the figures are dependent upon played in reaching these conclusions is the cent, through chronic and incurable diseases." "Health Culture," gives the following hints for treating simple maladies at home: Coming within the possibilities of home treatment are headaches, colds, lame muscles, stiff joints, simple indigestion and some temporary forms of neuritis. Again a warning seems wise; pain has its home muscles, stiff joints, simple indigestion and some temporary forms of neuritis. of home treatment are headaches, colds, the statements of the drug heads themselves. Fact that the figures are dependent upon played in reaching these conclusions is the cent, through chronic and incurable diseases."

# The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

Saturday, September 25, 1915.

## "Home, Sweet Home"

For Wife and Mother.  
For Daughter and Maid.

### IN THE SHOPS.

Eighteenth Century Accessories.

[Philadelphia Record:] Minor furnishings for the house of eighteenth century type are not easily picked up, but of late some of the old-fashioned domestic furnishings have been reproduced at prices which even the very thrifty may seriously consider. The revived fashions include bellows in brass or carved wood, Franklin stoves, which furnish the cheering effect of the open fireplace minus its dangers—if left alone—and dog and irons in brass or iron. Delightfully quaint, too, are the fireside stools, having four short posts joined by cords of firm wool hemp and hand-woven to form a foundation for a cushion in gay-hued chintz, taffeta or velvet. Also the round, braided mats of alluring coloring. These are pretty in any room furnished in eighteenth century style.

Bassinet Cradle.

When there is a young baby the mother is glad to know that a bassinet on wheels can be purchased. The clothes basket bed is reasonable and all that, but it must be carried.

### KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

Aluminum Ware the Best.

[Christian Science Monitor:] If you can afford to have aluminum kitchenware it is the best. Don't hide it away in cupboards but have several kitchen shelves with brass hooks on the under side on which to hang the things with handles. Narrow strips of wood can be made into excellent knife racks by tacking small blocks of wood along one side at intervals. Leave spaces between the blocks to accommodate knives of various sizes. The rack should be placed against the wall above the table or cutting board—you can tell where it will be most convenient. This method of keeping knives is much better than placing them carelessly in drawers where the amateur cook may cut or scratch herself in getting her paring knife.

To Reduce Gas Bill.

Speaking of gas bills—a word to the wise. If you are going to cook on a gas range you probably have a private meter. Through that meter there comes a flow of gas just twice the amount you need. A valve in the main pipe just below the meter controls this. Point it out to Jack and let him see what he can do to lower expenses by reducing the pressure which is responsible for the rapid registering of your meter.

### RENOVATING OLD RIBBON.

Brush Carefully First.

[Indianapolis News:] The old ribbons should be first brushed with a soft hat brush then ironed between tissue paper.

For cleaning ribbons use a mixture made in proportion of three ounces of soft soap to three tablespoons of honey and a teacupful or more of hot water.

Place ribbon on the table and scrub with the mixture, then rinse by dipping several times into clean, cold water and do not squeeze out but hang over a line to drip.

Then put between cloths and iron by drawing the ribbons from under the iron.

If done carefully the ribbons will look like and have the stiffness of new ones.

To Keep Ribbons White.

White ribbons will not turn yellow when washed if the water is warm, not hot, and the soap used of a fine white quality.

Rinse in several waters, the last being blue.

When half dry press under cloths with a warm iron.

Colored ribbons may be washed in the same way, only that the water should be cold instead of warm, and the several waters they are rinsed in should be soapy, not clear.

Cloth tinsel or gold lace may be cleaned with ammonia, and ribbons interwoven with tinsels with fine bread crumbs.

The lace used on a hat may be cleaned by giving it a dry bath of flour and cornstarch, rubbing and squeezing it as if it were water.

### ENTERTAINING.

Art in Sandwiches.

[Washington Star:] The hostess who learns the art of making sandwiches is always well fortified against problems when serving an informal luncheon to guests. Close-grained bread should be used, for coarse bread will crumble, and bread baked in round tins is preferable to that cut into slices and cut with a biscuit cutter, since the baked edges preserve the shape. Very moist fillings should be laid between lettuce leaves, and by buttering the bread the moisture cannot penetrate it, making it soggy.

Salmon and Chopped Boiled Egg.

A salmon sandwich is a tempting article of food, and should be half mixed with chopped-boiled egg and very thin slices of olives and pickles. The wise hostess will make two different kinds of sandwiches, some with the mixture moistened with vinegar or lemon juice, others without, for many persons cannot eat acids. Practically all meat sandwiches are extremely rich, and strong condiments are used in the filling, especially mustard and catsup. While white meat makes a delicate sandwich, darker meats mixed with mayonnaise and other relishes are more appetizing in every way. When hot sandwiches are served at a noonday luncheon at home, the contents of the sandwich should be placed between the layers of bread and fried, or the bread toasted and covered with a cooked meat filling, then covered with buttered toast and served hot.

Peanuts and Mayonnaise.

Peanuts mixed with mayonnaise and sliced egg make a good sandwich. Peanuts mixed with fruit make a good sandwich, also. The filling consists of chopped dates, figs, lemon juice and ground nuts, lightly mixed with tart jelly. The bread is buttered for this. Candied fruits are often used, but often the sandwich is a breadcake, more the angel food cake variety, filled with fruits and moistened with cherry juice or the liquor from preserved pineapples or peaches.

### DOMESTIC CONTRIVANCE.

To Sharpen Knives.

[New York Evening Telegram:] A grinding disk on a sewing machine gives the operator the advantage that any workman has when supplied with good tools, for it is an accepted adage that good work cannot be done with poor tools.

With the grinding disk every ready and within easy reach, the sewing machine operator may have at all times keen cutting scissors, sharp needles and other cutting edges in good condition.

A broken needle or a dull one may be sharpened in a few seconds and will be as good as new, and this repair may be made in less time than it would take to get up and secure a new needle.

Picture Framing.

A charming picture framing idea is the use of wall papers for mats. Not only dark green, gray, blue and red cartridge papers are used for mats, but the figured wall papers as well. One of the prettiest landscape pictures recently shown in an exhibit had for a mat a cream satin wall paper, marked with gauzy spider thread. In the upper left hand corner of the picture was a spider weaving a web about a huge crimson rose.

### HOME PHYSICIAN.

Turpentine and Vaseline.

[Chicago Record Herald:] Equally effective and probably more convenient to apply than the familiar mustard plaster is a mixture of equal quantities of vaseline and turpentine, the vaseline melted in a saucepan over the fire and mixed well with the turpentine. It should be applied warm and rubbed well into the skin, the clothing being protected, as the liniment leaves an oily stain.

Simple Solution for Colds.

A solution that physicians recommend for

simple irritation of nose or throat is known as Dobell's solution and may be prepared at home by mixing equal parts of borax, salt and bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) and using one teaspoonful of the preparation to a pint of lukewarm water for spray or gargle.

Natural Laxative.

Equal quantities of figs, dates and raisins, say a pound of each, put through a food grinder, with about one-fourth the quantity of senna leaves reduced to a powder, the whole well mixed and kneaded to a paste, placed in a fruit jar, when a teaspoonful may be taken at bed hour, is a valuable and agreeable laxative and will keep indefinitely.

### HOME ECONOMY.

Rib Roast Five Meals.

[New York Sun:] Here is how a \$1.25 rib roast of beef will serve the meat part of five meals for a small family:

To have an easy Sunday dinner roast the beef for Saturday evening.

Be sure that butcher sends you all bones taken from your roast, which are to be placed in pap with meat making more gravy.

Order the small cut (that is consisting of more than one rib) so the roast will be a small, high one, not the large around, flat kind.

When roasting, turn meat often, thus getting both sides done alike, leaving the center rather rare.

When serving on Saturday slice from both sides, thus leaving the rare portion for warming on Sunday, then it will not be overdone.

Sunday the roast can be warmed in gravy, using covered pan if possible, as steam does very good work.

Pare white potatoes and put into the oven (some time ahead of roast) to bake. Old potatoes are very nice this way; the outside brown skin style is nice for a change.

For the third meal the roast can be sliced thin cold (be sure to save gravy) and have mashed potatoes in extra quantity, as potatoes are to be used again.

Chopped, Served on Toast.

The next day's breakfast can be had of the balance of roast, and as the meat is not very plentiful by this time, just put this portion through meat chopper (some like a little cut onion added) warm in the balance of gravy and place small portions on pieces of toast.

This can be all prepared night before except heating and the toast and can be served at different times if family do not all eat at same hour, which is an advantage.

Take the remaining half and put through chopper for beef croquettes.

Add salt, pepper, chopped onion, mashed potatoes, as above, also some herb like sweet marjoram, mix well and put into small "cones," dip in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs and fry. Serve on lettuce with peas on side, etc.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Cut hot bread with a hot knife.

If you put a tin of hot water in your oven your cake or meat will not burn.

Always save the syrup from pickled peaches or pears to use in mincemeat.

Raw, lean meat is said to relieve bee stings.

To remove machine oil, always wash in cold soap and water.

A few beans of coffee burned on coals serve as a deodorizer.

To soften fruit can rubbers, put ammonia in warm water and let stand until soft.

Fish may be scaled much easier by dipping them into scalding water for a moment.

An excellent way to prepare a new iron kettle for use is to fill with cold water and one cupful of rye meal. Keep at boiling point for several hours.

To keep eggs: To a pint of salt add one pint of fresh lime and four gallons of water.

If lime, ammonia or soda gets into the eyes, wash out with water containing a little vinegar.

To remove ink spots from linen or cotton,

dip the spots in pure melted tallow. Wash out the tallow and the ink will come out with it.

### HEARTSEASE.

Throw Away Wrong Ideas.

["Buster Brown":] Resolved—that our fashions today, still show the barbaric influence of our ancestors' clothes. We are only in the process of civilization. No, dear heart, we will never be civilized until we have quit slaughtering birds and animals by the wholesale to adorn ourselves with. When we throw away the check rein and quit docking our horses' tails; when we quit vaccinating little children with poison; when we give health a chance to be contagious, instead of disease, and throw away the original sin and worm of the dust idea—then we may come out into the sunshine of civilization. We will never have civilization until we can all practice the golden rule, and do it cheerfully.

At One With Nature.

Let us be much with nature; not as they That labor without seeing, that employ Her unloved forces blindly, without joy; Nor those whose hands and crude delights obey

The old brute passion to hunt down and slay.

But rather as children of one common birth,

Discerning in each natural fruit of earth Kinship and bond with this diviner clay.

Let us be with her, wholly at all hours.

With the fond lover's zeal who is content If his ear hears, and if his eye but sees;

So shall we grow like her in mold and bent,

Our bodies stately as the blessed trees, Our thoughts as sweet and sumptuous as her flowers.

ARCHIBOLD LAMPMAN.

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is good for any wrong condition of the body, such as anemia, indigestion, common stomach troubles, liver and kidney affections, rheumatism, eczema and other skin diseases, high and low blood pressure and certain forms of heart disease, constipation, etc. Those wishing to gain weight address

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Saturday, September 25, 1915.

time you discarded this race prejudice and Nations have come to war with nations much less frequently than with tribes. And as nations have been consolidated, several small ones absorbed in one great one, peace has come to be the rule instead of war. This is all encouraging, and because progress on your part. But oh, how slow it is! It is all encouraging, and because progress on your part. But oh, how slow it is! It is all encouraging, and because progress on your part. But oh, how slow it is!

# California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

## A Thousandfold Increase.

THAT was a thrillingly interesting story in The Times touching the opening of the new postoffice at Pasadena. The story was illustrated with two pictures, one of the new Federal building, and another of the first postoffice erected in Pasadena. The building of pioneer days cost about \$250 and the site probably was worth about \$100. The value of the new building is \$350,000, including its site. This indicates a growth of a thousandfold in the thirty-eight years, or about one human generation. There are hundreds, possibly thousands, of old-timers in Southern California who were here when Pasadena got its first postoffice.

The increase in value between the old building and the new is striking, but it is a good deal less than the increase in the value of practically everything else in the city of Pasadena. The place was known at that time as the Indiana colony, the tract having been purchased by a number of Indiana people for a few dollars per acre, and when the first postoffice was erected there were seven families in the whole colony. The increase in population is more than that in the value of the two public buildings, and the increase in the value of land and the improvements thereon far outstrips the increase in the two buildings, and the increase in population, too.

Thirty-five years ago the writer was offered any amount of land where the city of Alhambra now spreads for \$20 an acre, including the right to water, and the Ball and Painter tract where Altadena now lies could have been had for less money than the lower lands about Alhambra and South Pasadena.

When thirty-eight years more have passed, what will be the population and wealth of Pasadena? The increase will be greater in the next generation than in the last by a great many times. For a long time the growth of that part of the valley was very problematic, the problem consisting in finding a supply of water for domestic purposes. This problem has been solved without the use of aqueduct water brought so far from the mountains by the city of Los Angeles, and with a possibility of drawing upon that vast supply there is no longer any doubt as to the possible growth of the Crown of the Valley or of any part of the country round about. As in all the rest of Southern California, the period of problems is past, and the period of certainty is with us. If there is anywhere on the footstool a more charming residential section than Pasadena, Altadena, and all the rest of that part of the valley from the mountains to the San Gabriel River and following that stream around to its source at the foot of the mountains, including Lamanda Park, San Gabriel city, Arcadia and the Baldwin properties, Monrovia and Duarte, it has never been discovered on the face of this big green earth.

## Training a Future Generation.

THE public schools of Southern California are all in full swing with the youth of the population preparing earnestly for the duties of life. From every quarter come stories of increased attendance, larger equipment and more extended courses of study. At Alhambra the enrollment at the end of the first week is reported to have been the largest in the history of the schools. The grade schools reported a total registration of 1106 and the High School of 275. The completion of a new school costing with equipment \$50,000 makes the school work there much more easy and effective. At Long Beach the Polytechnic High School opened with a registration of 1500, an increase of 300 over last year. In the Los Angeles harbor district the total number enrolled was 1218 in the public schools, showing a substantial increase over a year ago. At Monrovia 113 students registered for a musical course in the High School. In this little city the High School enrollment numbered 200 and the grades 645. At Eagle Rock with the opening of the schools a mass meeting of the citizens was called to discuss new buildings. The erection of a four-room-and-auditorium unit at a cost of \$35,000, at a central location, was recommended, as were also two-room buildings at the ends of the district on sites of not less than two acres of land, the cost being put at \$15,000. At Pomona the total registration

in the High School was 550, and in the grades and kindergarten schools 1984. At Glendale the total enrollment in the High School was 452 last year, and for the first two days of this year 460. At Ontario the High School opened with an enrollment of 460, high-water mark in that town's public schools. At Compton and Watts the Union High School opened with 250 pupils. At Escondido the enrollment was quite up to that of last year. At San Juan Capistrano the schools have been given at the outset an extension of the vacation in which the children can go out into the walnut groves and gather walnuts, a usual performance in that school district.

## Our Growing Market.

WITH the completion of the railroad being built by the Copper Queen Company from Gila to Ajo in Maricopa county, Ariz., there will be reopened the first mine ever located in Arizona, which is also the second largest copper deposit in the world. Ajo begins life as a camp with a population of not less than 5000, expected to double in two years. The mines are expected to need 2000 to 3000 men, and the smelter will employ at least another 1000.

This is good news for Los Angeles, as it opens up another market for our merchants to dispose of their goods. With every bit of added territory comes the possibility of enlarged manufacturing operations in the city of Los Angeles and in all the cities round about.

## Care of the Roads.

WITHIN the last five years California has accomplished astonishing wonders in the building of a system of good roads by the State, supplemented by extensions on the part of the different counties. Nearly every if not every county in the State has entered upon this improvement of the roads with enthusiastic activity. While all the counties have done a good deal, many of them very much, Los Angeles county leads the whole State in this work of providing smooth, hard public highways. They are now the wonder and admiration of all comers from all parts of the country, and indeed from the wide world.

Now comes the main work of these good roads in the upkeep of the highways. Generally very little complaint is heard of the quality of the work done by the State or the counties in the making of these roads. But from the San Joaquin Valley comes complaints that parts of the State highway in that section have been very badly constructed and are now almost a wreck; being as bad as before the highways were put in. These complaints come particularly from the district north of Bakersfield running up into Tulare county. If the complainants are correct in their geography.

It will be no light task for the State and the counties to keep these roads in thorough repair, and to let them run down would be a blunder amounting to a crime, and worse than a sin. At the American Road Congress in Oakland the other day the Michigan State Highway Commissioner told the meeting that there are 2,300,000 miles of public wagon roads in the United States, only 10 per cent. being improved. The chief of the division of road material tests and research connected with the United States Department of Agriculture said that in his opinion chemistry should take more part in the country's roads than it does. We quote from Mr. Hubbard's remarks: "The desire to reduce the cost of engineering supervision even at the risk of inferior supervision frequently proves to be the poorest sort of economy. Laboratory work and chemical tests should be made of all the materials that go into the making of the modern highway."

## Two Good Citizens Gone.

THE city of Los Angeles and all Southern California have lost in the passing away of a business man, Charles Franklin Harper, and of an ecclesiastic, Bishop Conaty, two citizens of high ideals, of efficient activity and of most excellent citizenship. Losses like these are in a way irreparable and must be felt grievously by the whole community. Mr. Harper came to Los Angeles away back in 1868 and founded

the Harper-Reynolds Hardware Company soon after his arrival here. He was born in North Carolina in 1832. He came of that sturdy stock, mostly British blood, which gave the country men like Lincoln, Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, the Lees, and a great many other distinguished Americans. He retired many years ago from business here and built himself a beautiful home out in West Hollywood near the mouth of Laurel Canyon. The business concern which he founded during all these years has under his guidance most of the time been a large factor in the development of the country, and still survives its founder.

In the death of Bishop Conaty the community loses one of its most distinguished and one of its very best citizens. Born of Irish parents in Ireland, the departed ecclesiastic came to New England when a mere child. He was profoundly educated and was exalted to the head of the University at Washington, founded and maintained by his church, being appointed to this exalted position by the Pope himself. In Los Angeles he has made a mark achieved by few of his contemporaries and a place in the breast of every citizen who ever came in contact with him or learned of his interests and activities in behalf of this city and of Southern California. An eloquent speaker, a broad-minded mind with thoroughly Catholic ideas, he was the very embodiment of the true Christian gentleman.

## Profits of the Canal.

WHILE that great waterway known as the Panama Canal has never been formally opened, and while much difficulty is still experienced in operating it because of landslides in the treacherous Culebra cut, informally operated though it is, it is a financial success, and more so in the way of commerce between the two great oceans. In spite of the interruptions of business created by the war, yet the volume of traffic through the canal has attained astonishing proportions, and the revenue exceeded the operating expenses by quite a margin. In the first fiscal year, which measured only ten and a half months, the gross earnings of the canal reached the sum of \$4,343,383, or \$239,833 more than the operating expenses. A comparison with the Suez Canal is interesting. This waterway was opened in 1869, and in the first year only ten vessels of 6576 tons passed through it, earning a gross revenue of \$10,890. This was only a fraction of a year, but in 1870, in a full year of operation, 486 vessels with a tonnage of 436,609 passed through, and paid tolls of \$1,031,265, or less than one-third the receipts of the Panama Canal in the first fraction year of its operation. Of course in commenting upon these facts it would be improper not to consider the great growth in world commerce. In 1893 the receipts from the Suez Canal rose to \$14,138,460. At the present time the tolls are \$1.25 per ton and \$2 each per passenger. In 1912 the canal was crossed by 5373 vessels of 20,275,120 tons, and the tolls collected amounted to \$26,585,865. This is the highest amount received by the canal, which fell off considerably in 1913 and still more in 1914.

The Panama Canal after the war is over and the world commerce is restored to a normal base, with interruptions to the canal at an end from landslides, is sure to produce an enormous revenue. The Pacific Ocean with its teeming populations in the Orient will in a future generation eclipse all former records for overseas commerce on the world's seas.

## Real Estate Active.

BOTH in city and county and all through Southern California there is a marked increase in activity in realty operations. Two important sites in the business section of Los Angeles city have recently changed hands. One was a lot of forty feet frontage on Main street just below Seventh, improved with a three-story brick building, which was sold at a reported price of \$150,000, or \$3750 a front foot. The second was a transfer of a two-story brick building on Broadway just south of First street. This had a frontage of forty-two feet on the street and was reported sold at \$80,000, or nearly \$2000 a front foot. A third large deal included the sale of nineteen lots in Wilshire district just north of Seventh street. These lots had a frontage of sixty-two feet

each, and were sold for \$79,000, or about \$4000 a lot.

Down in the harbor district Bryan & Bradford, a Los Angeles real estate firm, have been made selling agents for a tract of 440 acres.

Out in the Whittier district an eight-and-one-half-acre orchard of full-bearing walnuts has been sold at \$13,500.

In the dullest times during the period of depression there has never been any lack of activity in building fine homes in Los Angeles. Recently contracts have been let for a fine eighteen-room house in Fremont place out near the western limits of the city. Another for a thirteen-room house at Fourth and Ardmore. Plans are in course of arrangement for two other large dwellings in the same part of the city. One will be a hollow-tile house to be erected at the corner of Fourth street and Kingsley drive, and the other one of English architecture on Van Ness near Sixteenth. Each of these will contain twelve rooms. The Atlas Building Company will soon begin the erection of five double houses of ten rooms each on Berendo street between Seventh and Eighth. The company is putting up these buildings on its own account as an investment. Besides these there are a number of smaller enterprises in home building reported in all parts of the city.

Flats are becoming popular. Contracts were let during the past week for two hotels east of Main street, and working plans are completed for a three-story brick hotel at Sixth street and Ruth avenue which is estimated to cost about \$40,000. On San Julian street south of Fifth two extra stories will be added to a two-story brick hotel already there. The additional floors will cost about \$20,000. The contract has been let for a twenty-six-room flat building on St. Andrews place near Sixteenth street. Two twelve-room flat buildings are to be built on Millard avenue just south of Sixteenth street, and a twenty-room flat is already going up on West Ninth street and another flat of the same size on Berendo street near Melrose avenue. A contract has been let for a sixteen-room flat building on Denver avenue near Figueroa street, and plans have been drawn for a twenty-room flat building at Fifteenth avenue and Dorchester street. A sixteen-room flat is to be built on Oregon street, and a twenty-room flat on Union avenue near Sixteenth.

## La Fiesta de San Gabriel.

PICTURESQUE and interesting San Gabriel has awakened out of the sleep of the past and is putting on modern garments of a thoroughly down-to-date style. On September 15, thousands of visitors crowded into the old pueblo to attend the Fiesta de San Gabriel. The street lights were officially turned on at 8 o'clock in the evening, and the population went wild with joy. They are the first street lights in the history of the city, which is the oldest place by far in all Los Angeles county and one of the oldest in Southern California.

## Beach Real Estate.

THE Hotel Cadillac at Ocean Park has changed hands at a reported price of \$235,000, \$200,000 of it being in exchange for orchard property and the balance cash. The orchard lies two miles south of Monrovia, is known as the Sunnyside ranch, comprising eighty-five acres, fifty acres of it set in eight-year-old walnut trees and the rest being devoted to alfalfa.

At Hollywood, a two-story brick store and apartment building on Hollywood boulevard has been sold at a reported price of \$50,000.

## Notes of Progress.

AT SAN DIEGO construction work is in progress on the new mortar battery emplacements at Fort Rosecrans, under an appropriation by Congress of \$335,000.

The manager of the Pomona city parks says 12,500 people enjoyed a plunge in the Ganesha Park swimming pool during August.

Culver City is to have a moving-picture plant to cost \$30,000, with about 700 employees.

Practically the entire discharge of the Colorado River, 4100 cubic second feet, has been diverted into the intake canal of the California Development Company. This was accomplished at an expense of \$50,000.



Illustrated Weekly. IN THE SHOPS. Eighteenth Century Accessories. Art in Sandwiches. ENTERTAINING. Simple irritation of nose or throat is known as Lobb's solution and may be prepared at home by mixing equal parts of borax, salt and water. Wash out the throat with the solution and the ink will come out.

For Wife and Mother.  
For Daughter and Maid.

Home, Sweet Home

## The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

### Hints for Home Treatment.

**D**R. R. KENDRICK SMITH, writing in "Health Culture," gives the following hints for treating simple maladies at home: Coming within the possibilities of home treatment are headaches, colds, lame muscles, stiff joints, simple indigestion and some temporary forms of neuralgia. Again a warning seems wise; pain has its uses. Pain is nature's method of acquainting the patient that there is something the matter. While desirous of relieving members of the family by home ministrations we must not go so far as to deprive them of professional diagnosis if the case warrants it.

Headache in the back of the head or the base of the skull can be relieved by lying down with a hard pad, like a Japanese pillow, pressing at the place where the skull joins the neck. Headache in the forehead may often be relieved by gentle pressure maintained for some time on the inner upper edge of the bone under the eyebrows. In some cases quicker results may be obtained by pressing steadily and firmly for a few minutes with the thumb on the roof of the mouth.

With children the warm pressure of the palm of the hand on the abdomen in gentle manipulation is often of benefit in the disturbances so frequent in their career. Treatment should not be limited to the abdomen, for a quicker and more profound effect upon the abdominal organs may be secured by pressure in the back.

### Squeezing a Toothache.

Toothache may be relieved by grasping the jaw firmly between the thumb and forefinger as far as possible beyond the root of the tooth which is aching. This hold should be taken lightly at first and gradually increased until pressure is quite firm and then maintained for three minutes, not what seems three minutes, but three minutes by the clock, which is a different matter.

You may even take this method to the dentist's office with you and apply it with a greater degree of force and for a longer time before you get into the chair, and if you have done it well you may discover to your astonishment that he will not hurt you when he pulls the tooth.

You may give temporary relief for hay fever and for a running cold of the nose by pressing steadily and firmly on the tender spot just above the base of each nostril on the front of the face between the nose and the cheek. Find the spot that hurts the most and increase your pressure gradually. After holding this for three minutes you will find that the stuffed nose will clear itself when you inhale quickly. Another good home treatment for cold in the nose is to hum a nasal note loudly with nostrils firmly closed with the fingers, until you feel the vibration distinctly in the nose. It may make you sneeze, but if so it is a good thing.

### Drug Takers in America.

There have been many sensational statements recently about the increasing number of drug-takers in this country. It is comforting to find, therefore, according to the most reliable statistics, that most of these statements are gross exaggerations. Instead of 2,000,000 drug fiends in the United States, as is claimed in some quarters, the Pennsylvania Pharmaceutical Association finds that the number is probably not over 200,000. Moreover, the habit does not seem to be increasing with any very great rapidity. Ten years ago the American Pharmaceutical Association made a careful investigation of this subject and estimated the percentage of drug-takers at that time to be about the same as at present.

Mr. Wilbert, City Health Inspector of Jacksonville, Fla., has recently made a report of the causes leading to the habit of drug-taking among 213 cases that were studied personally by him. Of these, "54.6 per cent. were said to have originated through prescriptions or personal treatment by physicians; 21.6 per cent. through the advice of acquaintances (for the most part themselves users); 21.2 per cent. through dissipation and evil companions, and 2.4 per

cent. through chronic and incurable diseases."

The greatest defect in the system employed in reaching these conclusions is the fact that the figures are dependent upon the statements of the drug fiends themselves. Unfortunately one of the first effects of habitual drug-taking is the blunting of the sense of honesty, which vitiates every statement made by the user, particularly any statement relating to his unfortunate habit.

### Disease and Disaster.

"In the storm that struck this city last week," says the Bulletin of the Cincinnati Health Department, "one family lost five, and another six of its members. The city was appalled at these tragedies, and for years to come many citizens will view with apprehension every sign of an approaching storm. The high wind, darkness, rainfall, lightning, thunder and falling buildings formed a stage setting that lacked nothing in its appeal to man's feelings of terror and utter helplessness. The knowledge that beneath the ruins lay the bodies of helpless men, women and little children aroused a feeling of infinite pity and spurred to titanic efforts those engaged in the work of rescue. The ten hearses carrying the bodies to the church and then to the cemetery furnished a picture that will never fade from the memories of those who saw it, its appeal to the imagination being tremendous and overpowering. During every week of the year an average of sixteen deaths occur in other scattered portions of the city. These are due to disease that are preventable. Their occurrence causes no great wave of sympathy to weep over the municipality and calls for but a brief line in the daily press, in the way of comment. Many of them represent years of suffering, and if the full histories could be obtained, would doubtless reveal tragedies so gruesome that the storm's toll, by comparison, would almost seem like an act of mercy."

### Transplanting Bone.

The French surgeon, Girard, recently performed the operation of transplanting a portion of the bone of the leg to replace a missing section of the bone in the upper arm, that ranks as one of the most remarkable operations in modern surgery. Most of the bone in the arm had been removed because of an incurably diseased condition. To replace this the surgeon removed a section of proper length from the large bone of the leg and placed this in the cavity from which the diseased bone had been removed.

There is nothing very remarkable in this simple transplantation, from the standpoint of modern surgery. But Girard not only transplanted the bone, but in addition performed the remarkable feat of attaching to this transplanted fragment the tendons of the arm muscles in their proper places. This was done with sutures, ligatures and silver wire. Four weeks later the patient was able to move his arm about in various directions, the muscles were gradually increasing in bulk.

Everyone understands, of course, that the usefulness of a muscle is dependent upon its attachment to a bone. If the French surgeon had simply transplanted the bone fragment without attaching the tendons, the arm would have remained useless. And the remarkable feature of his operation is that he succeeded in making this attachment successfully, thus virtually constructing a new member.

### A New and Simple Antiseptic.

The spectacular demonstrations and discoveries of Dr. Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute have been so numerous during the last five years that a new one now and again causes no surprise. Most of these discoveries, however, have been of a comparatively little immediate usefulness. But Dr. Carrel, who is now serving in the French hospitals, has recently developed a new antiseptic which is of great practical importance.

The antiseptic in question is made by adding sodium carbonate to a solution of chlorinated lime, with a sufficient quantity

of boric acid added to neutralize the mixture. The advantage of this antiseptic solution in treating wounds or sores of any kind is that it destroys the germs without injuring the tissues. In this respect it differs from many of the older forms of antiseptics, particularly those containing chlorinated lime, which is effective as a germicide, but very irritating to the tissues as ordinarily applied.

### Culture and Birth Rate.

If we examine the latest statistics for Europe (usually those for 1913) we find that every country, without exception, with a progressive and educated population and a fairly high state of social well-being, presents a birth-rate below 30 per 1000. We also find that every country in Europe, in which the mass of the people are primitive, ignorant, or in a socially unsatisfactory condition (even though the governing classes may be progressive or ambitious) shows a birth-rate above 30 per 1000. France, Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries and Switzerland are in the first group. Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain and the Balkan countries are in the second group. The German Empire was formerly in the second group, but now comes within the first group, and has carried on the movement so energetically that the birth-rate of Berlin is already below that of London, and that at the present rate of decline the birth-rate of the German Empire will before long sink to that of France. Outside Europe, in the United States just as much as in Australia and New Zealand, the same great progressive movement is proceeding with equal activity.—[Havelock Ellis, in Physical Culture.]

### Old Remedies in a New Light.

It is an interesting fact that many customs and practices, which were popular long before the advent of modern knowledge, are finding a justification in the discoveries of the science of today. In an address before the Mellon Institute of the University of Pittsburgh, Abel of Johns Hopkins has pointed out another instance, like blood letting, of the everyday observation of mankind justified by science.

The Chinese still use as a cure for dropsy a preparation called *senso*, derived from toadskin. We are told that among western nations it has always been a folk remedy; and Abel states that almost up to the time of the introduction of digitalis as a medical agent, in 1775, the best medical authorities

used toadskins in dropsy. A toad ointment including a concentrated decoction of the animal, fresh butter and the tincture of arnica was in use among our early New England colonists for the treatment of sprains and rheumatism. A rationale for this procedure has been found in the fact that the skin of certain species of toads is known to yield powerful poisons. The familiar epinephrin (adrenalin) has been isolated from the skin secretion of a tropical species. A quite different principal, named bufagin, has been determined by Abel to be responsible for the curative power which the toadskin has for dropsy. That powdered toadskin should cure dropsy, he reminds us, has been ridiculed by the learned for a century, but now we possess in bufagin and in the slightly different bufotalin, which has only recently been obtained in crystalline form from the skin of the common European toad, the actual proof of the correctness of the old belief.—[Journal of the American Medical Association.]

### Too Many Like Johnny.

[Unidentified:] "I'm glad to see you home again, Johnny," said his father to his small son, who had been away to school, but who was home for a holiday. "How are you getting on at school?"

"Fine," said Johnny. "I have learned to say 'thank you' and 'if you please' in French. 'Good,' said the father. 'That's more than you ever learned to say in English.'"

### Next to Nothing.

[Judge:] "Why does your wife dry the clothes in the cellar now? That isn't healthy, is it?"

"Dunno. To tell you the truth, daughter is wearing so little that mother is ashamed to hang the stuff in the yard."

### LEWIS HOWELL ROGERS Discovers the Mainspring of Life

THE VITAL NERVE

and without asking, is awarded a DOCTOR'S DIPLOMA OF HONOR BY STATE OF NEW JERSEY CHIROPODIACAL ASSOCIATION. This greatest discovery of the century shows that "Good health is good circulation only," and nothing more is required in any sickness or supposed incurable disease. Consumption, Typhoid Fever, Paralysis, Heart Disease and other "bugbears" vanish like a dream. (All can do it.) Everybody, without cost, can reach the Electric Center of their own body without a moment's delay and obtain relief from the numerous ills of life, as recorded of the age of mystery, but grossly withheld for speculation by the most civilized nations.

Mr. Rogers finds this ancient practice to be strictly natural and used daily by California Indians, also by the sturdy Japs, who are models of health and the women strong like men. The Times Printing Co. has printed the full method with free trial in 16-page booklet, which will be sent free to all who are interested in the subject of health. Read the wonderbook. Address Mr. Rogers, 363 Ave. 61, Los Angeles, Cal.

**HARRY BROOK, N. D.,** former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits **BRAIN AND BRAWN**, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

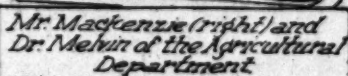
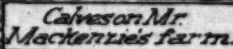
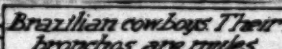
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*By Frank G. Carpenter.*



**A TALK WITH HIM ABOUT THE MEAT  
POSSIBILITIES.**

*From Our Own Correspondent.*

Mr. Mackenzie's operations in this part of the world are upon a large scale. He is connected with the Farquhar syndicate, which owns millions of acres of land, which is building thousands of miles of railway, and which I might almost say is opening up a continent and an empire. Here in Brazil, the cattle company of which Mr. Mackenzie is head, owns 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 acres of pasture and it has over 4,000,000 acres in one block. The latter tract is just across the border from Bolivia and north of Paraguay. It is in the great State of Matto Grosso, which is more than twice the size of Texas, and which, Mr. Mackenzie

**Mostly Native Breeds.**

What kind of cattle have you there?  
 "The most of our stock is still of native breeds, but we are bringing in fine blooded breeding animals from the United States and are improving it. We expect to cross the native cattle with the Herefords, as we think that makes the best animal for this country. As it is, our cattle are much bet-

"Can men make as much money on cattle here as they can in the Argentine?" I asked. "I believe they can make more," said Mr. Mackenzie. "In Argentine the prices have so risen that the best grazing country brings as much as \$150 an acre. Of such land it takes three acres to keep an animal for a year, and that means an investment

"I should hesitate to do that," remarked Mr. Mackenzie. "I can only say the climate is excellent, the soil good and the country is not unlike that which we have at home. Lands are cheap and they can be bought all the way from 15 cents an acre upward."



October Work.  
THE MONTH FOR THE FIRST BULBS,  
ANNUALS AND PERENNIALS.  
OCTOBER should be a busy time in the  
flower garden; it is the first month  
for planting heavily of bulbs. It is  
also a month for sowing of annuals.



and pumpkins, any two of all of them, will  
endanger or change the appearance, flavor,  
or nature "in any way" of the present crop.  
Though a little outside the field of the  
"Home Beautiful," such experience and  
study is inside the work and observation of  
the editor of this department, therefore here

# The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Brautson.

Gardens, Grounds, Parks, Lakes, Streets.

## Rural Credit and Rural Topics. By M. V. Hartranft.

**LOANS TO FARMERS.**  
NEXT month California is going to vote on the constitutional question of whether the State shall make long-term loans for the encouragement of rural industry and the expansion of colonization. The writer believes in the wisdom of the policy and is concerned solely in the application of the principle after its adoption. The race question on the Pacific Coast makes it imperative that both Federal and State aid be immediately given to the policy of having our unoccupied fertile lands settled by our own people. The unoccupied acreage in California, Oregon and Washington is the vacuum which attracts the land-hungry millions of the Far East. There are enough millions of our own race who would gladly occupy these California lands successfully, but history has clearly demonstrated that rural industries cannot be financed from the annual income account. In other words, it is utterly impossible for young man or old to purchase garden or farm and pay for the cost of his land by large installments covering three or four years. Agriculture is one of the very few industries which is forced to create its own capital from income account. If the railroads had been left without legislative support, and had been forced to build their lines on the moneys taken in through the ticket windows, we would not have many miles of railroad in the United States today. The way back to the land is barred by a gate upon which is a great financial deadlock. The process of climbing over it, under it and through the barbed wires has resulted in the colonization of California in a haphazard manner. Rural credit to support the home-maker in acquiring land upon very long-time, easy terms is in operation throughout progressive nations everywhere. Wherever it is in effect a close study of the situation will show that it is used for the stimulation of greater production of agricultural crops—the raw materials which go to sustain the excess middleman population of the great centers. The money is not loaned, except for the improvement of the land security. Rural credit in California has a greater mission than this. Loans made at 5 per cent. for a thirty-year period on good agricultural land will be safe enough under proper administration. The collection of 2 per cent. annual install-

ments, making a total of 7 per cent., provides an easy lifting of the burden of home-making directly from the soil. If rural credit in California were construed into meaning support for bonanza farming the logical result would be an artificial stimulus of the tendency to congestion in great cities, when really we are in dire need of a marked tendency in the opposite direction. Those who have followed our discussion of relative topics during the past two months may easily gather our meaning. We do not need more bonanza farms of hundreds of acres employing servile labor. We do need hundreds of thousands more garden homes tilled by proprietors "working in the sunshine without fear of want." Rural credit for bonanza farming means greater competition to the vineyardist, the orchardist and the dairyman already established. Commercial interests are not slow to realize that it means a greater influx of raw material to the cities upon which (at poverty prices to producers) the excess population is maintained. This excess city population must not be longer sustained—it should be distributed landward. Rural credit to the home gardener means that the city-bound wage captive may be able to safely embark upon the project of feeding himself in the outlying districts after he has awakened to the fact that the attractions of a weekly wage are disappointing. It is easy to make a living from an acre garden, but difficult to make the money from it to pay the purchase cost. For the continuation of bonanza farming we need soldiers to hold the balance between employer and employed, as witness the hop-field troubles with I.W.W., or the rural troubles that may arise at any time with a foreign power because of the friction that is gradually getting more intense through the employment of Japanese. If rural credit is used in behalf of home garden extension we obviate all necessity for an army to preserve peace, and automatically have established an army of defense which insures peace and prosperity to the whole commonwealth. Would it not even be a good plan to make all beneficiaries of rural credit loans become members of the State militia? The writer is not so radical as to hold the belief that bonanza farming has no proper place in the economy of this State or nation. We believe quite to the contrary, but we think California already has more than its

share of bonanza farmers. California has been a land of big farming ever since it began. Agricultural machinery has multiplied until we can turn out raw material so fast that it insures us position as the richest nation in the world. Are the social foundations safe? Japan is a nation of gardeners. France and Germany to a large extent are gardening nations. Does the United States need more wealth or more muscle? Large eastern life insurance companies which have financed on ten-year terms various colonization enterprises which the writer has managed, have always refused to make loans to farmers having more than forty acres or less than ten acres. The Rural Credits and Marketing Commission of the State of California can find plenty of data upon which to determine that loans should not be made to farmers operating less than one acre nor more than twenty acres. When they get closer to California social conditions the eastern life insurance companies will undoubtedly adopt these same limitations. Our Second Spring. September is often referred to by many as the opening of a secondary springtime in California. From an agricultural standpoint it is quite the case, but popular habit of referring to the closing autumn misleads many. Because the season for planting corn has passed, the year cannot be said to have closed on farming or gardening operations. September and October are the very months for making winter garden. Garden peas cannot be successfully planted except during October and November. Beets, carrots, spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, onions and onion sets are right in order now. Make regular weekly or monthly plantings of these lines and you will have a proud garden. We often wonder when the seedsmen will make a strike at public opinion to get this idea thoroughly established—that autumn is really the beginning of the year in California, not the death of it. You can have string beans every month in the year in Southern California by planting the proper succession. At this time plant Canadian wonder beans and Ventura wax beans. A month later plant the brand Windsor bean and it will crop all the winter for you. Make a liberal planting of beans once each month. Along toward spring, when danger of frosts is over, you will change your planting to the summer varieties. Those who have gardens will ask them-

selves again whether they shall try peas. Director Schufelt of the city school gardens announces that he concludes peas in Southern California are not worth the space and the effort; they yield so little for the space and the care they require. As a substitute for peas upon the table he makes a surprising recommendation of kohlrabi. At first thought this is ridiculous, but Mr. Schufelt insists and says to dice the substitute into particles about the size of peas and then cook them the same as peas. We shall try them later if the Aphis get this year's crop of peas. Cooking Vegetables. Most readers remember the lady from Boston who wrote to former Mayor Snyder and said her boy was a good Presbyterian when he left home, but since he took residence in the Angel City she heard he had turned to Vegetarian and wanted to know what could be done about it. Those who have made a change of this kind, or who have learned the joy of kitchen gardens for the home table, are always interested in the best or better ways to cook vegetables. Here is an idea given by Louise Berneike, in the California Cultivator, which sounds so nearly correct that we will risk publishing it before we stop our work to give it a test. In effect it is to put your vegetables in a vessel containing one teaspoonful of olive oil or other fat which must first be melted before putting in the vegetables. "No water save that which adheres to the vegetables from the rinsing water. Add pepper and salt. Cover very tightly and cook five to ten minutes without removing cover. Listen for the sound of frying in the kettle and immediately add boiling water to cover vegetables. Add more pepper and salt to suit, but do not boil. Curiosity led me to investigate contents of the kettle after about two minutes' cooking without water. The amount of liquid present was astonishing, evidently the juices of the vegetables were withdrawn by the combined action of the heated fat and salt, while the closed cover retained the steam. The most astonishing feature was the rapidity with which these vegetables were cooked. Ten minutes sufficed to make them perfectly tender. It was proved that peas, beans, string beans, sliced carrots, turnips and so forth can be stewed in this way with great facility. Ten minutes suffices to cook peas perfectly tender. But remember to add boiling water on removing the cover—never cold water.

**Discovery of Mesa Verde.**  
MOST WONDERFUL RUINS FOUND BY CHANCE BY RANCHMEN. [Our National Parks Bulletin:] It appears strange that the greatest of American prehistoric ruins, those now inclosed in the Mesa Verde National Park in Southwestern Colorado, should have escaped discovery until 1888. Years before, innumerable ancient ruins left in several other States by the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians had been described and pictured. They had been the subjects of popular lectures; they had been treated in books of science and books of travel; they had become a familiar American spectacle. Even the ruins in the Mancos Canyon in Colorado were explored as early as 1874. Mr. W. H. Jackson, who led the government party, found there many small dwellings broken down by the weather. The next year he was followed by Prof. W. H. Holmes, later Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, who drew attention to the remarkable stone towers so characteristic of the region. But these discoveries attracted little attention, because of their inferiority to the better-known ruins of Arizona and New Mexico. Had either of the explorers followed up the side canyon of the Mancos they would have then discovered ruins which are, in the words of Baron Gustav Nordenskiöld, the talented Swedish explorer, "so magnificent that they surpass anything of the kind known in the United States." This explains why delvers in libraries find so little about the Mesa Verde. Most books and magazine articles were written when cliff dwellings were a novelty. Baron Nordenskiöld thus describes in

his book "The Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde," the discovery of the wonderful dwellings in this side canyon of the Mancos: "The honor of the discovery of these remarkable ruins belongs to Richard and Alfred Wetherill, of Mancos. The family own large herds of cattle, which wander about on the Mesa Verde. The care of these herds often calls for long rides on the mesa and in its labyrinth of canyons. During these long excursions, ruins, the one more magnificent than the other, have been discovered. The two largest were found by Richard Wetherill and Charley Mason one December day in 1888, as they were riding together through the pinyon wood on the mesa in search of a stray herd. They had penetrated through the dense scrub to the edge of a deep canyon. In the opposite cliff, sheltered by a huge massive vault of rock, there lay before their astonished eyes a whole town, with towers and walls, rising out of a heap of ruins. This grand monument of bygone ages seemed to them well deserving of the name of the Cliff Palace. Not far from this place, but in a different canyon, they discovered, on the same day, another very large cliff dwelling. To this they gave the name of Spruce Tree House, from a great spruce that jutted forth from the ruins. "During the course of years Richard and Alfred Wetherill have explored the mesa and its canyons in all directions. They have thus gained a more thorough knowledge of its ruins than anyone. Together with their brothers, John, Clayton and Wynn, they have also carried out excavations during which a number of extremely interesting finds have been made." The ancient Pueblos built their homes

in the side walls of great valleys, which prehistoric flood washed to the depth sometimes of thousands of feet in the great plateau of the American Southwest. Such a valley, for example, is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, but the Grand Canyon was not frequented by the Cliff Dwellers. Under overhanging cliffs, protected alike from furious sun above and from human enemies below, they perched their valleys and cities, approachable only by difficult trails and series of ladders. In many cases the word dwelling is misleading, for most of these buildings were villages. Spruce Tree House, for instance, was undoubtedly a town of importance, or, if you please, it was America's pioneer apartment-house, harboring at least 350 inhabitants. Humors of Caste. Though going to foreign countries by crossing the ocean is to break one's caste, hundreds of young Indians are now visiting Europe and America in pursuit of modern scientific and industrial education. Indeed, so numerous are the families affected that public opinion has compelled the Brahmins to ordain that no loss of caste shall result from going abroad for education. The step next contemplated, says the Century Magazine, is to have merchants and other business men exempted from the ban. It is certain that in time all classes of travelers will be exempted. It is not so much the going abroad that is objected to as the eating of forbidden food, as beef, pork and chicken or any food cooked by foreigners. To obviate partly this difficulty the Hindus have just organized a steamship line, the Indian Peninsula Com-

pany, between Bombay and London. On board the ships of this line Hindu caste rules are studiously observed. This company is soon to open a hotel in London for the caste people of India, so that Hindu students, merchants and travelers may go to London, reside for any length of time and still return home without breaking their caste. Caste rules prohibit people of different castes dining together. These rules, however, are broken by the rising generation in schools and colleges. The students, defying the cold and calculating conservatories, use the school and college buildings for dinner parties, where Hindus and Mohammedans, Christians and Jains, Buddhists and atheists break bread together. In Benares, the stronghold of Brahmanical orthodoxy, inter-caste dinners are of common occurrence. The Indian leaders in reform have gone a step further. On a public occasion they dined publicly with Europeans in the Town Hall of Calcutta. These dinners are helping break down obnoxious rules and thus are establishing dinner table democracy. Omaha Aristocracy. [Omaha Bee:] The audience was made up of people of every station and degree. Not far off sat an Omaha business man and the wife of a lawyer, chewing gum. They are of the city's social elect. Business. [Judge:] Madge: Why don't you tell him frankly that you don't like him as well as you do Charlie? Marjorie: How can I, dear? I'm not just sure that Charlie will propose.



# A Texas Cattle King in Southern Brazil.

By Frank C. Carpenter.

Saturday, September 23, 1915.

They are sure to increase in value. On the other hand, this is a country where the people have their own language, and the American would likely feel lonesome and his family might not appreciate the advantages. I do not want to give advice of that kind."

In speaking further concerning the meat possibilities of Brazil, Mr. Mackenzie said: "I believe that this part of the world has a great future as a hog country. This seems to be the natural home of the pig. We have many that breed and run wild in the woods. They live on grass all the year round and when they are taken up it takes less grain to fatten them than is required for our hogs at home. The animals breed well. The average sow will produce one-third more than her North American sister. She will give five litters of pigs every two years. Our average is less than six pigs to the litter. Here the average is eight or nine. This means that one sow will have forty pigs in two years, and not only that, but the first litter will be producing pigs before the end of that time. Indeed, the breeding proposition is something like that of the Australian rabbit. We are trying to improve the pigs of Brazil. We are introducing new stock. We want a stock that will keep growing from its birth until it weighs 200 or 250 pounds."

During our conversation Mr. Mackenzie showed me a number of photographs of cattle, taken from his ranches in Parana, Sao Paulo and Matto Grosso. The native stock of Matto Grosso consists of fine, big, long-horned animals—far better, I should say, than the native Texas breed. He showed me also some of the Herefords they are now raising on the Parana ranch. They look as well as any young stock I have seen in the States. Among other pictures was one of a zebu bull. These have been imported from India and they are used largely here as a cross with the native stock. They are vicious, however, and they run so largely to lean meat that they are not good as a cross for exporting. The Brazilians like lean meat, and for this reason the zebus have become quite popular in many parts of the country.

## Barfooted Cowboys on Mules.

Mr. MacKenzie showed me some photographs of the cowboys of the big ranch not far from Sao Paulo. The most of them were barfooted Brazilians, and their bronchos were mules. The methods of taking care of the cattle on that ranch were the same as ours. It is different in the more

remote parts of the country. There the cowboys limit themselves to visiting the ranches only now and then. They watch the cattle carefully at breeding time, and the calves are immediately separated from the cows. The calves are shut up in corrals and the cows brought in to feed them morning and evening. In the far north the cattle are lassoed. In Rio Grande the cowboys use the bolo. In some places the animals are branded. In others they are marked by cutting their ears in such a way that they can be known. Each fazenda has its own cut or mark. The cowboys of the great plains of Goyaz and other central States are dressed in leather from head to foot. In some places they are paid by being given a share of the production.

The completion of the railroad to the highlands of Matto Grosso will make a great difference in the handling of the cattle. The stock will be fattened on the ranches and carried on the cars to the packing-houses. Now there are practically no packing-houses, and the cattle are driven overland to the market. The distance ranges from 600 to 1000 miles and it requires many weeks to make it. The most of the animals are wild, and some of them are loaded with products and made to pay their passage as freight animals. Much of the way is through the woods, where the cry of a panther may stampede the whole drove. Sometimes it is through the swamps, which become quagmires in the rainy season, so that the animals wade breast-deep through the mud. The average number in a drove of cattle is from 1000 to 2000, and the owners sometimes lose a whole drove on its way to the market. When the animals arrive they are often living skeletons, and have to be fattened before they can be sold.

## Prices of Cattle Increasing.

In some parts of Brazil there are cattle fairs to which animals from all parts of the country are driven. There are two of these in the State of Minas Geraes and others in other provinces. Buyers go from Rio Janeiro to these fairs to buy animals for the municipal slaughter houses. They have to keep a large number of animals on hand for the reason that cold storage is lacking. This is so in most Brazilian cities. In Rio about 400 beasts are killed daily to supply the demand. The animals bring different prices, according to the season and the locality. In some parts of Matto Grosso a 2-year-old steer is worth from \$5 to \$10 while a saddle ox will bring from \$15 to

\$25. In the State of Goyaz a 5-year-old steer or ox is valued at from \$10 to \$30, and in the little State of Piahy an ox may sell for from \$8 to \$10.

During the past two years cattle have greatly risen in value, and they are now advancing at the rate of about \$3 per head per annum. Not long ago fat steers, weighing 1000 pounds, brought as much as \$40 at the municipal slaughter-houses, and it is now estimated that to stock a large ranch in the interior with cows would cost something like \$23 per head.

I have been asked something as to prices of cattle lands. That depends entirely on where the land is located and its accessibility to the market. In the well-settled States of Sao Paulo, Santa Catharina, Rio Grande do Sul and Parana, the prices range from \$2 to \$50 per acre. In Matto Grosso, Goyaz and Minas Geraes, equally good land can be gotten from 30 cents to \$1 per acre. All depends on the locality and the means of getting the cattle to the consumers.

## Improving the Quality.

The government is doing all it can to better the cattle and to improve the native breeds. Premiums are given for the importation of all kinds of stock, and these vary in amount according to the locality from where the stock comes and its character. Full-blooded bulls of high grade, brought from Europe, get prizes as high as \$150; from the United States, \$100, and from the Rio de la Plata basin, from \$30 to \$120. Stallions receive higher premiums, while hogs bring from \$25 to \$50 per animal, depending upon source of origin. In 1910 the number of cattle imported was about 75,000 and their value was almost \$1,000,000.

A great deal of this stock came from Argentina and Uruguay, but about one-fifth, or \$200,000 worth, came from East India. Some of the Indian bulls bring very high prices. On the Fazenda Cassu, the zebu bull Lontra sold for \$14,000, and he was a 3-year-old at the time. On the Fazenda Cascata is the bull Cacique. This bull cost over \$2000 and was the winner of the gold medal at the cattle show of Uberaba.

The East Indian cattle are valuable because the cross between them and the native stock makes the lean animal so much prized for the jerked beef market. Brazil is said to use about 80 per cent. of all the meat of this kind made, and there are many large factories devoted to the industry. Rio Grande do Sul has thirty-one and there are large numbers in Matto Grosso. In making this meat, the animals are las-

sed, drawn to a post and killed by driving a knife into the back of the head. They are then skinned and cleaned. The bone and fat is taken out and the meat is cut into thin layers. It is then put into a strong brine and further salted and hung over wooden rails to dry in the sun. It becomes as hard as stone, when it is sewn up into packages of about 600 pounds each and shipped to the markets. The fat is boiled down and refined. The tongues are canned and the bones, horns and dried blood are shipped off to Europe.

Within the last year Brazil has been paying a great deal of attention to dairying, although there are States in which milk is a luxury and butter, outside tins, is practically unknown. The government keeps dairy bulls on some of its experimental farms, and the State of Minas Geraes is offering premiums to co-operative dairies. That State has now more than 100 butter and cheese factories, which produce almost \$2,000,000 worth of dairy products per annum. They also export milk and cream to Rio de Janeiro. The latter are delivered to the people from house to house and they are also sold in dairies where one may sit in a cafe and drink his hot or cold milk at about 3 cents a glass.

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## Is Lightest Metal Known.

[Chicago Blade:] A factory has been established at Niagara Falls for the manufacture of metallic magnesium, which is the lightest metal known, and is said to have many qualities superior to aluminum. The output of the factory has been contracted for by the French government until the end of the war, the material to be made use of in the manufacture of aeroplane parts. After the demand for this purpose has ceased the company will engage in the manufacture of household utensils, and some interesting novelties will be brought out, it is said.

## Too High for Her.

[Chicago News:] A concert in aid of the fund for something or other had been arranged in the village schoolroom and all the local "stars" were booked to appear. The favorite soprano, before she appeared to sing, apologized for her cold. Then she started: "I'll hang my harp on a willow tree—ahum—on a willow tree—e-e—oh—" Her voice broke on the high note each time. Then a voice came from the back of the hall: "Try hanging it on a lower branch, miss."

# The Little Mother. y Eva Davis Cogswell.

## IN OLD CHESTER.

IT WAS MAY in Old Chester. The buds were ready to burst, the birds were chirping over their nest building, the early flowers—arbutus, hyacinths and crocus—were in full glory, while the primrose, the delight of hearts and gardens, was just peeping from the soil, starry-eyed and radiant.

All was gay and joyous except the hearts of the people of Old Chester.

War was raging and Chester's sons were on the battlefield. Fathers, husbands and sons had been gone weary weeks; and sons were waiting to go.

In one home, a home renowned for its culture and hospitality, the home of the Shrewsbury's, a son, the youngest of three was restive.

The blood of the Shrewsbury's had been spilled on many a battlefield for their country's honor.

The last of the Shrewsbury's hesitated. Not from lack of courage—he was a Shrewsbury but because of the great love he bore his mother.

The Little Mother's eyes were keen. She had felt his thoughts, and though no word had passed between them, she sought to help and guide him.

This wonderful May morning, with all nature showing God's promises to be true, in the return of bud and bird and flower, with a cheery "Good-morning, son," the little mother solved the difficulty and brought happiness to her boy's heart.

With a happy face, she called him by

name: "Harry, I know of what you are thinking; I have known for some time and have suffered, I cannot deny that, but my forbears were soldiers. Shall I be unworthy?"

"No, Harry; bring me your father's sword. Whose hands but a mother's should buckle on your belt? Whose voice but hers bid you Godspeed? And she kissed her son tenderly and lovingly.

Harry became the happiest youth in Old Chester. For was he not the son of his father, going in defense of his country and his country's flag?

To see the same sights his father had seen; to live the same experiences, his father had had? His father, whom he so loved, who was every inch a soldier, with loyal heart strong and true, yet tender as a woman's, for soldier's hearts are thus.

Looking down into his mother's face, Harry exclaimed, "With God's help, mother, I will follow in my father's pathway."

After this, the Shrewsbury family all turned to making the two weeks of Harry's stay at home gay with all sorts of doings, such as young people enjoy.

Dinners, with dances after, were given, to which the beauty and valor of Old Chester were invited.

There were bridge and auction parties for indoors; golf and tennis out of doors.

Harry was the gayest of them all, for this was his last play time; then he was to do a serious thing—fight for the glory of his flag.

The whole town was in holiday, even if hearts were breaking.

The pride of the town, Harry Shrewsbury, who had just won his first case before the bar, following a splendid record at Harvard, was buckling on his sword.

While all the gayety prevailed no one seemed more gay than the Little Mother; and no one more sad than Helen Johnson, to whom Harry had so recently pledged his troth. The engagement was to be announced before young Shrewsbury marched away.

The Governor of the State, the personal friend and college chum of Harry's father, recognizing the ability of this youth of Chester, sent Harry a lieutenant's commission. Not that ability in the law of necessity makes good soldiers, but because he was the son of George Shrewsbury, who lost his life in defense of his country; who, in turn, was the son of Admiral Otis Shrewsbury, whose fame was great for his deeds of valor wherever duty called him.

At last the day of departure came, all the calls on friends and from friends had been made and received and this day was to be devoted to the home "good-bys."

What happy smiles were mustered; what eyes sparkled, but not with tears, save little Bess, the baby of the household, who cried because she could not understand, and she did not know her own.

No word of reply came to her from her mother when she asked a question.

Her sister Edith pushed her aside. Helen was so pale, all seemed to have forgotten little Bess, and it was so different.

Little Mother's heart seemed very light, and when Harry took her in his arms, exclaiming, "Mother, my own mother," Bess cried aloud she understood, while Harry, who had not forgotten, lifted Bess in his arms and kissed her tears away, until laughter pealed from his sister's lips.

Then Harry rushed from the house, from home, to join his command outside. The bugle played and the "marching away" of

the youngest son to join his brothers had begun.

The group on the doorstep watched until only the dusty roadway met their gaze, while the soldier-son carried a beautiful picture of the dear old home away with him in memory.

This picture, like a vision, came to him many times, on the field, in the camp, and once in the thickest of the battle, when a shell tore off his arm.

In Chester the buds had become leaves, the spring blossoms had given place to the rose and the lily, with all the midsummer blooms, when the youngest son lay mortally wounded on the field of battle.

The letters from the boys at the front were read every evening aloud in the library; but why does Little Mother always slip away to her room with one of the letters?

Her last sacrifice had been too great. Her heart cried out for one of her nestlings; if only he could have stayed at home; yet, she herself had buckled on his belt and bid him go.

The fulfillment of mother-love is requital, and when he returned not to her sight and her arms the heart lost hope and the Little Mother simply faded away when the leaves were falling, the flowers fading and the birds were leaving Old Chester.

In pining, with glorified vision, the Little Mother raised herself exultant from the pillow and exclaimed, "There shall be no more war; I see the hosts under One Commander; all arms are stacked; there flies the standard, one flag, one army, the Army of Almighty God, soldiers of the Prince of Peace."

And the Little Mother had crossed The Divide.



LOANS TO FARMERS.  
The State of California is going to make a loan of \$1,000,000 to the farmers of the State. The loan is to be made in the form of bonds, and the interest is to be paid by the State. The loan is to be made in the form of bonds, and the interest is to be paid by the State. The loan is to be made in the form of bonds, and the interest is to be paid by the State.

# Rural Credit and Rural Topics. By M. V. Hartman.

## The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Branton.

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

### October Work.

THE MONTH FOR THE FIRST BULBS, ANNUALS AND PERENNIALS.

OCTOBER should be a busy time in the flower garden; it is the first month for planting heavily of bulbs. It is also a month for seed sowing of annuals and perennials, such as calendula, California poppy, Canterbury bells, columbine, forget-me-not, larkspur, mignonette, pansy, phlox stock, sweet peas and Sweet William.

The first plantings may be made of anemones, cyclamen, freesia, gladiolus (dwarf), hyacinths, lilies, narcissus, ranunculus, Spanish iris and tulips. Plant some of these bulbs in October and follow later, in November and December, with other lots. Thereby you will get a succession of blooms over a long period, some of them coming as late as May. Arrange your bulb beds with small ridges along the edges, so you may flood them with an abundance of water.

It has been noticed that new flowering wood is pushing out from many rose bushes in local gardens, a development that is exceedingly variable, for it is almost entirely dependent upon treatment. It will not do to cut such roses back heavily now, but you should take out all the thinner wood and allow shoots to break from fairly robust canes. Mulch the beds heavily with well-rotted stable manure after a light spading up, and water heavily; do not merely sprinkle. This is a good season for moving roses from one part of the garden to another; also move trees and shrubs, for at the close of our long dry period all plant life is as nearly dormant as it will get, unless autumn rains come unusually late.

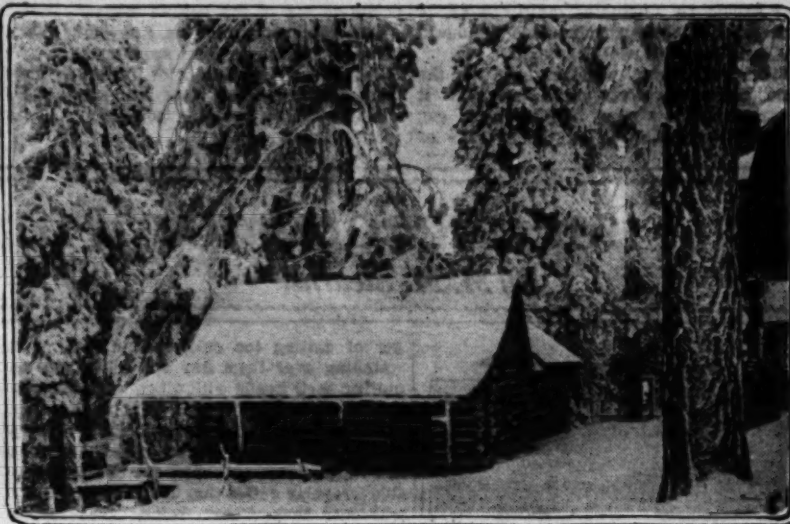
#### Chrysanthemum Culture.

FROM now until the buds begin to show color plants should be fed at least twice each week. At one of these semi-weekly (not semi-weekly) feedings it is a common practice among commercial growers to use liquid manure from animal manures, either from cattle, horses or sheep, even poultry, if not too strong. The other feeding each week is done with a mixed commercial fertilizer, although some of the best are grown with the use of stable manure alone. Little and often should be the rule with all fertilization. When the first color shows in the bud stop all feeding.

When color shows in the bud it will be better for the flowers if they are provided with a very light shade, for they will develop slower, therefore become larger, and the colors will be clearer, brighter and more uniform in all parts. When color first shows wash your plants off thoroughly and then spray the tops no more, but increase the water supply in the soil — you may hardly give them too much. When the flowers are ready for cutting take them with as long stem as possible and place them in a dark, cool place, with an abundance of water, for a day or two. They will "size up" a great deal under such treatment. Some commercial growers, if stems are long enough, split the base of the stem for several inches or a foot and place them in water more than a foot deep. When marketed this split portion is cut off. The splitting is said to give the water freer access to flower by reach of the greater area to "drink" from.

#### "Principles of Floriculture."

THIS is the title of a new work of nearly 500 pages issued by the Macmillan Company, New York, of which the author is Edward A. White, professor of floriculture in Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. It is both a text-book for the student and a scientific and practical guide for the commercial grower. Every one engaged in the growing of plants and flowers in general, for the market, could find much of value in this comprehensive work. There is no question of seed sowing, propagation by cuttings, budding, grafting, or general care and culture that has been left untouched and yet all have been sufficiently treated to enable every commercial grower to find that information essential to success. This is the first and only work to completely cover every phase of commercial floriculture.



THE TRULY HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

The house beautiful here shown is in true harmony with its surroundings, for it is built of undressed and untreated material culled from its immediate background. Stranger by far, to visitors from other lands, is the fact that two hours' ride from this scene of ice and snow will land one in the midst of orange groves, palms and roses at Redlands. This rapid, almost violent change is almost without parallel in the entire world.

#### Value of Wood Ashes.

IT HAS always been a hobby of the present writer to advise the more extensive use of wood ashes and lime in the garden. We use too little of either. Prof. Holben of the Pennsylvania State College says:

"The fertilizing value of wood ashes is dependent upon the quantity of plant food which they contain, chiefly lime, potash and phosphoric acid. With the exception of these three, the remaining constituents have little, if any, commercial value. The composition of the ash of woods is extremely variable. Different varieties of trees will be found to have different quantities of ash, while in the same variety the bark and the twigs will give an ash quite different in quantity and composition from that furnished by the wood itself. The ashes of the hardwoods, such as oak and maple, will yield a superior quality of ash for fertilizing purposes to that afforded by the soft woods, such as the pine trees.

"The effects following the application of ashes are very beneficial, especially so, since the constituents are presented to the plant in a form peculiarly suited for absorption, the potash being present chiefly as carbonate and being readily available to the plant, while the phosphoric acid exists as an available phosphate. The average composition of unleached wood ashes is: Potash, 5.5 per cent; phosphoric acid, 1.9 per cent.; lime, 34.4 per cent. The approximate value per ton of such a fertilizer would amount to \$7.50. It should, therefore, be a matter of some importance to save all wood ashes accumulated and apply them to the garden.

"Land treated generally with wood ashes is readily kept in good tilth, retains moisture in dry seasons and permits easy drainage in wet. These effects are probably due to the lime content of the ash, which also aids in correcting the acidity of the soil. Injurious iron salts, which are sometimes found in wet and sour lands, are precipitated by the ash and rendered harmless and even beneficial. A good wood ash fertilizer, which is very often overlooked on the farm and consigned to the ash heap, is, therefore, worth more than would be indicated by its commercial value calculated in the usual way."

#### Pruning Flowering Shrubs.

THE time to prune flowering shrubs with the exception of hydrangeas and one or two other unimportant species is just after the flowering period. All the spring bloomers flower from the shoots made the previous season while the late summer and autumn flowering sorts require new young shoots for blooming. The pruning of the first named consist of cutting out much of the older shoots but not all, which will cause fresh growth for the next year's blooming.

#### German Iris.

EVERY garden owner is urged to plant some German irises and to get them at once. It is safe to state that no class of plants we grow give a more satisfactory return and have a finer range of color. Unless you except red, they may be had in every shade and some even approach red in certain parts of each blossom. Of late years this class of iris has been wonderfully improved, especially in range and variety of colors and no monotony will result if every garden grows large numbers of German iris. On the contrary, the more they are grown, the brighter and more attractive our gardens and our Southland will be. Buy some now—this week, local dealers have as fine and varied a stock as the world affords.

#### Sweet Peas and Pansies.

THE plant breeder is working for you, also "working" you all the time. He is working for larger flowers, better forms, more substance and finer colors, so that you will purchase his latest and best seeds. In this latter deal he works you—to a higher pitch of enthusiasm over the glorious sweet peas and pansies he gives you today, surpassing any the world heretofore yielded. Dealers in Los Angeles keep these seeds for no other purpose than to sell and right now is a good time to plant them in order to get giant flowers of brilliant hue for the old year, and the new. They cost but little, the returns cannot fail to satisfy if you will supply good soil and plenty of water. Now is the time for seed sowing—keep the money in Los Angeles—buy at home.

#### Dig Gladiolus Bulbs.

GLADIOLUS bulbs may be dug at any time now, stored in a dark, dry, cool place, and replanted January to June. It is a pity there is no English or popular name for this flower, for gladiolus is the Latin name, yet all give it one of two English pronunciations, gla-die-o-lus, accented on the "die;" or glad-e-o-lus, accented on the "o." The name is from the Latin word gladius (sword.) The Latin or true pronunciation merely involves the introduction of the sound of "o" into gladius, making a nice little roll for the English tongue, with said tongue on the roof of one's mouth and the accent on the first syllable, or "glad," thus: glad-i-o-lus, while either of the English forms used have four syllables in place of the necessary three, the middle one of the latter, "io," being very short in sound.

#### Mixing Melons.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know if contiguous or mixed planting of water-melons, muskmelons, cucumbers, squashes

and pumpkins, any two or all of them, will endanger or change the appearance, flavor, or nature "in any way" of the present crop.

Though a little outside the field of the "Home Beautiful," such experience and study is inside the work and observation of the editor of this department, therefore here goes: It may be stated with positiveness that none of the changes noted are possible in the present year's crop, as seeds only are affected, through the blossom, by cross-pollination and the carrying vehicle for the seeds, which is the fleshy fruits, have nothing to do with the process except that such crossing might tend to increase the size. If seeds from such crosses were planted the tale of the next generation might be a different one, but the present crop cannot be changed.

#### Don't.

WE LIKE a "don't" that is published in the bulletin of a Los Angeles firm: It advises: "Don't molest the birds in your garden because they destroy a few sprouting sweet peas. It is a simple matter to prevent this destruction by the proper use of a little cheese cloth or fine wire netting. Nearly all our native birds are known to be insectivorous and are the means of keeping many garden pests in check. Plant life is to a great extent dependent on the existence of birds, and scientific investigation has shown countless injurious insects in the stomach of a single bird." The City Beautiful man has preached this doctrine for years and his ideas are not colored by his membership in the Audubon Society, for government reports are frequently issued warning all against the general destruction of bird life.

#### Edible Bamboo.

IN JAPAN the edible bamboo, Phyllostachys nutis, is grown in large groves and the young tips are marketed the same as those of asparagus. Some commercial groves of this species have been planted in the Southern States, notably in Louisiana. In California the same bamboo has been sparingly planted as an ornamental over a considerable number of years. Who has tested its food value? It would need to be grown in a damp situation.

#### Had to Watch the Game.

[Indianapolis News:] Milroy, a Rush county town, seven miles south of Rushville, is a great place for marble fans. They hold a tournament each spring and summer. One day recently a store-keeper, who is a marble fan, was standing in an alley by his store watching a closely-contested game. An Indianapolis traveling salesman, who had come to see the store-keeper, saw a person enter the man's store. He went to the store keeper.

"There's a customer in your store," he said.

"Pst, be quiet," said the store-keeper, "he'll go out in a minute." And he never took his eyes off the game.

#### Had to Cater to All.

[Judge:] "I don't like the way this hotel is run!" carped a peevish young traveling salesman.

"Neither do I," replied the landlord of Pruntytown tavern; "but I've got to entertain all the fools that come along, as well as the sensible people."

#### FOR FIGHTING FIRE USE GARSTANG GRASS BURNER

For the city lot owner, or rancher. Designed solely for fighting dangerous and useless brush and weeds. Clears off city lots or vacant acreage. Kills the seed of weeds and rank vegetation at the right season. Safe, inexpensive and an efficient safeguard against accidental fires. Burns oil, distillate or gasoline. Prices on application.

Richard Garstang, Patented, 724 W. 30th St.

#### NEW SPRINKLER

The Thompson Adjustable Sprinkler Head is now for sale. Enthusiastically endorsed by all lawn-culturists. Write for new folder, just off the press. It describes the sprinkler head in detail. Permanent lawn systems save time, trouble, water, money.

THOMPSON MFG. CO.,  
8th St. and Santa Fe Ave.



## Will the Big Diesel Engine Drive Steam from the Sea?



Above is a photograph of a five-hundred-horse-power Diesel engine, directly connected to an electric generator which supplies electricity for exhibitors throughout the Palace of Machinery at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. This engine was prominently connected with the opening exercises of the exposition. It was started by wireless from Washington by President Wilson. This type of engine is claimed by its builders to be the most unique mechanical exhibit in existence. It is pronounced by many to be the most striking exhibit in the Palace of Machinery. It takes about sixty-two cents worth of fuel oil to run the giant engine for one hour, practically one cent a minute. The fuel is forced into a cylinder in which the air has been compressed, reaching a temperature of about 2000 degrees Fahrenheit. The combustion of the fuel results in the downward stroke of the cylinder.

### The Tip.

MR. BODEN DISAPPOINTS HIS FRIEND MR. LIONEL.

By Kensett Rossiter.

The street car turned into Humbolt avenue. Mr. Lionel nudged his friend, then pointed to the corner lots.

"I'm going to buy that property tomorrow," said he. "It can be bought now for \$5000, but you mark my words: in six months, five times \$5000 won't be able to buy it."

"Aren't you setting the figure a bit high?" asked his friend.

Lionel shook his head. "I know the property values of this town and you see if I'm not right. There won't be any boom either; it will come as a healthy growth. Every dollar I've got was made by merely looking ahead and anticipating the town's growth. Have you ever heard of me making a poor investment?"

It was true. Every one knew Lionel; they knew, also, that he had made a fortune speculating in real estate, buying quietly and selling when the right time came. He had made a fortune, yes, but the man was as crooked as were the old cow trails along which men built houses, and when there were enough, called the place Boston. Lionel carried out his schemes within the law, but most of his deals were accomplished by underhand methods. There are some men who can't play the game straight and Lionel was one of them. And yet, withal, the man's judgment was sought, for those who went in on his side reaped their share of the harvest.

"Yes, sir," repeated Lionel, "\$5000 will buy that property today and in six months it will be worth \$25,000, but it will be mine tomorrow morning."

Lionel did not notice when the man behind him rose from his seat and got off the car at the next stop; he kept right on

chatting with his friend. But Boden, the little tailor, who had slaved for years in his little shop on South Charles street, and who had saved up a few dollars, didn't care whether he noticed or not. Boden walked to the corner, read the name of the real estate firm and took the next car back to town. He had no qualms of conscience. He knew who Lionel was; he knew that Lionel had never hesitated to steal from widows and orphans and—he had never had such a chance before. A half-hour later he walked into the real estate office and was informed that the property could be purchased for \$4800 cash. Boden went across to the bank, drew out his savings of fifteen years, and returned to close the deal.

Several days afterward, when the papers had been made out, Boden saw in the abstract that the property had been purchased from one L. Lionel.

"Not the real estate man?" he inquired, anxiously.

"Sure," answered the clerk, "we handle some of Mr. Lionel's business—when he asks us to. How did you happen to buy this property?"

"I thought it was going to increase in value."

The clerk laughed. "That's what Mr. Lionel thought when he bought it," and the little tailor wished he had never taken the car that day and overheard the conversation that had been framed up for him.

"Yes," went on the other, "even our big financiers make their mistakes sometimes, and there isn't one of them who hasn't got some stock certificates tucked away in his lock-box that he would be glad to trade for shipplasters. Lionel's been trying his best to get rid of those lots ever since he bought them six years ago."

The little tailor had \$18 left from his deal. He went back to the bank and opened up a savings account again. It would grow and, after all, that was a larger sum than he had started with fifteen years before.

Three months passed. Boden had tried in vain to dispose of his lots. One evening, toward closing time, when he returned to the shop after having been out purchasing woolsens, his boy spoke up.

"You missed him again, sir; he's been here three times this afternoon to see you—the same gentleman—says it's very important."

"Did he leave any name?"

The boy shook his head.

Shortly afterward Boden closed up his shop and went home. He had hardly finished eating his supper before the door-bell rang and Mr. L. Lionel announced himself.

"Say," he began apologetically, "my conscience and I have been at odds ever since I put that deal over on you and I've come to square myself. I'll buy your lots back at the figure you paid. How does that strike you?"

The little tailor gasped. "Will you pay me the cash?"

"Yes, I'll do that," said Lionel. He drew a chair up to the table. "I'll pay you a substantial deposit right now and you can sign this."

He placed \$100 on the table, then handed Boden a fountain pen.

What was that noise outside? An automobile! Machines didn't often stop in front of his place. Presently the door-bell rang and the little tailor shuffled in to the hall and swung back the door.

"Mr. Boden?" inquired the stranger.

"Yes, sir."

"I've been to your shop three times today and didn't catch you."

They walked into the front room. The stranger bowed coolly to Lionel; he took note of the money on the table, the receipt slip and the fountain pen, then he turned to Boden.

"My name's Clark," said he. "I'm attorney for the Traction Company and I'm not going to beat about the bush. We're going to put in a cross-town line and we

need another power station. We're willing to pay you \$10,000 for your lots. Will you sell?"

"Yes, I'll sell," said Boden, "but I hate to disappoint my friend Mr. Lionel."

"What's he got to do with it?"

"Nothing," replied Boden, "only he was kind enough to give me a little tip a few months ago."

### Discouraging Surrender.

[Chicago Journal:] There is something grand, even though repulsive, in the savage thoroughness with which the Prussians make war. The British official eyewitness reports that a battalion of Saxons which tried to surrender was fired upon and almost annihilated by the Prussian infantry and artillery on the flank and rear. It was a notice to all waverers that surrendering is even more dangerous than charging.

The Roman Senate, after the battle of Cannae, refused to ransom the prisoners taken by Hannibal, leaving them to be slaughtered or sold as slaves, after the pleasant custom of the age. It was brutal, savage, ruthless; but it was likewise an official notice that Rome had no use for a man who permitted himself to be taken alive. After that event, the legionary in a tight place might be trusted to die rather than surrender, and to take as many enemies with him as he could.

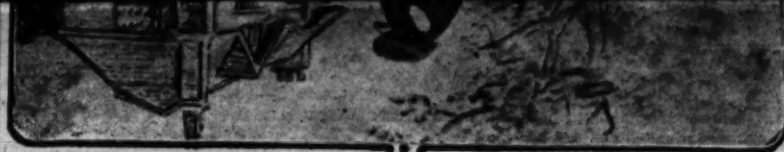
The Prussians appear to have adopted the Roman reasoning as well as the Roman spiked helmet. But they are not dealing with Cannaeinians.

### Where it Belonged.

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "Philadelphia Is Awake," says a headline above an editorial article in the Public Ledger. The Pulitzer School of Journalism will hold that the headline should have been in the news columns.



In the "Countries and Peoples" series of books now appearing, the one dealing with Scandinavia and the Scandinavians contains some interesting data on co-operation in Denmark.



A NUMBER of inquiries have come to this department during the past few weeks asking for recipes and methods for preserving hen fruit, either for future better market or for future use. On more than one occasion different methods have been mentioned in the past.

**SOME SUGGESTIONS.**

## The Economy of Preserving Eggs.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

ing in more stimulating in the breeding and development of a correct appreciation of good birds than a well conducted poultry show. Attend all that occur in your neighborhood.

It is a pretty safe business proposition that if expenditures are kept down to the minimum, the income from your birds will be satisfactory, provided they are from a good laying strain.

Study the growing pullets individually and carefully, particularly as to vigor and a robust development. The early laying bird is usually a good winter producer.

Egg producing may be facilitated by a keen regard for good nests and quiet quarters. Place them so as to be of easy access

to the hens as well as their owners. The molting season is still with us, which means a reduction of egg receipts. Study to hasten the former as much as safety will permit and so augment the latter.

The difference in the sizes of hen fruit produced by the same breed and variety is a matter that should command wider attention. The hen producing undersized eggs should be eliminated, until the entire flock produces only specimens of standard size, and so grade well in quality.

Michael K. Boyer, who has been "at the game" for nearly thirty years, says that "it is surprising how many 200 and over egg layers have developed, but the average of

heavy layers has been nearer 150 eggs than anything higher."

A good family flock of birds can be attained by breeding specimens typical of the breed and show a good carcass for meat supply. This secured, breed for a good egg yield, and you have the ideal bird for a family flock.

Charcoal can be conveniently fed in the dry mash, the allowance being about one pound to ten of the ground grains.

The value of exhibition and blue ribbon birds is more or less speculative, being based on an art standpoint. Often a male from a heavy laying dam will prove more valuable in the breeding pen than a show-room winner.

In using wet manure, when feeding is essential, as the "leave over" is quite apt to sour very quickly, thus soon acting unfavorably on the digestive system of the birds.

Poor shipping cases are often the result of broken eggs at the other end of the line. Better pay for good cases, rather than suffer from breakage and a corresponding reduction in the cash returns.

Raising poultry with a lead pencil may well be left to newspaper men, and especially chicken editors. The safe way for the poultryman is to learn the fundamentals, study receipts and disbursements, and so get down to the grass roots of the business.

## Estimating the Time Needed for Turkey Raising.

By M. M. Stearns.

### COMMON MISTAKE.

**M**OST people who undertake for the first time any poultry raising make the great mistake of planning more than they can accomplish. It they have time to care properly for thirty or forty fowls, they try to make money with a flock of sixty or eighty; if they are equipped to provide satisfactorily for a flock of 500 or 600 they arrange to look out for 1000.

Nowhere is this common mistake more prevalent, or more disastrous than among the ranks of those who for the first time attempt commercial turkey raising.

Many ranchers drift into turkey raising on a small scale, naturally; they purchase a tom and a couple of small turkey hens, or a few poults in the spring, in order to raise a few birds for Thanksgiving, and if they are reasonably successful the first season repeat the experiment another year on a slightly larger scale. They acquire turkey knowledge gradually and gauge the size of their flocks with an eye to reasonable profit, having but small temptation to attempt to care for more birds than can pick up their living on the place with but scant attention.

But with numbers of city folk, suburbanites and small ranchers, who decide to take up turkey raising on a definite money-making basis, and who embark on their adventure with perhaps a large fund of theory and little or no actual experience, the tendency almost always is to begin on too large a scale. The man who estimates that he can profitably devote an hour a day to a small flock of turkeys is almost certain to find himself in the course of his first season with a flock on his hand of such size that it cannot profitably be taken care of in less than two hours a day. It is even doubtful, as a matter of fact, whether prospective turkey raisers often get as far as definitely reckoning out just how much time they will be able to spend on the birds, or just how much time a certain number of birds will take. But that such a preliminary estimate will in some instances be found useful is obvious.

Never plan for a flock of turkeys that will take up all your available time in routine daily work.

Turkeys require a disproportionate amount of care along somewhat unusual lines; they must be given, far more than other poultry, attention of the infrequent, irregular type, that is demanded only as occasions arise. If disease invades the flock every effort and a great deal of time is usually necessary to stamp it out at once, and prevent further spreading of the contagion. During periods of unusually hot weather, particularly in the spring months, quite an amount of extra time has to be given to keeping away vermin, by dusting old and young birds with insect powder for body lice, painting roosting poles and dropping boards to do away with mites, spraying or whitewashing brooder-coops and poultry-houses, and so on.

If a flock of turkeys is to be cared for properly, it is safe to say that not more than half the time to be devoted to them should go into routine "chores." The rest of the time available for their care should be utilized on the various accessory duties that will be found necessary from time to time, and upon the prompt and satisfactory performance of which the well-being of the flock depends to a very marked degree.

Among the routine duties, the regular chores of a turkey yard, may be grouped the



WEIGHING YOUNG GOBBLER.

feeding and watering of the birds, the work incident to the providing of food and the daily care of the quarters.

Thus, a certain amount of time must be allotted each day to mixing and feeding the grain ration, to mixing and feeding the wet or dry mash, wherever this is fed; to providing fresh water and cleaning the drinking vessels, to providing, preparing and feeding the ration of green food upon which turkeys are so dependent; to cleaning the dropping-boards, when such are used, and, for yarded turkeys, to feeding the necessary bulky food by providing fresh alfalfa hay, bean straw, or the like for different pens or compartments.

In the matter of green feed alone one has to take into consideration the amount of time spent in watering and caring for the plants, as well as preparing the food and feeding it to the birds. If lawn clippings are used some little time is required each day for mowing a strip of lawn. When sprouted oats are substituted, they have to be watered morning and evening, new oats have to be started, mixed and spread in their trays; at feeding time the sprouted oats have to be chopped thoroughly or so pulled apart that the birds can separate and eat them readily without getting the roots in compact wads that will choke the birds or be left to shrivel up on the ground. If kale is used the plants must be irrigated and cultivated regularly, and the leaves gathered every day. And so on. Only a few moments' thought is necessary to enable one to realize what a mass of routine detail is connected with providing the single element of green stuff in a yarded turkey's diet.

Only the routine duties that come regularly, but only once in several days, may be classed, besides the necessary dusting of birds and disinfecting of quarters for vermin, the work of spading the yards where birds are confined, of providing ashes in which the birds might dust, or the substitute of air-slacked lime, keroseneing the birds' shanks to prevent scale, etc. Through the laying season eggs must be gathered and turned each day, and during the months of incubation a certain amount of time is required for running incubators or attending to setting hens. During the months of brooding young poults, time has to be given to frequent feeding of young birds, shutting them into the hovers when they are in dan-

ger of getting too cold, and in general to watching over them day and night and anointing their heads with oil to keep off head-lice.

Nor is that all. Added to all the foregoing routine duties that must be attended to once in so often, rain or shine, are the innumerable irregular duties that crop up continually wherever turkeys are being cared for in such a way that they pay their owners real money. Among this horde of irregular duties may be listed the making up and caring for breeding pens, the treatment of all and sundry diseases that may break out, the killing and dressing of birds that are to be marketed, the crating and shipping of birds and eggs that are to be sold for breeding purposes, the construction of new brooder-coops, yards or other quarters, and the repairing of old ones, the construction and repair of feed bins as well as of hoppers for feeding, the clipping of menacing toenails on over-heavy gobblers and so on and on through big things and small. Besides all this again there is the necessary desk work—writing to secure a market for birds that are to be sold, corresponding concerning new breeding stock and the like.

This enumeration of so many of the details connected with successful turkey raising is not made either with the idea of making trifles seem formidable or of making turkey raising as a financial undertaking seem hopeless unless one has abundance of time to devote to it. Rather, it is calculated to give anyone thinking of embarking on turkey culture a comprehensive idea of the work that must be done so that by careful planning at the right time disastrous consequences may be avoided. Even taken altogether the work of caring for a flock of say thirty or forty grown turkeys is not as tremendous as it might here seem; many of the daily details enumerated above can be compressed into a very short working space. Last year, for example, I carried through the winter a flock of about eighty grown turkeys; the daily chores about the turkey pens—the birds were yarded—took only about one hour of actual labor. The irregular duties connected with caring for the birds took a little more than that.

Two points, however, stand out as worthy of emphasis: In the first place a turkey flock should be kept so small that, if necessity arose, it could be cared for adequately in a small portion of the time that one expected to be able to devote, on an average per day throughout the year, to the birds; in the second place, from the very start, every possible effort should be made to economize labor. The first of these points would insure the birds adequate attention each day and every day, since the routine work would never have to be scrimped, and there would always be an abundance of time available for the irregular duties that count so much. The second point would eventually work to the same end, since nothing is more instrumental in securing good financial returns from turkeys than cutting the routine labor to the lowest possible point so that a large flock may be cared for in a proportionately small number of hours.

### A Swallow's Long Flight.

[New York Times:] A swallow of the chimney sweep variety, wearing No. 9,444 of the American Bird Banding Association, has been captured on Staten Island after it had traveled more than 12,000 miles and when it had been registered had been liberated to continue its flights from continent to continent. And what is more remarkable, the bird was taken within half

a mile of the place where it was numbered about two years ago.

Everett Burkman, of Manor road, West Brighton, caught eight chimney sweeps in a chimney of the house on the Benedict estate in July, 1913, and being a member of the banding association, promptly numbered the birds and turned them loose.

Robert E. Saunders, in the old Barrett house in New Brighton, was awakened by a fluttering noise, and found No. 9,444 caught in the window curtain. He liberated the bird and reported its number to Howard H. Cleaves, secretary of the American Banding Association, who is also curator of the Staten Island Association, of Arts and Sciences, who looked up its record. Mr. Cleaves said that the chimney sweeps winter somewhere in South America and spend the summers here. No. 9,444 had made two round trips, covering more than 12,000 miles, and he said that the bird returned to Staten Island showed that it is only migratory when changing climates, and returns year after year to the localities with which it is familiar.

### An Old Time Sea Captain.

Seventy or eighty years ago the only regular passenger vessels from London to New York were the American Black X Liners. Capt. Josiah Joshua Champion was the oldest and best known man on the line. He did not believe in hurricanes or cyclones, and when he heard of ships being dismasted in them, always attributed such disasters to rotten rigging or spars.

Fire was the one thing which the captain rather dreaded, and at sea, according to him, "it had one point in its favor over fire ashore, namely, that water in a general way was plenty and handy."

"But," the captain always added, "my carpenter is a smart man, and spends most of his spare time between decks among the steerage people. And no mistake about it, the yarns he spins down there about his escapes from ships afire are not calculated to make them careless about lights."

When a young man, the captain was once "pooped" in running too long before a heavy gale, when something started about the stern-post, and he was forced to jettison some of the cargo in order to lighten his ship aft and get at the leak.

He was loaded with flour, cheeses, apples, and American clocks. The clocks unfortunately were the first things that could be got at. In consequence over two hundred cases of clocks went to the bottom before the cheese-boxes were reached.

He lightened his ship nearly a hundred tons aft in twelve hours, some of the steerage passengers keeping the pumps going while the crew handed up clocks and cheeses.

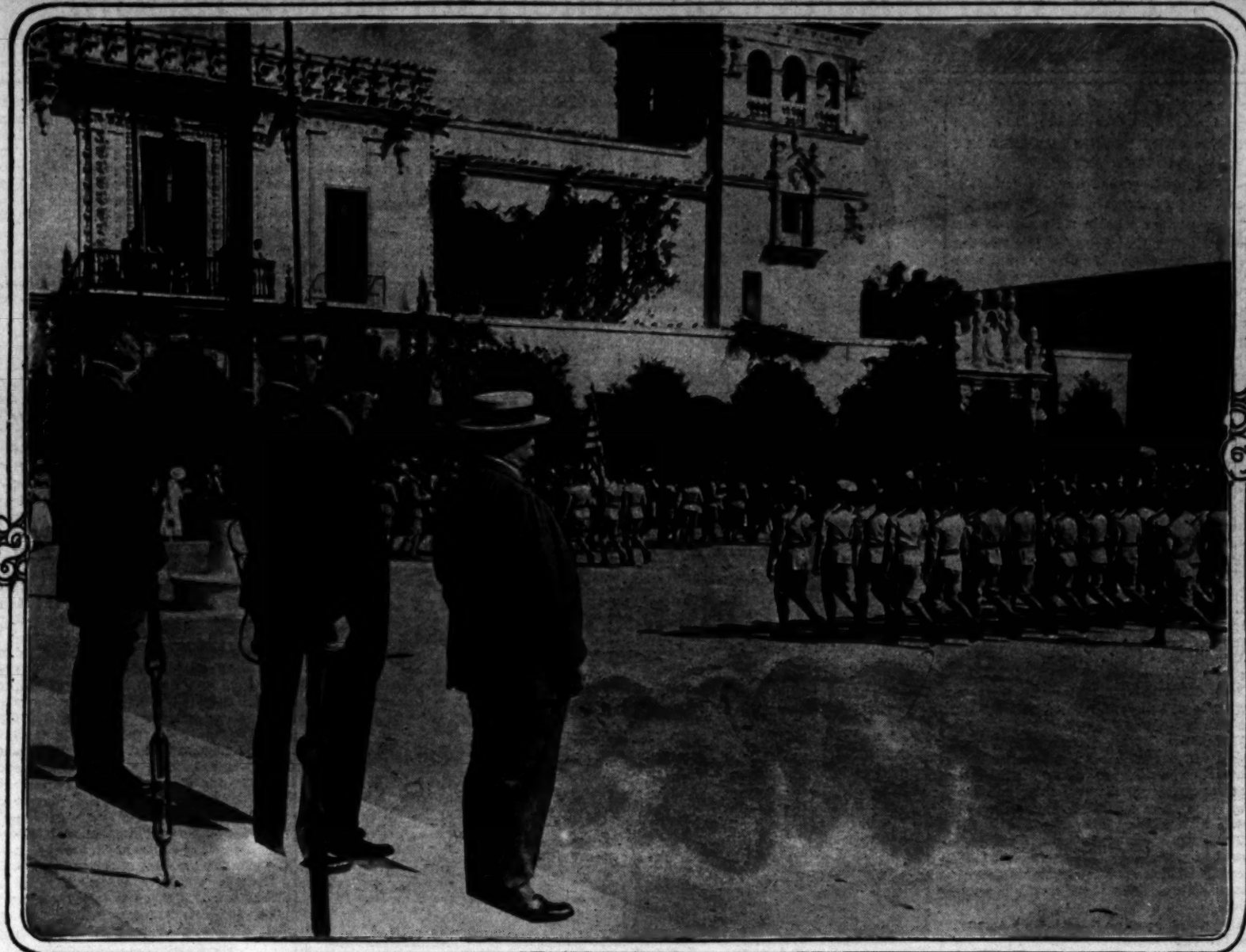
"No, sir," said Capt. Champion, "I guess I didn't have to coax them passengers any. I just told 'em they'd got to pump or drown! But when I got home again in New York, and my owners asked, 'How was it, Mr. Champion, that it did not occur to you to select something of less value than them timepieces?' I felt pretty small. I only said:

"Well, gentlemen, I rather wish you had been there yourselves, to pick and choose that night."

"Yes, sir, that riled me, specially as my wife was with me that voyage, and her own private planny was one of the first thing that went overboard." E.T.



Former President Taft Given Military Honors at San Diego.



The same military honors which would be shown a President were extended to Former President William H. Taft when he visited the San Diego exposition and was the honored guest on Taft Day, September 16. The former President was escorted from the station to the exposition grounds by an immense military turnout and he reviewed the troops in the Plaza de Panama. The picture herewith shows Mr. Taft at the review. Next to him is President G. A. Davidson of the exposition. The former President found much to amuse him in San Diego. Instead of remaining only two days, as he first expected, his visit was extended to eight or ten days during which time he has been able to play golf, do some deep-sea fishing and motor into the mountainous back country. Mr. Taft's return to the East will be through the Panama Canal.

"By Grace."

TIMELY INTERVENTION AT THE COMING OF THE WATER.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith." The Rev. Mr. Hadley's voice droned on through the second chapter of Ephesians, but David gave no heed. His attention had been drawn for an instant by the words, he had thought perhaps his wickedness was to be proclaimed from the pulpit. But no, that was not his kind of grace; he was a scapegrace. He was not quite sure just what a scapegrace might be, and in all his eleven years he had never met with one, but he had heard Deacon West's words plainly, and a man like the deacon would never have said he was a scapegrace unless he knew it to be true, and he had made it quite plain that a scapegrace was a rather undesirable citizen.

"Brethern," came the voice of the evangelist, "shall we join in singing that great hymn, 'We praise thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love?' Let us all rise while we voice our praise to the Lord in song. Let us all unite our voice in these great words and at the close of the fourth stanza let us all kneel in prayer."

"Hallelujah, Thine the glory,  
Hallelujah, amen,  
Hallelujah, Thine the glory,  
Revive us again."

Two hundred lusty voices raised the words of the old, old revival hymn through the close, dusty atmosphere of the tent, and bore it into the sultry, windless air of the arroyo without. David, at his mother's instigation, sang, but without enthusiasm. His eyes were fixed three rows of seats ahead, where little Mamie Baker's hair, divided into two fat yellow pigtails, left an inviting white part down the back of

her head; he felt absently in his pocket for his bean shooter as the hymn drew to a close. The evangelist knelt at the front of his improvised pulpit, and his congregation followed suit, dusty as the ground was. David's mother drew him to his knees by an admonitory hand upon his sleeve, and then leaned forward, her eyes covered by her handkerchief, her head resting against the chair in front of her. He sighed wearily as the Rev. Mr. Hadley began his invocation to his Maker; he longed to be out of doors. The air without was heavy with heat, but that within the tent was stifling and only a quarter of a mile up the arroyo where the evangelists had pitched their tent were two great cottonwood trees which cast a wide circle of cool shade.

The scapegrace wriggled a speculative distance from his mother's side; she remained oblivious, apparently, to his motions. Everyone in the tent knelt with bowed head and closed eyes, while the worthy Mr. Hadley continued to commune with the Almighty in a most resonant voice. The scapegrace crept along on his knees until he had put several feet between himself and the maternal authority. Then he dropped silently onto his stomach and wormed himself through the inch-deep dust the remaining distance to liberty. Once outside, he sprang to his feet and listened. The crowd in the tent was silent, the cadences of the Rev. Mr. Hadley's petition floating out onto the hot, still air. He turned and ran up the arroyo toward the shade of the tall cottonwoods.

An hour of luxurious lounging and rolling in the cool sand, his Sunday coat and unaccustomed shoes cast aside, then suddenly the scapegrace sat up and gazed intently up the narrowing bed of the arroyo. From far, far up the worn bed of the stream

came a murmur unmistakable to his ears, the rush of water, and that uneven, dark line, rapidly growing longer and broader, could be nothing else. The boy sprang to his feet. There was no doubt as to what had happened, the storm in the mountains which had rendered the air in the valley so oppressive had filled the upper stream beds with water and it was coming down the arroyo now, a foaming torrent, rushing straight toward the tent where 200 devoted people listened, oblivious to all else, to the exhortations of the Rev. Mr. Hadley. David knew what he had to do. He wheeled about and was off down the arroyo at his best pace. It seemed much further than when he had come up an hour earlier, and the sand through which he struggled was deeper. It scorched his bare feet as the beating sun scorched the back of his neck.

Outside the open tent flap he paused for an instant, panting for breath. Then he stepped within and started up the aisle toward the small platform where the evangelist stood, breathless and perspiring with the earnestness and eloquence of his appeal.

"Oh, brethern," he began, and then stopped, as the scapegrace, dirty and disheveled, panted up the aisle. Every head in the congregation turned his way, but he did not see them, nor hear his mother's startled "David!"

"The water!" he gasped, as he reached the platform, "it's comin' down the arroyo."

They stared, but made no move. "The water!" he repeated, indicating the direction of the foothills with a wave of his arm. And a dozen sprang to the open tent flap to give up the stream bed and verify David's statement.

Then came a terrible fifteen minutes of hurrying men and women, screaming chil-

dren and plunging, terrified horses. But when it was all over, 200 frightened people stood on the bluff and saw the swirling yellow water suck the tent from its moorings and toss the benches high on its waves in a tumbling, broken mass.

Three days later, the Rev. Mr. Hadley stood on a new pine platform, under the rescued tent, and faced his former congregation.

"Witness, brethern, the hand of the Lord," he cried earnestly. "Let us remember that the text on which I preached last Tuesday afternoon was from Ephesians, second chapter, 'For by grace are ye saved.' Ah, brethern, what but the grace of the Lord intervened to save all of our lives."

And the scapegrace, squeezed on a narrow pine bench between his mother and his aunt, noting the white, inviting part between little Mamie Baker's braids, three rows ahead of him, felt mechanically in his pocket for his bean blower.

Hiding His Money.

[Indianapolis News:] Frank Finney, editor of the Martinsville Democrat, tells the following joke on himself: After having retired for the night he dreamed that a night prowler had visited his room and stolen his purse from his trousers pocket. He awoke and the dream seemed so real he thought it very careless of him to leave his money exposed. He arose from bed with the intention of placing his money under his pillow. He went back to bed and to sleep with his mind at peace with all the world. Next morning he arose and dressed and remembering his dream and subsequent actions, he gently raised the pillow to get his purse. He found instead a package of cigarettes and his money safe in his pocket.



*By Henry W. Kruckeberg.*

A NUMBER of inquiries have come to this department during the past few weeks asking for recipes and methods for preserving hen fruit, either for a future better market or for future use. On more than one occasion different methods of doing this have been mentioned in these columns, which only goes to show that readers should preserve their copies of the Illustrated Weekly for reference. As a general proposition, eggs should be sold when at their best, and that is while they are strictly fresh. The profits of preserved eggs are for those with facilities to handle them in quantities and at a minimum of cost. This the average individual breeder finds impracticable, hence the chances of profits are almost nil. The only time for producers to hold their products is when prices are going up—and even then it is not always best to hold them until beyond a time when they can really be called “fresh.” One who has a regular trade should give patrons their supplies irrespective of some transitory speculative price that might be secured; this from the individual point of view. Where the market is low, co-operative cold storage is feasible and often a good business proposition.

Eggs to be stored should be: First, from hens that have no males running with them, because an infertile egg keeps longer, even without the use of a preservative, than a fertile egg; second, perfectly fresh, for not only will they keep much better, but if an egg which has begun to decay is placed in the same vessel with fresh ones it is likely to affect all the surrounding eggs, and, third, perfectly clean, for filth of any kind adhering to the shell will taint the preserving medium and thus taint the other eggs. In placing eggs in the preservatives be careful not to crack the shells. Keep them in a moderately cool room where the temperature may be kept fairly constant. A dry, clean cellar is a suitable place.

**Limewater:** A good limewater preservative may be made as follows: Thirty gallons of water, ten pounds of salt, one-half bushel of finely slacked lime. After mixing thoroughly allow the solution to stand two or three days and then remove the clear liquid by dipping or by means of a siphon. Place the liquid in a tub or other suitable receptacle and place the eggs therein, or the eggs may be placed in the vessel first and the limewater poured over them. Have about two inches above the eggs. Limed eggs can be discerned by the roughness of the shell. Before boiling eggs which have been preserved in the foregoing ways, the shell should be punctured with a needle, otherwise it is apt to crack as soon as placed in hot water, owing to the pores being closed.

**Cold storage:** This is undoubtedly the best and most practical method for preserving eggs in large quantities in a com-



## An Experience With Spineless Cactus.

"For the past year I have been growing and feeding Luther Burbank's variety of spineless cactus, called 'Pyramid' and 'Competent,' two fast growers and heavy producers. I use one-third Colson's Egg Food and two-thirds cactus chopped fine with a sharp spade in a square box made of 2x8 plank. I feed this in the morning, say one gallon to twenty-four hens, in the evening I feed scratch food, and at noon what comes from the table during the day in the way of waste. My hens are contented. Apparently they do not eat as ravenously as they did before feeding this ration but act more like humans when fed a dinner that satisfies. They have fine red combs and we have not had a dumphy hen since feeding this ration. We get a fair number of eggs and of good flavor. I do not know whether to ascribe these results all to cactus feeding, but we never fed a ration that brought such good returns with so small an outlay. I have been among poultry raisers for the past month and find every one feeding different food, some having good results while others did not seem to be able to make their birds pay. Experience has taught me that over-feeding is quite as injurious as under-feeding, and that fowl will thrive and do well on a ration they relish. Lately I have been feeding a variety called Hemmett, which is more tender, and has more juice, hence absorbs more egg food with results about the same. I think from the way cactus grows (without much irrigation) and the wonderful yield in quantity, that it will become a fairly good green food for persons to grow on limited ground space. I should be pleased to learn of the experiences of others in the use of cactus as a green food for poultry."

Old English Pheasant Fowl.

Cock: Comb—rose, with plenty of work in it, flat and following the line of neck. Beak—horn color. Face and Wattles—red. Lobe—medium size, white and oval in shape. Eye—bright fiery red. Neck and saddle hackle—bay, slightly striped and ticked at end of each feather with black (sooty hackles a very great objection.) Legs—slate blue, short and set well apart. Body—rather long, deep and round. Shoulders—prominent. Tail—beetle green black, flowing and set well back (squirrel tail a very great objection.) Ground color of body—rich bay throughout. Breast—lace<sup>d</sup> with beetle green black. Back—evenly spangled with rich beetle green U shape spangling.

Alert and active carriage in both sexes. Average weight of cock, 6 to 7 lbs. Average weight of hen, 5 to 6 lbs.

Head .....	25
Color and Marking .....	25
Type .....	20
Plumage and Flow of Feathers ...	10
Size .....	10
Condition .....	10

**Want Our Eggs Labeled as "Imported."**

From a late consular report we learn that the high price of grain for chicken feed in New Zealand has so much affected the price of poultry and eggs that it is found profitable to import instead of export, as has been the custom. This has caused the New Zealand poultry raisers to protest, for they claim eggs are imported from America and other foreign countries and sold as fresh-laid eggs. They have asked the government to apply the food and drug law to compel importers to mark the origin of all eggs imported; also, that all chilled eggs offered for sale be branded as such. It is not possible to give the imports of poultry and eggs from the United States since they are not listed. All of which is interesting to California breeders from the fact that eggs are being transported to that far-away country from the Petaluma district. The force of this will be appreciated by reading "California Eggs" in place of "Chinese Eggs." It seems after all to be much of a question as to whose ox is being gored.

In the "Countries and Peoples" series of books now appearing, the one dealing with Scandinavia and the Scandinavians contains some interesting data on co-operative organization among the agricultural classes in Denmark. Co-operation and scientific farming have made a country one-tenth the size of California the largest exporter of butter among all nations. In 1911, 197,634,000 pounds of butter was exported from Denmark. The State conducts experiments in the Royal Agricultural Institute and according to the statistics of 1904 Denmark has more domestic animals a square kilometer than any other nation in the world. Some results of the careful scientific methods applied to agriculture are the cow-testing association, the bacon societies, the egg-export society and the cheese societies. The egg-exporting society, for example, is made up of a large number of local associations, each representing at least ten members who collect and forward eggs to a given point. The eggs are stamped with the producer's number and members are fined five kronen for a single bad egg. Thus in England, Danish eggs bring fancy prices. All of which contains a suggestion for our own co-operative poultry organization.

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Crystal White Orpingtons, selected Barred Rocks, White-faced Black Spanish (Rowan's sweeping prize winners.) Black Minorcas, (ribbon getters.) "Red" R. I. Reds, and the always on-deck Single-comb White Leghorns.

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requested Kdam is internationally noted  
for its cheese.  
By Sydney Wetzler.  
CHEESE FAMOUS.  
IN OLD EDAM.  
QUAINT VILLAGE THAT MADE THE

have failed because land owners, instead of  
endeavouring really to profit by them, have  
made the prices of their lands prohibitive.  
"Our fathers were enabled to reclaim the  
land from wilderness because it was free.  
We could do it again if the land were free,  
or even cheap; and back of the immigrant  
problem, and back of the problem of the  
unemployed, is the necessity for finding  
some means whereby we may compel land-  
owners either to utilize their holdings or to  
permit someone else to do so.  
The only means of which I have heard  
Make Dog in Manger Pay for Manger.

utilized in an endeavor to better old con-  
ditions. Teachers make the advantages of  
citizenship clear to those who should aspire  
to it, and go with them when they take  
out their papers.  
"The meaning of the ballot is taught care-  
fully, as are the principles of democratic  
government. Immigrants are instructed,  
too, in the rights of the citizenship to  
which they aspire, as to, for instance, the  
things which the various branches of Amer-  
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is of immediate foreign extraction.  
Our Domestic Immigration Problem.

# The War's Effect on American Immigration.

By Edward Marshall.

## Expert Opinion.

COMMISSIONER HOWE COMMENDS LOS ANGELES METHODS.

**T**HAT the European war will materially affect American citizenship may not seem a reasonable statement at first thought. But if America is the "melting pot" its success or failure as a great man-making machine must depend upon the kind of material which is thrust into it for melting, and this material will be influenced enormously by the great conflict.

That material is made principally of immigrants from Europe, seeking here opportunities to begin life anew, and, through their own exertions, under the exceptionally favorable conditions which we offer, to struggle to achieve, for their own benefit and that of those they love.

None of our imports has been more seriously affected by the war than those imports of humanity. Less than 10 per cent. as many newcomers have been recorded, in some months since the war began, as were recorded monthly, on the average, before it started.



Dr. Frederic C. Howe.

What, already, has been the effect of this? What would be the effect of its continuance through a considerable period?

In other words, how will the European war react upon our citizenship?

Will there be a rush of immigration after the war ends?

Will existing laws protect us from the multitude of lame and blind which the war is making every week?

Will the vast task of rebuilding Europe, which will confront her people after war's destruction ceases, so absorb their labor that abnormally high wages there will more than offset our normally high wages and result in a lack of labor here?

These are some of the queries which are now being made by interested, thoughtful people, and there are many others quite as vital which at once occur to the inquiring mind.

They have been puzzling me, so I sought out the one man in the United States best qualified to answer them, Dr. Frederic C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York, that gateway through which most of the nation's immigration has come in the past and must come in the future.



Immigrant Station, Ellis Island.

Dr. Howe believes that our existing laws will measurably protect us against any inrush of those pauperized and crippled by the war.

But, nevertheless, he believes that many new problems may arise which we may have to meet promptly and intelligently in order to preserve us from serious complications, growing out of the world-conflict, which is none of ours, and through which we ought not to suffer.

Among these, he thinks, may be a scarcity of labor.

He went into the matter very carefully with me.

### Immigration has Dropped 92 Per Cent.

"One year after the European war began," said he, "immigration to the port of New York, the main gateway of the nation, had fallen to 8000 a month. In previous years it often had averaged 100,000 a month. Frequently, as many people entered in two days as now enter in thirty days."

"In 1914, 1,008,750 immigrants came overseas to New York. The recent fiscal year, ending June 30, 1915, brought 243,370, and the number coming steadily diminishes."

"If the war long continues the centuries long drift of population from east to west may be reversed; America may become a nation from which people emigrate instead of that which draws the largest immigration."

"During the fiscal year, which ended on the last of June, at least as many left the country as came to it. This has left us only our birth-rate as a means of increasing our population. It proves the interdependence of the nations of the world and the insanity of war as clearly as anything could prove it, although other proofs are plentiful."

"It establishes again the fact that international peace means international prog-

ress and that any considerable war hurts, not alone its belligerents, but all the world.

### A New Race Forming Here.

"For good or evil, and almost certainly for good, a new race has been in process of creation here, and this war will very greatly influence it."

"Little for it is to be expected from Germany and France. It has been years since they have contributed much, and, if necessary to prevent an outward movement after this war ends, both nations doubtless will pass restrictive legislation."

"Undoubtedly there then will be a labor shortage in those countries if their governments reorganize their fiscal systems so as to enable their business men and farmers to meet the unusual needs inevitably the aftermath of war."

"Germany certainly will and France may do this. It remains to be seen if the other countries now engaged in the war will have enough social vision to enable them to rearrange affairs so that their business men and farmers can re-establish themselves at home and thus avoid temptation to come hither."

"Poland, Galicia, parts of Hungary and all of Belgium have been terribly swept by the devastation of the war. Dwelling and other buildings are destroyed, all animals necessary to farmers have been requisitioned by the armies. Three or four years must elapse before the livestock shortage can be remedied. In Central Europe, where there has been the greatest destruction of buildings and of animals, the recovery will be slowest and least intelligent."

### Future Emigration to this Country.

"In my opinion, emigration to this country will be determined by the steps taken by the European States toward the rehabilitation of the common people after the great wreck ceases to blaze."

"It will be a problem such as never has confronted any modern state. If the af-

ected governments neglect it, or, recognizing it, fail successfully to solve it, tens of millions will be left homeless, workless, helpless in that part of Europe which has contributed the bulk of our immigration during recent years.

### Twenty Million Lives in War's Waste.

"Probably 20,000,000 men have been taken from the farms, the mills, etc., and put into the trenches, where now they know a freedom such as they never before knew. This gives rise to various grave questions."

"After the war ends will they placidly go home, contentedly taking up their old humdrum of life?"

"Or will they be venturesome, restless and hungry for more freedom to an extent which will keep European industry in a state of ferment and inefficiency?"

"These two factors largely will determine the quantity and quality of male immigration to the United States."

"I believe there will be a large male influx from the Balkans, Italy, Russia, Poland and Austria, and, possibly, some access of immigration from Germany and

Belgium, whence some may flee to escape heavy after-the-war taxation.

### This Country Will Pay Passage Hither.

"How will they get the money to come, if Europe is so nearly impoverished, you ask? They will get it from the same source whence it has gone to them in the past. They will get it from America."

"If we could compile figures showing how many passages from Europe to this country America has paid for in days gone by we would be generally amazed."

"Probably 80 per cent. of those who have come to us have been 'assisted.' Not by foreign governments or by the steamship companies, in contravention of our laws, but by friends and relatives who already have arrived here, and, prospering, have sent back part of their American earnings, often, doubtless, securing jobs for the prospective immigrants before they start from the old country."

"There are 13,000,000 of foreign born in the United States, almost every one of whom has one or more relatives or friends abroad."

"These people probably form the most powerful of all the suction forces which are bringing immigrants from the old world to the new."

"That is one possibility. The other is that the labor vacuum in Europe automatically will tend to keep everyone at home to rebuild the devastated places."

### Emigration Will Be Opposed Abroad.

"Surely wages will be higher there, almost certainly agricultural rents will be reduced."

"And efforts will be made by employers to improve conditions of work, as efforts will be made by landlords to improve living quarters."

"I think there can be little doubt that this labor vacuum will result in a very rapid European wage increase, for higher pay always follows labor shortage."

"In fact, wages may go up by leaps and

bounds, for no matter what the country may be, or what repressive legislation may be enacted against it, wages always advance when labor is not plentiful and work must be done. Hours of labor will be shortened and sanitation will be bettered."

"If a period of prosperity in the United States should be coincident with the period of rebuilding in Europe, there will be a world-wide advance in wages, that not only very generally will improve the standard of living among industrial workers but, as well, largely will increase their political power. Indeed I fully expect this to occur."

"The effect may be very vivid in this country. Even though immigration be not further restricted by law, our own shortage of labor may continue over a considerable period of years."

### America and the War's End.

"After the war ends world conditions inevitably must be abnormal, and there must be a terrific drag upon our sympathies, intensified by the presence here of 34,000,000 foreign-born or descendants of foreign-born."

"The wastage of war, the plague-like devastation of shrapnel and poisonous gases, a terrific increase of insanity and disease will distress our sister nations on the far side of the sea."

"Their city streets already are filled with war-made cripples—human wreckage output from the hospitals, into which every available building has been converted."

"The casualties to date exceed 5,000,000, and this figure does not include victims of disease now suffering, or the vast number in whom disease or weakness will develop later as the direct result of war."

"It does not include the disease and weakening at home, due to underfeeding of and overwork by women and imperfect nourishment of children. It does not include the puzzling problem of the 'war babies.'"

"Europe will have a surplusage of from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 women after the war ends, and this will upset society in ways that at present cannot be conjectured; it will upset it morally, industrially and socially. In fact it has done this already."

### Human Wreckage will Threaten Us.

"From such conditions there must come a threat against us here. The human wreckage of the war will not be wanted in Europe and not all of it will be shut out by our laws, for not all of it will be apparent."

"War does not improve men's morals or increase their industry. Its effects on women, too, may be demoralizing, although they do not participate in the psychologically disorganizing influences of field-life and license. Moral deterioration, as the result of this war, is inevitable."

"The high wages which will follow war will not be available for the physical wrecks which war will leave behind it, and of those who will be permanently unfitted for work or whose capacity for work will have been notably decreased, there will be millions."

"They will form a permanent waste to exchequers already crushed by war's burdens."

"The sympathies of friends and relatives in this country will bring hither some part of the wreckage."

"So it is difficult to find cheer in the outlook."

"But the stoppage of immigration which already has occurred and other results which may follow the war will give us an opportunity and the incentive to consider the immigrant already in our midst more carefully than heretofore we have considered him."

### Here is Cheerful Work for Us to Do.

"Strangely enough not the nation, States nor cities have given serious thought to the subject, although one person out of every eight in the United States is foreign born, and one person out of every three is either foreign born or the offspring of the foreign-born."

"We have 13,000,000 of the foreign-born, and 18,000,000 more of our people are immediate descendants of the foreign-born. A large proportion of the foreign-born come from Southern Europe, where ideals and







Saturday, September 23, 1916.

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conceptions are different from and standards of education are lower than those of Northern Europe.

"So our immigrant problem, really, is that of lifting this alien mass to the American standard of living and to American ideals of democracy and life. If we fail to face this problem our civilization will be affected for the worse by the neglect.

"The whole labor problem is the immigration problem in this sense; that the great bulk of America's working population is of immediate foreign extraction.

## Our Domestic Immigration Problem.

"The domestic immigration problem is one of the greatest of our national life, especially of our industrial life, and one of the most neglected; yet it is a problem relatively easy to handle, for the immigrant is eager to embrace our national life, eager to become Americanized.

"If anyone doubts this, let him follow a shipload of immigrants to their destination in New York. He will find that every foreign costume will disappear within twenty-four hours. If human nature's general adaptability is so great, and if the desire of immigrants really to become Americans is so keen, we certainly should do all we can to help them toward that realization.

"The hyphenated American has no place in our country. There should be here no divided allegiance, no hint of lack of sympathy with American institutions in anyone who profits by them. But the ideal conditions can be brought about only through assimilation, not through force, and the more we hasten assimilation the less we shall have of the difficulty.

"The most important and effective means for its encouragement is education. We should and now do educate the children of the immigrant, but we should educate the parents as well, not only in English language, but in civics and the theory of free institutions. This problem soon must have careful attention, especially in our cities.

## Los Angeles, Cleveland and New York

"Three American cities—Los Angeles, Cleveland and New York—already have undertaken it in big, constructive ways. This month over sixty schools are being opened in New York for the training of adult aliens in the elementary branches as well as in the knowledge of our laws and political institutions.

"Notices of this opportunity, printed in eight different languages, are given to each incoming immigrant, and these emphasize the advantages of night school education, and speak of education as a preliminary to citizenship, meaning better jobs, better opportunities for the alien and for the alien's children. Such work means a better nation for all of us.

"Throughout the city in the social centers, indeed wherever the immigrant congregates, may be found attractive posters printed in many languages which urge school attendance of adults. Teachers are especially selected, and the instruction which they offer is made as objective as possible.

"In Cleveland and Los Angeles generally similar methods are followed. The foreigners under instruction are taken to the courts, to the libraries, to the city hall and elsewhere and are familiarized with political and police processes, in the meantime being urged to give their children full advantage of the city's educational facilities.

"So there is reason to believe that as a nation we are upon the point of taking the next step, that is, the formulation of a domestic immigration policy which really will make citizens. Let us really do that and we shall avoid some unpleasant consequences of the European war which otherwise seriously will threaten us.

## Seven Million Unamalgamated Males Here.

"It is estimated that 7,000,000 unamalgamated male immigrants are in the United States, that is, foreign-born males who take no part in our political life. No effort has been made in the past to identify them with it.

"Those who have taken out naturalization papers have done so quite as likely from the urgings of a boss as because of their own ambitions.

"Men have made a business of preying on immigrants, demanding money for aiding them in taking out their first and second naturalization papers, and infesting naturalization offices to get first hold on them as soon as they have become citizens.

"In the three cities which I have mentioned, however, the schools, the most natural of all agencies through which to identify the newcomer with our national life, are

utilized in an endeavor to better old conditions. Teachers make the advantages of citizenship clear to those who should aspire to it, and go with them when they take out their papers.

"The meaning of the ballot is taught carefully, as are the principles of democratic government. Immigrants are instructed, too, in the rights of the citizenship to which they aspire, as to, for instance, the things which the various branches of American government should do for them, and where to go and whom to see in order to secure this aid.

"Naturalization clerks in these cities have been induced to open their offices of evenings, so that aliens and their friends need not sacrifice working time in order to do business with them.

"In Los Angeles and Cleveland certificates are issued like those given to a graduate from college, and these are demanded by the judges before the alien is admitted into citizenship. Thus the court is relieved of a burden which should not be imposed upon it and there is established a new standard of democracy, robbing the boss and grafter of their chief hold upon the alien.

"The final step in this new process of alien assimilation is the 'citizenship reception.'

## Citizenship Receptions.

"In many cities this year the admission of aliens to citizenship was an impressive part of a 'sane Fourth' celebration.

Receptions have been held in honor of those naturalized during the preceding year in more than 200 cities as a result of the suggestions which I sent out in May, such gatherings being made interesting and attractive by addresses, instrumental music and the singing of patriotic airs, the administration of the oath of allegiance to new citizens being the final act of an impressive programme. In some cities 'new citizenship' buttons have been distributed, and now these are worn proudly by those upon whom they have been bestowed.

"In Cleveland and Los Angeles new citizenship receptions are held from time to time throughout the year. They are gala evenings, in which the new citizens and their families and friends come under the influence of music and are addressed with the idea of giving them a new conception of America.

"Cleveland was the pioneer in this field, organizing a city immigrant bureau and making it as much a part of the city government as the street cleaning department.

"Trains taking immigrants to Cleveland are met at the station, and the newcomers are escorted to their homes. Women immigrants are protected against 'white slavers' and all are welcomed heartily and assisted in a general way. None can be made victims of extortionate cab-drivers, baggage or hotel men.

## Gets Employment, Too.

"The bureau, run in connection with the City Employment Office, is itself also an employment agency. It is supplied with interpreters, its bureau of complaint investigates and prosecutes cases of extortion by steamship agents, lodging-house keepers or others; domestic troubles are settled by it out of court; it furnishes relief and medical aid when needed, and directs the immigrant to the proper authorities if necessity arises which the bureau itself cannot attend to.

"Any city can do these things at very slight expense. Intelligent policemen can be stationed at depots, complaint offices can be opened, and, through newspaper publication, an immense service can be performed.

"There is another device which may help us, who believe in and strive and argue for international peace, refusing to be drawn into the great war, in our efforts to avoid its ill-effects. But it is the toughest job of all. I refer to a systematized distribution of new-coming aliens to the land. An effective plan for this may complete the solution of our problem.

## Support Ten Times Present Population.

"The resources of America scarcely have been touched. We live here but thirty to the square mile, while in many European countries the population runs from 300 to 400 to the square mile. Texas is larger than Germany and Switzerland combined and their population is more than 70,000,000.

"Yet these countries are prosperous. They support upon their comparatively small areas their immense populations. We could care for ten times as many people as we have if we could put the people on the land.

"But here the land speculator is our stumbling block. Colonizing experiments

have failed because land owners, instead of endeavoring really to profit by them, have made the prices of their lands prohibitive.

"Our fathers were enabled to reclaim the land from wilderness because it was free. We could do it again if the land were free, or even cheap; and back of the immigrant problem, and back of the problem of the unemployed, is the necessity for finding some means whereby we may compel land-owners either to utilize their holdings or to permit someone else to do so.

## Make Dog in Manger Pay for Manger.

"The only means of which I have heard by which this may be done is the plan proposed in England by Lloyd George of 'making the dog in the manger pay for his manger;' in other words, the taxation of land at so heavy a rate that it precludes the possibility of holding it idle, and forces the owner either to use it or sell it.

"If he uses it he must pay wages; if he sells it that means another home, perhaps many homes. And the home-owner is the bulwark of free government.

"Western Canada has adopted the policy of exempting all houses and other improvements, all cattle and all agricultural implements from taxation, placing all the taxes on the land, and putting a heavier burden upon unproductive than upon productive land.

"This has been done to prevent land speculation, and it works. It has lured into Canada hundreds of thousands of American farmers and tenants.

"Australia has done the same thing, while autocratic Germany taxes unimproved land higher than it taxes improved land in an effort to encourage the worker to own his own home.

## We Need Not Fear Immigration.

"We need not fear immigration for many years to come if we open the land to use rather than to speculative exploitation. We can then absorb millions in our farming sections, even though our cities may approach the point of saturation.

"It is absolutely essential, however, that our land policy should be one making land monopoly impossible.

"A very serious obstacle to any 'back to the land' movement in the United States is the need of agricultural credits and cheap transportation.

"Europe has developed land banks, at which farmers may secure long term loans at 4 per cent. Borrowers are protected from foreclosure by this system and are given opportunity to pay for land in annual installments.

"The link between the 'back to the land' movement and the labor distribution movement is very close and very apparent.

"Our Federal department has worked out a plan of labor distribution agencies.

"Secretary of Labor Wilson's system for putting the jobless man and the manless job together is being carefully developed. It involves the establishment of clearing houses for labor not unlike our clearing houses for banks and all over the country bureaus are being started.

"To them are sent reports of employers needing help and of the workers seeking employment. Information concerning the needs of sections is distributed throughout the country in the form of bulletins.

"This summer thousands of men found employment through this system in the wheat fields of the Middle West.

"So, as time passes and the system perfects itself, much of the present waste from unemployment will be eliminated. The labor surplus from the cities will be attracted to the points of labor shortage, and the dangers of labor congestion in our seaboard cities will be radically reduced. With every forward step of this sort we shall decrease our danger of being involved in this great war, or any war."

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## Origin of Grain as Measure.

[Chicago Blade:] The grain, as a measure of weight, has its name from being originally the weight of a grain of wheat. A statute passed in England in 1266 ordained that thirty-two grains of wheat, taken from the middle of the ear and well dried, should make a pennyweight, twelve of which should make an ounce, while twelve ounces were to make a pound.

The pound, therefore, consisted of 7680 grains. But several centuries later the pennyweight was divided into twenty-four grains, which make the troy pound 5760 grains. The pennyweight was the exact weight of a silver penny. The standard grain was prescribed by Act of Parliament in the reign of George IV.

## In Old Edam.

QUAINT VILLAGE THAT MADE THE CHEESE FAMOUS.

By Sydney Wetzler.

Amsterdam boasts of its world commerce, The Hague is renowned for its international arbitration conferences, Haarlem exults in its variegated tulips, Delft is famed for its porcelain, but secluded and sequestered Edam is internationally noted for its cheese.

Situated unfortunately off the beaten track, it is seldom visited by tourists and only occasionally by experienced travelers. It lies about twenty-five miles from Amsterdam, but on account of an inferior railway system, it requires over a two-hours' journey to reach it.

Picturesque Edam is beyond doubt more mediaeval and antique than any other village in Europe. In spite of the trend of modern times, the inhabitants still retain their old customs and quaint costumes. Here only can the tourist find genuine Dutch costumes as he has hitherto only seen in prints and magazines.

Serviceable American shoes have supplanted the former quaint wooden shoes and now only the children retain them.

During my last visit to Edam I concluded that they were not only economical but practical, when I saw a small, round-faced urchin actually remove one of his huge shoes and place it beneath the bubbling drinking fountain. To my horror, when it was filled up to the brim, he imbued the contents, replaced the shoe on his foot and hastily scampered away.

In spite of the fact that the inhabitants are undoubtedly sociable, they shun the intrusion of strangers. To insure absolute privacy, they attach small mirrors to their window panes, by means of which they are able to observe all passers-by.

The entire town, or village as it is locally termed, thrives on its increasing cheese industry. It first began to rise into prominence during the sixteenth century. At that time Hugo the Great offered a position in his royal household to the farmer whose cheese received the most merit.

The story goes that Ulrik, a native of Edam, entered the competition and came out victorious. When he declined the prize, the great monarch graciously consented that the royal dairy should be located at Edam.

Then the fame of Edam cheese began to spread. In the seventeenth century the Genoese merchants imported it extensively to Italy and also France.

Several months elapse during the process of preparation before the cheese is completely prepared for the market. After being molded into spherical shapes they are heaped in small, flat boats which float down the canal to Amsterdam. To insure cleanliness, they are painted that bright crimson color which makes them so conspicuous in delicatessen shops.

It is said that sufficient cheese is produced in this little locality to sustain the entire seven million inhabitants of picturesque and peaceful Holland for an indefinite period.

## Italy's New Aqueduct.

[New York World:] The Italian government has just finished one of the most important engineering works of modern days, in the construction of an immense aqueduct which carries the water of the Sele River—normally flowing west from the Apennines to the Tyrrhene Sea—to the city of Bari, on the Adriatic.

The eastern part of Southern Italy sadly lacked water, while the western part had far more than it needed. The River Sele was selected as that which could best be spared. It rises 124 miles from Bari, and the whole range of the lofty Apennines are in between. It was necessary to bore sixty miles of tunnel, mostly through granite, to build between four and five miles of aqueducts, and to install between forty-seven and forty-eight miles of metallic double siphons. The main aqueduct is 132 miles long, and from it branch off 1000 miles of canals that distribute to the villages of Apulia the 120,000,000 gallons of water that are deflected every day from the western to the eastern shores of the country.

More than 150 reservoirs, most of them carved out of solid rock, store up more than 5,000,000 cubic feet of water at intervals along the aqueduct to provide against accidents that may make repairs necessary, and seventeen towns, situated at points higher than the aqueduct, receive the water by means of elevators.



THE WHISTLING POOR... A WET NIGHT... Careful, lady, don't get on your feet as they crawled out. Now notice "thrillers" were frankly dark. Even if the "thriller" held up, the wet, slippery tracks would just then a by, balancing on the edge of

# The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Urner.

## Furnishing Inspiration for the Family.

By Gladys Green.

### A NECESSARY ADJUNCT.

THE HICKSES were what is known as a literary family. Mrs. Hicks, nee Morley, (you have probably heard of her under her maiden name,) wrote poetry. The subjects ranged anywhere from the fall of man to the high cost of living, and as for the quality, well, some of it was good and some of it was not. Miss Morley, Mrs. Hicks's sister, was the beloved author of the "Dorothy Darling" series, which your little girl friend is doubtless poring over at this moment. Mr. Hicks, by preference an essayist, occasionally descended to lower levels, in concession to the demands of the domestic coffers, and wrote articles, pot-boilers he called them, for Meekin's Magazine and the Journal of International Interests. Cynthia, incidentally a novel suspect, produced numbers of short stories. "Sisters of Satan" and "Under the Bridge" will serve to place her in your mind.

Lilith is the only member of the family who remains unaccounted for. Poor Lilith! The vein of Hicks's genius had been exhausted when she received her birthright, and her claims to distinction lay not in intellect. The wildest stretch of imagination will not permit me to say more than that she tried to write. She felt quite convinced that the divine fire smoldered somewhere in her frame, needing only a sudden draught or a bit of kindling to transform it into a blaze, and her persistent efforts were at first amusing and then pathetic to behold.

"The rest can all do it," she used to say, with dawning anxiety in her eyes, "so, of course, it must be in me, too. I suppose I will 'flower late,' as mother said of somebody or other who wrote what-you-call-it."

The others paid scant attention to this humble striving. Their nostrils were so full of their own literary atmosphere that the stray delicate perfume went unheeded, and so she continued working over her little verses and her flimsy stories, unaided and unchecked, one of those pitiable creatures who plot out their future achievements by the measure of someone else's abilities.

One morning I found Lilith tending a small bonfire in the back yard.

"Burning rubbish?" I inquired casually, as she offered no explanation.

"Yes, rubbish," she replied, turning a tragic face upon me.

"It's not," I said, "or you wouldn't be crying over it. Speak up now; out with it like a little man."

"Yes, it's rubbish," she returned. "I sent a lot of it away to be criticised, and that's exactly what they called it. I'm not going to write any more."

She sounded so quietly desperate that I shoved the garden rake out of her hand, kicked some dirt over the fire, and took her in the barn where we sat down on a bale of hay.

"Now see here, my dear child," I began, "why care about writing? Some, you know, can't help it. They're born that way, poor unfortunates, but you and I, let's hope, can do something better. Just because your mother and your father and your sister and your aunt write is no reason why you should be pinned down to the same trade. Come now, buck up! It's much more beautiful to live a poem than to write one, and nobler, by far, to do a brave deed than to make it the subject of a story."

But Lilith's eyes were fixed hopelessly on space, and she passed one hand back and forth over the bale until a sharp bit of wire tore her finger.

"You know Jefferson Lowe?" she asked, sucking the wound. "I showed him a verse of mine—the best I've done—and he was lovely, but I knew from the way he tried to break the news gently that the thing didn't even show promise. He's the best judge around here, of course. I suppose he despises me now."

"Plague take Jefferson Lowe!" I muttered.

"Well," Lilith continued suddenly, "let's not talk about me any more. After all, I don't count much. I'm filling a minor role."

"Well, in that case, besides being a

necessary adjunct, you may give the cue to the star part."

"Speaking of star parts, mother's beginning a drama in blank verse, and doesn't know what to call it. Which do you think is better, 'The Passing of Pyrrha' or 'On the Threshold of the Everlasting?'"

Whether the rest of the Hickses realizes that a conflict, small but bloody, had been raging in their midst, I do not know. At any rate they made no attempts at first aid to the injured, nor did they bury the dead. Lilith fought her own battle and performed the subsequent duties. She took up tatting and rose culture to fill the gap in her life, but she was soberer that spring than I had ever seen her before.

The next thing I knew she had a fresh problem on her hands. When I went to get her for a walk one May day she was sitting on the kitchen table in a pensive attitude.

"Cook's left," she explained briefly; dismissed for lack of funds."

"May I ask who is to run the house?"

"Yours truly, of course. They all objected, but mother's working on a series of sonnets, so she's out of the question. Auntie and Cynthia are both so busy it would be a shame to stop them, and I'm the only one left. Daddy's starting a war write-up, but he's going to be furnace-tender and general handy man, bless him. You see, dear, they all have to work when the spirit moves them, but I, being of the rank and file of the untalented, can fit into a routine, which is fortunate. I don't know very much about cooking, but I can learn, and you'll help me, won't you? The necessary adjunct is going to make herself really necessary now."

I buttoned Lilith into an apron, turned up my skirt and helped clean the kitchen. The accumulated dirt behind the stove and under the refrigerator was nothing short of appalling.

"That wretched girl!" exclaimed the adjunct, with astonishment in her eyes. "I never supposed she was letting things go like this; and we paid her \$40 a month, too! I'm almost glad she's gone, though she did feed us well, and I'm afraid Dorothy Darling and Katrina Thorwaldsen, (that's Cynthia's latest,) won't thrive on my culinary efforts."

"They'd better be thankful they've got anybody to make an effort," I responded rather warmly.

Just then Mr. Hicks put his head in at the door and smiled wanly at us. He had a pencil behind his ear and a typewriter eraser hung round his neck by a string.

"Don't work too hard, girls," he said mildly, "and if you want any help, call on me. Lily, do you know where the French-English dictionary is? I had it in my study yesterday, but it's gone now."

"It's in the dining-room, daddy," replied Lilith, "on the small table in the corner."

"He left it there himself," she confided to me later, "but it always troubles him to be accused of absent-mindedness. I wish he wouldn't wear his eraser that way. I always have a haunting fear of his strangling himself on it, just as I feel when the kitten has a ribbon around its neck. Now, will you start me on the gingerbread for lunch? And then you must go, or you'll get all tired out. I'm a selfish beast to keep you in on such a glorious day, but I did need moral support, as well as direction."

Lilith and I had a good many seances in the kitchen thereafter. She worked so hard that she began to grow a little thin, but her new duties kept her mind off her disappointment and she seemed much happier. Once or twice I found her in tears over some housekeeping grief or other, and on one of these occasions she said, harking back to old ambitions:

"I composed a poem once on making bread. It's so much easier to write about it than to do it. I think it's cruel that I shouldn't be an author instead of nothing but an old adjunct! I don't believe I'll ever give the star part a cue as long as I live."

"Don't make the mistake of thinking that the Hickses were not grateful for Lilith's labors. They appreciated the purely physical strain of the work, and insisted in

sending her off in June for a week's vacation, from which she gladly returned, remarking that when away from home she was not even useful enough to be necessary. What they did not understand was the child's mental affliction, and this was something she could not touch upon to any of the family.

Mrs. Hicks used to be seized with a desire to help about the house every other week or so, and would turn in between sonnets and bake a pan of biscuits or put up a dozen cans of fruit, but these efforts were so spasmodic as to be rather disconcerting than otherwise. Miss Morley continued to put Dorothy through her paces, and Cynthia, struggling with a refractory novel, came to us only for advice.

"You've got good taste, Lily," she would say, appearing in the kitchen, notebook in hand; "what kind of a dress ought to go on a girl with amber eyes and tawny hair? And what's the plural for 'crux' or isn't there any?"

Mr. Hicks was the most faithful one in the family. Many a time he washed up the dinner dishes, when Lilith was exhausted with cleaning-day agonies, or beat eggs for an impromptu cake in event of unexpected company. We were doubtful, however, how far it was safe to avail ourselves of his help, after he used boiling water to wash the lettuce, and put laundry starch in the cornbread instead of soda.

The Hicks genius burned brightly under the watchful tending of Lilith, and the magazine and book stores quite sparkled with its light. I observed a subtle change in the precious flame, and watched it develop a character which I considered finer and more glowing than any it had borne before. Mr. Hicks left the physical geography of Southern Africa to writers who had actually seen it in its native state, and turned his attention to a set of articles on economy in the home. His wife abandoned her unfinished sonnets to the mercies of fate, and wrote some very pretty rondeaux and trios on the domestic accomplishments of Chloe. They found space almost immediately in the Woman's Sphere, and their proceeds brought a new vacuum cleaner into the home of the author. Cynthia's heroines shed their mournful sentimentality and tragic bearing for a sweeter and more wholesome grace, and Dorothy Darling evinced sudden and overwhelming interest in household science, signal, no doubt, for the same phenomenon on the part of thousands of little girls all over the country.

When the cause for the literary revolution dawned upon me, I clamped on a hat and betook myself to Lilith, who was hemming dish towels on her front porch. I found the famous Jefferson Lowe sprawled on the settee, reading proof for Miss Morley.

"Have some lemonade," invited Lilith, "if Jeff hasn't drunk it all up."

"Makes infernally good drinks," murmured Mr. Lowe apologetically, caressing a glass with one hand that was so loved and feared as a pen-wielder.

As soon as the lion had made his departure, I threw Lilith's towel into the hammock and turned her face up to meet my look.

"My love," I said, "you have given the cue to the star part at last."

"What on earth do you mean?"

I pulled out a couple of magazines containing recent Hicks productions.

"Read those and confess that an adjunct may also be an inspiration."

"I've already read them," she said in a puzzled tone. "They're good, aren't they?"

"Read them again, and don't be too modest."

She did so, with lips parted and puckered brow, but still no sign of comprehension.

"You silly goose," I remarked at last, "don't you see it's you who furnished the vital spark for those things?"

Lilith looked at me, flushing slowly with happiness.

"I see what you mean," she said. "How much better to have suggested things as fine as those than to have wasted time and energy writing nonsense of my own. To think that my work-a-day life should have inspired a poem and a story without my even guessing it."

A few days later I met Lilith downtown, and she insisted, in a mysterious manner, on taking me home to lunch.

"I'm so extremely happy," she said as soon as we were safe in the kitchen, "that I could kiss the face off a grandfather clock."

"I'll do to begin on, I guess. Leave the lunch—we can get it in half an hour—and tell me at once."

"Well, in the first place, what do you suppose? Daddy has finished a beautiful essay on 'Happiness in Work,' mother says it's the best thing he's ever done, and he told me that he never could have written it if it hadn't been for seeing me mess around. The strange part of it is that I wasn't happy, but he thought I was, and this is the result. Isn't it lovely? It's just as you said, but if you help any one it's ever so much nicer to have them recognize it themselves, you know."

"The obvious remark for me to make is 'I told you so.'"

"Yes, and that's only half the tale, and really the least important half, though it alone would have made me very happy. I don't know just how to tell you the rest; you'll think it impossible, I suspect. You see, I have proved a necessary adjunct to a certain person who you'd think would have picked out a very different creature from me."

She made me guess a few minutes, cooking her head on one side, and looking at me with bright eyes and very pink cheeks.

"I guess 'I have to tell you," she said finally, and whispered it close to my ear, looking as surprised as if she had not known it before herself.

"Jefferson Lowe."

### De Luxe Bookmaking.

[Boston Transcript:] At a cost of \$50,000 the wondrous Chinese porcelains assembled by the late J. Pierpont Morgan were kept together for all time—in print. As the Metropolitan Museum Bulletin sets forth the story of its making, the production of this catalogue was adventurous romance. Three months were used to demonstrate with a single vase whether such master printing could be done in America. That passing criticism, Robert Grier Cooke was engaged to go ahead with color reproductions of the whole collection. He found a Frenchman who had a secret way of treating ink for durability and brilliance and hired him and twelve assistants for two years. Then the porcelains, including the \$100,000 Hawthorne, one at a time, guarded, were sent to the photographer, and thence to the color printer, to be returned before nightfall, under escort, to the museum. After many months it was found that the high lights were not showing in the plates. Mr. Morgan was despairing of American skill. The color printer suggested a varnish in the ink, but the right one was not discovered for many weeks. Meantime Mr. Laffan was preparing the "notes" and George Bentham was doing the listing of the 1100 pieces. Ten binders were contracted with, one of them from Boston; crushed levant for covers was being selected in Paris; special paper, made in France, had arrived. Lithographic stones were destroyed as soon as used, and Mr. Cooke took a holiday—only to be phoned by long distance that "three-quarters of the finished plates had been ruined in the drying-room!" Happily, the printer had been over-conscientious. Some plates had merely blown together in the wind, but without damage. At the end of two years' work by numerous hands copies of the catalogue were ready to be shown, and it took rank among the great, along with the Walters's \$250,000 catalogue. The lesson Mr. Cooke indicates is that American craftsmen can do about anything when they know they will be repaid with appreciative taste for their pains.

### A Serious Problem.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] The famous detective gasped as he arrived at the scene of the crime.

"Heavens," said he, as he looked at the window through which the thief had escaped, "this is more serious than I expected. It's broken on both sides."



of his stand for supremacy, the companies producing the sulphur are able, through nature's works, to guarantee a purity of 99 1/2 per cent.

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HEN one goes to a soda fountain and calls for an effervescent drink one would not think that the most

# Uncle Sam Developing the Sulphur Industry.

By Alfred C. Pickells.

[Saturday, September 25, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Saturday, September 25, 1915.]

## Recent Cartoons.



- Indianapolis News

ROBBING THE BABY'S BANK, NOW!



- St. Joseph News Press



- Philadelphia Ledger



- St. Joseph News Press

THAT BOY!



St. Louis Globe-Democrat



- Baltimore Star



- New York Sun



- Cleveland Plain Dealer



ANTONIO and Luz were lovers. Antonio was 10 years old and Luz 7. Their courtship commenced when Antonio discarded his girl's and Luz's dresses with which the plump had the harness with which the plump had placed his hand in a pocket of his new pair of trousers and found a forbidden thing. He would and Luz and score her by pre-granted it; only the women said that Luz had nothing but her small face and its perpetual smile; but that she was lazy and indolent. You heard. This from her Antonio, who had gotten to his feet and stood staring moodily straight ahead of him. He turned to her. "Adios," he said. "Tomorrow I go." For answer Luz held out her hand to him and he found himself—only courtesy demanded it, he told himself—gliding down the salon toward where his mother and hers sat watching them with smiling eyes. Antonio made a heroic effort at avoiding Luz's shining eyes that looked with insistent gaze directly into his. As they drew near Dona Paula and Dona Gertrudis, Luz's footsteps slackened and she drew the unwilling Antonio up before them. "Tell them," she commanded him, "that thou hast arranged that the wedding take place on my birthday."

# On the Twenty-first Birthday

By Maria P. de Calzadilla

obtuseness in discussing the American man and his most unwelcome ways where Latin women were concerned; but the only thing Antonio knew how or what to do was to fly into an uncontrollable rage; only to be told by Luz that the American men "never angry, always good."

Luz's twenty-first birthday was approaching. Antonio reminded her of it. "Si," Luz answered, "I think I vote some time, soon as I can."

"I think I go to Mexico and join Pueblo's army," returned Antonio in the same vernacular.

It was again Saturday evening at the Anahua Club in the City of the Angels.

Against the music of stringed instruments, again the dancers, Luz danced only with Antonio or the two sat out the dances, engrossed in a conversation that made them oblivious to all others. Antonio's family had arrived. Dona Paula sat at Dona Gertrudis's right side.

"The wedding," urged Antonio; "thou knowest I followed thee for that."

"Yes, but," answered Luz, "these Americans." Then in English, "I talk so much study them—while you and I wait."

An explosive exclamation from Antonio interrupted Luz, who opened her half-closed eyes widely at the unusual word her ears tried to make her believe she had heard.

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"Luz de mi alma," whispered Antonio as happiness lent wings to his feet, "how thou hast made me suffer. This country is all right. But this studying of strange customs and foreign men does not become the tender and clinging woman of our race whom God made to be subject to the stronger sex."

Antonio voiced a sentiment that Luz had been taught all her life. Secretly she knew it was her sentiment also. Just the same, the rebellious spirit recently awakened in her flamed up once more. "Si," she answered, "I only study them—while I wait."

## Is Your Name Among Them? By Francis M. Fultz

**NICKNAMES.**

NOTHING stirs up more prolific memories of youthful days than nicknames. An incident may recall a similar one of early years which closely touched upon us, and that recollection may bring back another and another, but the gallery of memory into which we are led is apt to be more restricted, and to have its wall less profusely hung with pictures than that through which we wander when a familiar nickname strikes our ears. Poor indeed is that childhood memory which is not profusely illustrated with pictures that cluster about the names of playmates; and thrice poverty-stricken it is when barren of those not given at the baptismal font.

There was "Shorty" Sprague. Anybody would have known his name was Shorty. Of course, he had another name—Abraham Lincoln Sprague. But that didn't count with us boys; as part of us he was just "Shorty"—most of the time nothing but Shorty, and only occasionally Shorty Sprague. Every time I saw his parents—after I grew old enough to ponder over the matter—I thought how utterly devoid they were of judgment concerning the fitness of names. For his father was four feet ten, and his mother two inches shorter. Yet they named their son Abraham Lincoln. When he grew to manhood his lateral arrangement was liberal enough to have matched a Hendrik Hudson, but his upright extension was not that of a Lincoln—not by a foot and a half.

Shorty Sprague bore his affliction of stature with great good nature. In fact, he was one of the jolliest fellows I ever knew. This was most fortunate, for he had abundant occasion to become ruffled and uncomfortable. Let me relate an instance:

One day Shorty went to the city to see the circus and got into a terrible jam on the street. As he was trying to push his way through, and occasionally getting a glimpse of the sky as the heads above him bobbed this way and that, he heard some one say:

"Hello, Shorty!"

"Well?" he answered.

He stopped pushing and looked around to see who called. At the same time five other "Shorties" within hearing distance did likewise. About three minutes later the same thing happened again, and again and again. After it had occurred ten or a dozen times, he said to himself:

"I'll be blowed if I pay any more attention to that blank name."

I use "blowed" and "blank" for I don't remember the exact adjectives he happened to use. But Shorty could do justice to the occasion, for he had a choice collection of descriptive words of the emphatic order.

Shorty kept his resolve for fully ten minutes, and paid no attention to:

"Hello, Shorty; is that you?"

"Shorty, ain't you lost?"

"I say Shorty, old boy, how's the weather down there?" and other similar classical expressions.

He got along all right until a big fellow, fully six feet two, coming up behind him, brought his ponderous hand down on his shoulder, along with a hearty salutation: "Hello, Shorty!" whispered like the roar of a thunder-clap. Shorty turned as quietly as he could, and pleasantly remarked:

"Oh, I guess you're mistaken."

"No, I'm not," said the big one. "I never yet saw a fellow who was built like a cheese-box that wasn't called Shorty."

Shorty was a great friend of mine. He thought so much of me, indeed, that he insisted on giving my name to his first-born. I had a narrow escape, and then only at the cost of losing his friendship. He came to me one day beaming and smiling all over.

"We've got a baby down at our house," he said. "Finest fellow you ever saw. It's a boy and we're going to name him after you."

He bubbled over with such enthusiasm that I could scarcely summon courage enough to defend myself. I did not care for the silver cups and spoons I knew I should have to buy. I had no thought of that future time when the boy would be old enough to be taken to the circus, or when he would come around on the Fourth of July and naively remark that fire-crackers were only five cents a bunch. No, I had no thought of any of these things. But that my name should be worn by such an abridged, abbreviated specimen of humanity. That all his life long every one who saw him would wonder if he was anything like his namesake. These were the appalling things which alarmed me. So I kindly, but firmly, declined the honor. My friend Shorty insisted. I declined with still more determination. He insisted more ardently, interpreting my reluctance, as modesty. To defend myself, I said I did not think the name appropriate.

"What name, then, do you think would be most appropriate?" he asked.

"The Soul of Wit," I replied.

It cut me to the heart to do it, but my name was at stake, and I had no alternative. It cost me a friend, but my name was saved.

Not every one who is curtailed as to height is called "Shorty." He may be even more unfortunate. If he is built all right, except as to his legs, which lack several inches of their proper share of his lineal extension he is apt to be known as "Sawed-off." I once knew a fellow called "Sawed-off" Jones, but he's dead now, so I'll not say anything further about him. I always try not to be irreverent. Nevertheless, whenever the image of Sawed-off Jones stumps into my memory, I wonder if there are duck-legged angels. Somehow or other I can't quite imagine there are. But then, if there are not, where did Sawed-off Jones go?

When a fellow is abridged pretty much all over, the boys dub him "Runt." Which reminds me that I once knew a boy whom we called "Runt." That is, we called him "Runt" until a rich uncle came to live at his home, after which we noticed he always had plenty of pocket money. Then we called him Bill, and even Will, while the girls, in sending out their pretty paper-lace valentines, addressed him as William Griggsby. All of this shows the reforming power of wealth.

What a crowd of boyhood acquaintances this subject of nicknames leads out of the memory of the golden long ago. There is "Sorg" Stonebrenner, "Deak" McMasters, "Turk" Burd, "Bones" Sutler, "Sissy" Huddnutt, "Cork" Bottletop, "Beany" Bright, "Fatty" McGraw, "Skinny" Harris, "Red" Sanders and a host of others. I couldn't tell you how some of them got their nicknames—they seemed to have been born with them—but the incidents which branded many others stand out clear and bright in memory.

"Sorg" Stonebrenner came by his name through what seemed to us boys as a funny accident. It never looked that way to Sorg, however. One Saturday night about half a dozen of us were over at Henderson's, watching the Stonebrenners' boil down cane juice—"making sorgum," we called it. Sorg, whose other name was Samuel, or "Sam," was watching the fire under the pan and skimming the skum from the boiling juice. According to custom, he saved the skimmings for the last twenty minutes or so of the boiling, as the syrup which drains from them is nearly pure. If you have ever "boiled sorgum" you know that the last skimmings are a creamy froth, and that while they are still warm they are the most delicious ever. Perhaps, if you were around at the right time, you made a small wooden paddle with which you dipped up some of the creamy froth, and, as it cooled, reveled in the sticky nectar. It may be, if you were doing the skimming, that you didn't trouble yourself to get a paddle, but dextrously applied your tongue to the skimmer instead. Now, this is just what Sam Stonebrenner did. Only he didn't wait long enough for the froth to cool, and consequently burnt his tongue. The burn made him dance around and he stumbled over the bucket of skimmings, upset it, and fell headlong into the sticky mess. Of course, after that we called him "Sorgum," which was cut down to "Sorg."

Anyone should be able to guess how "Deak" McMasters got his nickname. The McMasters family were Covenanters, so John—that is, Deak—had to attend three services on Sunday. Naturally, this didn't leave him any time to go swimming with our crowd on Sunday afternoon. Perhaps, since this was not any fault of his, we should not have called him "Deacon," or "Deak" for short; but we did.

Although Deak McMasters' bringing-up deprived him of our company on Sundays, yet it gave him some accomplishments that we really looked upon him with admiration and awe. He knew the Longer Catechism by heart, both questions and answers, and could recite without a mistake the Ten Commandments, The Lord's Prayer, The Beatitudes, and—so it seemed to us—all of the Psalms, and nearly all the rest of the Scriptures.

When Deak was in college, we made use of his catechetical knowledge in a way that would have been a scandal to his good father, had he known of it. When we entered the Sophomore year, and it thereby became our sacred duty to impress upon the tender Freshmen a knowledge of our superior wisdom, and a proper sense of their childishness and inferiority, a certain crowd of us were wont to lay compelling hands on any of the varlets we found running at large, and tote them off to Deak's room. There Deak would put them through a course of catechetical sprouts, while the rest of us stood by and encouraged the candidate with such remarks as:

"He'll flunk, sure, unless he does better than that."

"My, won't the Prexy be proud of him?"

"Say, I wonder where he expects to go when he dies?"

"Such gross ignorance of the Scriptures is a positive crime."

Now I think this is enough about Deak. But he has been dead these many years, and before I leave this mention of him I must add my stint of praise to his memory. I never knew a better man, and the memory of his friendship has ever been to me an inspiration. I have often wondered if I might not have been a better man if I, like he, had been brought up on the Longer Catechism.

Every crowd of girls, every gang of boys, has its red-headed member. The boy is usually known as "Red" or "Reddy," or as "Brick-top," which is often abbreviated to "Brick." In case his hair is of a certain vegetable orange-red hue, the boys dub him "Carrots." And when of the right shade of yellow-red he becomes "Sandy."

The red-headed girl usually escapes a universal public nickname, but her girl friends will refer to her as "Reddy" or "Red Head," while among the boys she is known as "Sorrel Top." Young men speak of her as the "Strawberry Blonde." I have in mind an auburn-haired girl friend of my youth, whom we called "Cayenne," and I can recall how in my tender years I wondered if there was always the same subtle connection between one's temper and the color of one's hair, as there seemed to be in her case. Another Titian-haired beauty whom I knew in the olden days took a great pride—and justly—in the bounteous thatch of golden-bronze with which nature had endowed her, and tastefully dressed herself in colors to harmonize. But I always did think she carried her color scheme to unnecessary extremes. A rich shade of chestnut-brown was her favorite. There was fierce rivalry among half a dozen young fellows for her hand, and the one who won her was he who first fell to the fact of her color scheme and who scoured the country until he got a span of horses of just the right shade. He won her hands down after that, although she really loved the one who drove a pair of blacks. An ardent wooer, who drove a team of whites, stood no show whatever. We must all admit, I think, that he was woefully short on judgment.

It is not so easy to find a good nickname for a girl as it is for a boy. I don't know why, unless it is because girls are just girls, while boys—well, a boy isn't really happy unless he is entirely different from everybody else. Yet I have known many girls with nicknames as appropriate for them as Pete and Repeat, or Hue and Cry, for twins, and which stuck as tight as the leeches I got when I went swimming in Sugar Creek in the happy days of yore.

"Spot" Falkner was one of these girls. You have probably known a "Spot" in your own earlier years, and are aware of the wherefore of the name. If not, then surely the following incident will enlighten you:

When Harry Penfield was about 5 years old his mother took him to church. He was not in church-going practice, for very early in his history Mrs. Penfield had learned that leaving him at home went a long way toward securing peace and quiet during divine service. So, for most of his five years of existence, Harry had had no practice in learning how to conduct himself in church. But his mother finally decided the time had arrived to break him in. The next Sunday the breaking-in process began. Here I shall pass over his dropping the hymn-book half a dozen times, tearing out the fly-leaves, sliding down the arms of the pew, crawling between the legs of Deacon Brownson, who sat just in front, and other similar, diverting pastimes, and proceed at once to the point.

After half an hour or so of restless activity, Harry seemed suddenly to lose all his energy. He climbed up into the seat, and standing on his knees leaned over the back of the pew and calmly surveyed the congregation toward the back of the church. His gaze passed from face to face in a critical search until it came to that of Sue Falkner. Here it halted as if it had found something of unusual interest. He seemed fascinated and kept his eyes glued on Sue's face for fully a minute. Finally he turned to his mother, and said in a very loud whisper:

"Ma, there's a girl back there with a face just like a turkey's egg."



# Uncle Sam Developing the Sulphur Industry.

By Alfred C. Pickells.

## A GREAT DEMAND.

WHEN one goes to a soda fountain and calls for an effervescent drink one would not think that the most powerful and destructive of acids, sulphuric acid, was a factor in the composition of that drink that tastes so good. But the fact is that that powerful acid is just as necessary in making that drink as the water in its composition.

One would not think, either, that, judging by the destructive effects of sulphuric acid when spilled on the clothes and flesh, it could be used for destroying certain parts of mixed fabrics in order to perfect them. Yet this is done with just as little destructive effects on the desired parts as when it is used in the laundries to eat out the dirt of clothes and yet not harm them.

It has been about twelve years since Uncle Sam entered the race to compete for the production of sulphur from which sulphuric acid is made. At that time he was a comparatively unimportant factor in the field. Perhaps he might have been termed a dark horse in the race because at the time of his entry he had no idea of classing himself with the well-seasoned veterans on the list. But the results have proven that he is like the thoroughbred; what is in him must show itself. He has entered the race and is pushing close for the wire, and today he stands second among the world's producers. Judging by the pace he has developed within the past few years and the condition of the old countries as a result of the war across the water it is predicted that he will soon pass under the wire a winner by a good margin.

Just a few brief figures will show how Uncle Sam has sprinted down the home stretch within the past four years. In 1911 the value of his exports alone in sulphur was \$545,941, and in 1912 it reached \$1,076,414; in 1913 it jumped to the \$2,000,000 mark and so far as has been calculated in 1914 we are away up in the \$5,000,000 class. It means soon another commercial supremacy for Uncle Sam because he has the natural resources.

Uncle Sam's entry into the race has not been entirely unobserved. He has had his backers and his jockeys, so to speak. The increasing uses and consequently great demand for sulphur have rooted him on to a keen desire to win, and the producers have backed him up by providing a running gear that he could pull easily. In other words they have said, "create the pace and we'll provide the stakes."

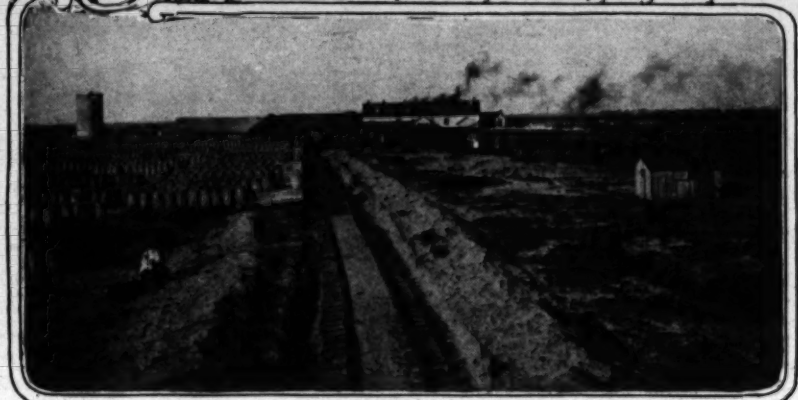
The pace has been created and with the march of progress in the world's works, whether barbarous war or peaceful commercialism, it has established a demand for sulphur that is equalled in but few other commodities. The big guns of modern warfare use a great deal more of powder than those of a decade ago and if more powder is used more sulphur must be provided for its manufacture. The same condition prevails in modern engineering work wherein dynamite and other explosives which contain great quantities of sulphur have caused an increased demand.

The cotton industry, since its increase, has caused a drain on the output of powdered sulphur, known in the trade as "flowers of sulphur," for bleaching purposes and it nearly equals the demand for the product in its acid form for certain treatments of cotton fabrics in preparing them for the markets. Medical science, also, has joined the clamor because no less than half a dozen separate treatments for skin diseases have been developed within the past few years which all use sulphur in considerable quantities.

Last but by no means the smallest factor in the use of sulphur the automobile has created a demand that has helped to severely tax the resources. Fifteen years ago the output of rubber tires was a negligible quantity. There were bicycle tires and carriage tires of rubber which used a certain amount of sulphur in their vulcanizing, but since the advent of the big automobile tires and the gradual reduction in the price of the automobile itself, the manufacture of these tires has been enormous. What all



Dock built specially for shipping sulphur.



Yard for shipping sulphuric acid and block sulphur.

these commercial factors have done in the past twelve or fifteen years in their individual advancements have caused the world to cry for sulphur, which means that the leading producer of the world stands good to reap the benefits.

Prior to this demand the amount of wealth in sulphur that lay hidden within Uncle Sam's domains was almost unnoticed, even unthought of, but with the increase of imported sulphur the government began to make explorations. It sent geologists into the fields that were thought to be barren, and what they found was the beginning of the awakening of a new industry. The grounds that were theretofore mined for other minerals were found to contain sulphur in its pure form. It meant the immediate beginning of active operations and the formation of companies which handled sulphur alone.

So far in the present development of the industry Louisiana has outclassed the two States that have joined her in the work of producing this commodity. Texas follows next, with Wyoming a close third. But scientists claim that greater deposits in other sections may be found as operations continue.

The deposits in Louisiana were found by boring through several hundred feet of Mother Earth. They were found to underlie a layer of quicksand over 100 feet thick at a depth of 1100 feet. They were also found to be several hundred feet in thickness and to be shaped like huge bowls sharply defined, as if hollid up by internal terrestrial furnaces with a diameter of more than a mile.

But the problem of how to secure this product that promised so much in money was a great one. To mine it beneath the beds of sand that would not support the lightest weight and which also had the tendency to sift through the smallest crack, appeared to be an obstacle which defied modern engineering. Yet Herman Frasch, one of Uncle Sam's leading backers in the production of sulphur, after a year of investigating and experimenting, discovered that the mineral in its commercially pure form could be melted and pumped as easily almost as raising water from a well.

The means now used to secure this pure sulphur takes its name from the process, and is known as the hot-water mining system. To reach the sulphur beds, wells are

bored from 50 to 100 feet apart by a method very much similar to that used in sinking an artesian well. The wells are about one-half as large again as the artesian tube and are sunk in groups.

The system requires a great amount of power in the form of superheated water, in addition to the power used for the pumps. To secure this the plant at Sulphur, La., which is said to be the largest in existence, uses 130 boilers of from 150 to 300 horse-power each. It would take an immense amount of coal to steam such an array of boilers to their proper capacity, but herein nature comes to Uncle Sam's rescue and provides fuel in the form of crude oil from large beds nearby. The annual consumption of such fuel for this purpose at these wells alone amounts to more than 1,000,000 barrels.

The process, which Mr. Frasch developed is operated by specially devised boilers. When the water to be heated is pumped into the containers it is brought to a temperature near the boiling point and is kept in that state until pumped into the sulphur wells. Just before passing into the wells it is given what is called its superheating by being brought into contact with live steam. This means a temperature for the water of nearly 300 degrees, so that when it comes in contact with the sulphur 1000 or more feet into the earth's depths, it is hot enough to melt the sulphur immediately and in this liquid state the mineral is pumped to the surface and placed in improvised bins.

It requires one battery of from fifteen to twenty boilers to operate one of these sulphur wells. To carry on these operations water is pumped through a canal from the lakes several miles away by apparatus which has a capacity rate of 12,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. The actual daily consumption of water is, however, only about 7,000,000 gallons. Altogether the capacity in horse-power amounts to 25,000.

The mines in Louisiana, since the operations began, have produced a tonnage of 250,000 each year, and there doesn't seem to be any indication of exhaustion of supply. One well alone has produced as much as 500 tons in one day, with a steady flow for months at a time. The output from this single well has reached 73,000 tons. And to further back Uncle Sam in the surety

of his stand for supremacy, the companies producing the sulphur are able, through nature's works, to guarantee a purity of 99 1/4 per cent.

When the sulphur is melted to a liquid state in its beds 1000 feet below the earth's surface, it is piped to the tops of the wells and to bins with thin, slab-board sides, where it is spread in layers of about one inch in thickness. Hot liquid sulphur cools rapidly, so that by the time one layer is fully spread out and work is begun upon the next, the first one has become partially hardened. Each bin is about 200 feet square and about 60 feet high, so that the block of layers thus formed contains about 150,000 tons of almost pure mineral.

One of the characteristic features of modern engineering is that the profession balks at no obstacle. The characteristic holds equally good in sulphur mining. For instance, the storage bins for the mineral might be placed at various points in the field, perhaps a few hundred feet from the railroad tracks or a few thousand feet. But when it is desired to ship the product a portable track is laid from each bin as a spur to the main line, on which the cars are brought close besides the bins.

They don't take the trouble to knock off the slab-board sides of each bin. Instead a charge of dynamite is placed beneath the block, the result being that it is soon transformed to a mass of small broken pieces, suitable for market. They also use traveling cranes with grab-buckets that carry two tons with each closing of their huge jaws, so that it is only a matter of a few minutes before a solid block 200 feet square by 60 feet high is transformed to broken pieces and loaded upon the cars. By this system it is possible to load a thirty-five-ton car in fourteen minutes. In the actual operation the operators are generally able to ship 1000 tons a day for a period of from twenty to thirty days at a time.

Sulphur in shipment is handled in a manner very much similar to the methods used in transporting coal. Though Uncle Sam uses great quantities of the product within his own limits, he has also broken into the foreign markets and gained a good foothold, and his exports are no small item in the shipping industry. At the principal loading ports in Texas they run the cars upon tracks on piers raised to a height of ten feet or more above the steamers' decks. There the sulphur was dumped into great hoppers which feed the chutes that lead to the holds of the vessels. Thus the cargo of a ship capable of measuring up to 7500 tons can be placed aboard and the ship allowed to sail in twelve hours from the time it reached port, a fact which means money to marine men.

Exports have become so great that the same company which opened and now operates those great mines in Louisiana has contracted with the municipal government in Rotterdam for a lease for twenty-five years of a tract of land measuring 300 by 500 feet adjacent to the docks. In order to keep pace with the demands it was found necessary to establish mills for grinding and refining the mineral before its distribution.

At the present time no less than eighty-five separate use enter into the sulphuric acid field, varying all the way from making blacking for shoes to the treatment of diseases. In other words, the chemical has the property of being used for the most practical as well as the most highly scientific purposes.

Consequently, Uncle Sam's men in the sulphur field are not depending alone on the pure product from the mineral fields. While Texas and Wyoming are producing their share to back up Louisiana, the combined output does not equal the demand by a good margin, and for a support they have gone into the iron pyrite fields, from which they manage to extract considerable quantities that help to relieve the pressure. Pyrites are produced by thirteen States, with Alabama well in the lead. Formerly, pyrites were considered a commodity for their iron only, the iron being merely extracted and the sulphur discarded. But it was found that they contained from 30 to 55 per cent. of pure sulphur, and it is now



*By Maria P. de Galeana.*

ANTONIO and Luz were lovers.

When Antonio was 10 years old Luz's mother made his a name-day cake with his name in pink candles on the white frosting and pink half-open rosebuds in the center and around it. Luz, dressed in the most expensive white dress and accompanied by her old nana, bestowed the cake. After the name-day party was over and all the children gone except Luz (whose parents had been invited to spend the evening) Antonio remembered that all the other boys of his age already boasted of their sweethearts. Of course, any girl would be proud to be his sweetheart, if he but spoke the word. But there it was; Antonio lacked the courage to speak that word. Already he had mentally rejected one little girl as impossible because of her too-fat cheeks, and another because of her turned-up nose. He

You could not tell where Ynez's attraction resided, or in what it consisted. You would have declared she had no beauty—

Antonio had thought he had been jealous when Ynez married Jesus Saens. He now knew all the torments of the condemned. Luz had always been his; he had never

"But, queridísimo Antonio, mío," laughed Luz in the face of his anger, "the American man, he so funny, so interesting. He want you marry him right off, quick, en este momento. I talk study him, while you and I wait." And Luz studied Antonio's face from behind half-closed lids. Again Antonio remembered when he used to let loose the goat to butt some one. He felt like letting loose something that should shake Luz from this provokingly obstinate







Good Short Stories  
Compiled for the Times  
From Many Sources  
Brief Anecdotes Gathered

The End of the Game. By Guy Arthur Jamieson.

THE HYMN.

"GOD, that gits on my nerve," blurted Kinkade onto the silence. "How the h—l you men stand fer it? There it is ag'in. If you had the soul of a Gila monster you'd do somethin'—why—"

"Shut up, Kinkade—play," Banks glared across the table fiercely at the speaker. The other men looked up impatiently. "It's the heat an' yer d—d poor luck."

The four men turned their eyes again to the cards, blistered with the swelter that dropped from their cheeks. They sat around a square kitchen table, on which a smoky lamp emitted a feeble light. The thermometer stood at 110. The doors and windows of the one-room shack, built of cottonwood logs, were propped wide open to the night. Without lay a limitless furnace shrouded in purple-black gloom. Occasionally a puff of hot air would bite into the desert sand, lift it into a whirling cloud and fling it vengefully against the squat station, a pile of ties, the section adobes, the Cactus Saloon, where flickered a yellow light, and the cabin where the four men, stripped to their undershirts, played "solo" in silence, but for the mumbled complaint at the heat or a bad play, or Kinkade's protest because of the sick man.

Banks, foreman of the Apex mine, came twenty miles across the desert that afternoon. Coleman, the section boss, had stood ten hours in the white heat prodding his squad of lazy Mexicans and Indians. Kinkade, a peripatetic prospector, had drifted in late in the evening on his way to some claims to do assessment work. Simmons, the agent at Dome, a flag station on the S.W.R.R., had sat at the key in his oven-like office all day and clicked desultory messages up and down the line to languid operators, interspersed with anathemas on the heat, the desert and the hard life of station agents in general.

The game of cards in the heat and semi-darkness seemed a scant diversion, but the men threw themselves into it with a grim intensity. It and the companionship were to their lonely souls as water to the parched tongue.

"There he goes ag'in," broke in Kinkade, sitting back and listening. "Men, I'm goin' over an' give 'im a drink. Nobody ain't never 'cused me of bein' mushy, but when a man's sufferin'—" He thrust his hand out for the bottle on the end of the table. Banks reached over and intercepted him.

"Listen, Kinkade. Yer good intentions air very becomin' to yer human instincts, but Bundy don't need yer whiskey er sympathy. He has whiskey—Simmons keeps him supplied—an' he'd resent yer sympathy. Simmons an' Coleman an' me may have the soul of a Gila monster, but we've done all fer Bundy he'd let us do—an' then some. Why—"

"But that man's dyin'." I've heard 'em like that before. Over in the Santa Rita—"

The men paused involuntarily as the ominous sounds floated on the night.

"He's been dyin' indefinite," said Banks, dealing the cards. "Anybody could see he's a goner when he dropped off yere five months ago. Hadn't been fer Simmons an' Coleman he'd done been in Kingdom Come. Sometimes I think 'tain't no kindness to keep a feller hangin' on sufferin' when ther ain't no ghost of a show. Tell him, Simmons—it's yer case," he broke off, filling his pipe.

Simmons reached for the bottle and took a generous swallow. He then offered it to the men.

"We don't stand on etiquette, Kinkade, you'll notice," he explained, drawing the back of his hand slowly across his lips. He mopped his forehead.

"About Bundy? I guess I ain't no more interested in 'im than you an' Coleman," he began depreciatingly. "We all kinder butted into his destiny. It may not be jest proper interferin' with Providence, but Bundy, somehow, became a diversion—"

"Diversion," assented Banks, pleased. "You're great at hittin' on the pertinent word, Simmons. Diversion—now that jest explains the situation, Kinkade. Go on, Simmons."

"You've finished with yer compliments?" asked Simmons with fine sarcasm. "Well, you see," he went on, "we all made a bet on how long Bundy would live. I'm ex-

plainin' this in the beginnin', Kinkade, so you won't be creditin' us with wrong motives in what we did. Coleman bet he wouldn't live over six months. Banks give 'im eight, and I stretched his life-span—"

"Life-span—now that's clever—" began Banks, admiringly.

Simmons shot him a savage glance. "If you'll bank yer comments till I'm through, we'll git on more expeditiously," he remarked drily.

"I bet he'd postpone his demise fer a year—"

"Demise—" began Banks, but closed his jaws with a snap.

"Thanks," said Simmons. "An' nacherly I've been most interested in keepin' Bundy goin'—"

"Well, when he dropped off yere—er more properly, was helped off—he was pretty weak an' wobbly. But he had wonderful vitality an' pluck, an' after a few weeks picked up surprisin'—that's the reason I give 'im a year. Well, Coleman, Banks an' me were the only white civilized citizens regular inhabitin' this part of the desert, an' as Coleman was at work five miles up the track somewhere, an' Banks twenty over to the mines, I nacherly was the logical party to impart information to any stranger blowin' in an' requirin' it, an' Bundy found me politely accessible—"

"Access—" stammered Banks, confusedly.

"Bundy had shipped a secon'-han' tent out from Los Angeles an' wanted to know where he'd apply fer permission to erect it. I told 'im to help himself to the desert, only it wouldn't be wise, from a standpoint of safety, to set up housekeepin' on the tracks, as they's used more er less regular by the S.W.R.R. fer transportin' freight an' passengers an' so forth. I regretted afterward tryin' to be funny with 'im. He didn't understand I's jest tryin' to liven up his spirits. He looked—well, words air jest inadequate to do justice to the way he looked. It was that sad an' reproachful an' hopeless I felt like 'is guilty of murder. I never tried to josh 'im ag'in. If he'd ever had a sense of humor consumption had done consumed it. After that I jest fell in with his ideas an' told 'im wonderful stories 'bout the adequacy of the climitt to bring the dead to life—"

"Adequa—" Banks gurgled in his throat. "In the course of our acquaintance," Simmons went on, ignoringly, "I learned he'd broken his health preparin' hisself fer a career. He was greedy ambitious. He'd gone in fer somethin' 'scientific'—bugs an' reptiles was goin' to be his speciality. Well, he wasn't more'n settled till he begin wanderin' roun' on the desert huntin' fer specimens—he's makin' a book 'bout 'em."

"That was somethin' fierce," commented Banks, noncommittally.

"I bet Coleman wins the bet," said Kinkade. "There's a fellow up in the Santa Rita—sounded like that, an' he—"

"Died," finished Simmons, ironically. "Yes, Bundy'll die, you'll die, we'll all die—but the question is, do you want to hear 'bout Bundy er don't you?"

"I beg yer pardon, awfully," replied Kinkade, humbly. "Go on with Bundy—Bundy's a peach of a—"

"Well, he soon seen he wasn't goin' to recuperate as rapid as he'd calkerlated an' would have to conserve his resources—them's his words, Banks—an' he confided to me that he thought if he'd cut his expenses to 30 cents a day he could keep goin' till he'd finished his bugology—that ain't what he called it, but that's what it was. Well, he tried to live on six eggs a day an' some flapjacks, an' he kept up his extravagant diet an' browsin' fer bugs an' writin' on his book till he begin to lose flesh an' git weak fearful. One day Yuma Bill found 'im sprawled on his face in the sand, helpless. 'Twas then we had a council of war—Banks, Coleman an' me. We seen he's cuttin' off his career premature. We told him eggs had taken a big slump—they'd gone up steady to 65 cents—an' adequate nourishment an' 'rest was as necessary as climitt. Coleman bribed Yuma Bill's squaw to milk a goat an' we took him the milk regular, chargin' 'im 2 cents a quart—he'd never stood fer it gratis, he's that proud an' punctilious—"

"Punc—" began Banks, timidly. Then boldly: "That ain't fair, Simmons—you see what he wants."

made that one. It ain't in the books, is it, Kinkade?"

"Can't prove it by me—ain't never been introduced to the gent."

"I 'con'sorbed that from Bundy—savvy 'con'sorbed?" Simmons asked with silencing derision.

"Well, we kept 'im fer a week, then I dropped in on him unexpected one day, an' there he was propped up on his cot, humped over his papers, his fever up to 103."

"You d—d lizard-headed fool, I flung at him savage. He sank over limp, his mouth open, his eyes like eyes you've seen starin' at you through a hole."

"You've got to give up this insecticide," I said, when he begin to git a grip on his senses, 'er you're booked fer a case of suicide.' Then I made 'im lie down, poured a pint of goat milk into 'im and began gatherin' up his manuscript. Glancin' over it, I found I could read it in spots middlin' fair, an' a bright idee popped into my head."

"Look yere," says I, 'I've got a typewriter up to the office, Bundy, an' I've been wantin' somethin' to practice on—what's the matter with me puttin' this treatise into type?' You ought to seen him brighten up. He's the most grateful fellow in the world. Makes you try to shed tears the way he appreciates any little favor—"

"I savvy now where you picked up them educated words," interjected Banks.

Simmons stared at him blankly a second, then continued: "Well, he kept gittin' weaker an' weaker an' I telegraphed Dr. Ketcherside at Yuma to come down. I explained the situation to him an' we dropped over to see Bundy. On our way back I asked him to tell me straight what he thought. He said Bundy might live a week an' he might live a year—"

"I'm still workin' on the bugology. If I can string it out a few more months, I'll shore win. Bundy won't die till it starts east—he's that—"

Kinkade rose from his chair, his eyes glowing with a fine light.

"Men," he interrupted, "I owe you an awful apology. I takes it all back—'bout you havin' the soul of a Gila monster—"

"Shut up, Kinkade," said Banks, sharply. "You blind fool, don't you see you's right 'bout our blasted souls—God, man, we've had to watch Coleman fer the last month. If Bundy lives three more weeks he loses. He'll strangle 'im yet some night in the tent—"

Kinkade dropped suddenly to the chair, his hands over his ears.

The hollow sound punctured the night like a death echo.

"Men," said Kinkade, soberly, when the sounds had ceased, "don't joke about it an' him out there—sufferin'. The man up in the Santa Rita I's tellin' you 'bout—"

"An' you think Simmons will lose, after all," broke in Banks.

"Say, men," said Kinkade, earnestly: "won't you let me in on this bet? There'll be undertakin' expenses an' the express east—"

"You're too late, Kinkade, an' it wouldn't be fair—you've got inside information. Then you'd copper my bet," replied Simmons.

"I wonder if he'd mind if I sing somethin'?" asked Kinkade, after a little, shame-faced.

"You sing?" said Banks, incredulously. "It would please Bundy to death an' highly entertain us."

"I use to sing in a boy choir—surplice, mortar-board an' all that," said Kinkade; "an' sometimes out prospectin' I turn loose on the old hymns to keep myself from dyin' of lonesomeness. If you think it wouldn't disturb Bundy—"

"Let's have 'em," urged Simmons.

Kinkade moistened his lips at the bottle, cleared his throat and began a little unsteadily, but in a musical voice, an old popular ballad.

"Makes me homesick," said Coleman, who rarely spoke, when Kinkade ended "away from the old folks at home." "I can see the little log cabin an' the stumpy hillside farm, back in Pennsylvania, nacheral as life—"

"What's that?" said Banks, starting up and listening. A faint cry floated on the night.

"It's Bundy, callin'," said Simmons. "I'll see what he wants."

While Simmons was gone the men sat soberly, exchanging speculative remarks.

"He'd like the gentleman to sing, 'Lead Kindly Light'," Simmons said, entering, looking over the heads of the men, "an' he wished the gentleman to know that he'd enjoyed the singin'—it carried 'im back, an' so forth—"

"Why, that's the hymn they sing at funerals," protested Kinkade.

"Well, sing it—you said you wanted to chip in somethin'," insisted Banks.

Kinkade began without further words: "Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom."

Lead Thou me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on!"

He faltered, failing to recall a line, then ended hesitatingly:

"I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

"There's a second verse," he said, beginning to hum in an undertone.

"Well, sing it," said Banks, impatiently. "I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years."

He stopped abruptly. "Men, that's all I can sing," he said, reaching for the bottle. "Remember not past years," repeated Coleman, turning his face, "sounds like a prayer—"

"An' expresses my sentiments," broke in Banks.

They sat on a space in constrained silence. Simmons leaned forward, his face in his hands. Then a gust of wind sprang up outside and swept through the door, filling the room with stifling dust and midnight darkness.

Banks struck a match and stumbled over a chair lighting the lamp.

"Time we's turnin' in, men," said Coleman, starting to the door.

"Had you noticed, men, how quiet Bundy's been—since I—sang?"

"You've put 'im to sleep," said Banks, laconically.

"I wonder if he'd mind if I went over fer a minit—you know I leave before day-break tomorrow?" persisted Kinkade.

"We'll walk by an' see if he's awake," said Simmons. "Might do 'im good to have us drop in—come on, Banks."

Bundy's tent was only a few yards distant. Arriving at it, Simmons called softly, but there was no response.

"He's asleep," he said, stepping to the door. "Bundy," he repeated, lifting his voice.

The only sound that arose from the darkness was the lazy flapping of a tent curtain.

"Strange," commented Banks; "he's usually a light sleeper."

Simmons entered. When he came out he joined the men in silence.

"Well?" asked Kinkade.

"Coleman wins," said Simmons.

Canada's Share of the War.

[Monetary Times:] A year of war has cost Canada \$90,000,000. It is costing Canada \$300,000 a day. The total war expenditure up to July 31, or practically twenty months after war was declared on August 4 last year, was \$81,500,000. The ratio of expense is going up all the time as the Dominion places more and more troops in the field. Almost the whole expenditure is military in character. The pay of the troops alone costs little less than \$100,000 per day.

Of the \$90,000,000 which constitutes the total expense of the war so far, \$50,000,000 was voted at the special August session of Parliament last year and \$40,000,000 came out of the war appropriation of \$100,000,000 made at the last session, and which is being borrowed in England. Besides providing for the direct war expenditures, the Minister of Finance had to increase the revenues, which were falling as a result of the war, and for that purpose imposed extra tariff and direct taxation. That this will be sufficient to take care of the financial situation till the next session is being demonstrated, customs revenues during the past few months having largely increased.



also good wages for good men. only profits for the producers but it means not from \$20,000 to \$25,000. It means not \$22,500 a ton this means a money value of alone increased from 1911 to 1912. At 100 years the tonnage of pure sulphur men backing him up. Within the past 10-15 years the tonnage of pure sulphur has increased 50 per cent. sulphur. Winning such a race means money for made to condense on prepared surfaces. dening boxes and the sulphur in the

in brief, the smoke is led through con- ditioned process of smoke chambers, but. How this is accomplished is by a com- 50,000 parts. time amounts to only one part in every the sulphur lost in smoke at the present 100 years the tonnage of pure sulphur men backing him up. Within the past 10-15 years the tonnage of pure sulphur has increased 50 per cent. sulphur. Winning such a race means money for made to condense on prepared surfaces. dening boxes and the sulphur in the

It has not been so very many years since these same gases became a source of con- into a source of profit for the furnace men. and a destructive waste at that, was turned into a source of profit for the furnace men. and a destructive waste at that, was turned into a source of profit for the furnace men. and a destructive waste at that, was turned into a source of profit for the furnace men.

It has not been so very many years since these same gases became a source of con- into a source of profit for the furnace men. and a destructive waste at that, was turned into a source of profit for the furnace men. and a destructive waste at that, was turned into a source of profit for the furnace men. and a destructive waste at that, was turned into a source of profit for the furnace men.

root will be a striking tombstone for hun- dreds of emaciated bodies unable to with- stand the rigors of war.

Rome, Genoa, Milan and Venice are not likely to be affected to an appreciable de- gree as long as the Tyrolean Mountains continue to bar Austria's passage south- ward. The farmers are undisturbed in their fields; the sturdy Italian women take the places left vacant by their warriors, and life goes on as serenely as can be expected in a country at war.

In fact, it is difficult to understand why the cost of food should have advanced even 15 per cent., and after a close study of the situation one is led to believe that the increase is inflated and unnatural—a sort of sympathetic response to the hardships of her neighbors.

Today one may obtain an excellent meal any place in Italy for about 60 cents.

The cost of food in Russia had increased 20 per cent. as late as July last. With the German-Austrian drive into her territory values undoubtedly will be affected, but by how much it will be difficult to determine for some time.

The greatest difficulty confronting Russia today is the feeding of her peasantry. The soldiers fare well enough, but the impover- ished natives in the outlying districts are suffering beyond our conception.

A group of Russian prisoners in Austria were questioned as to their commissary de- partment. They were free and unreserved in their praise.

Fear for Home Folks in Russia.

"Our army is well fed," they asserted. "But we cannot help thinking of our poor families. Even before the war we suffered for the necessities. Meat was a luxury en- joyed only once each week. Our vegetables were scarce and stunted. And now, with only women to till our soil, and the govern- ment calling for more and more produce for the soldiers, it is difficult to understand how our people can escape starvation."

Petrograd always has been known for its high cost of living, and today, with the added war cost, one finds even the table neces- sities quoted about 50 per cent. higher than the prices charged in New York City. How- ever, the Russians are treating the situation sensibly, and, instead of complaining, are curtailing their purchases and exerting every effort to encourage the farmers to produce capacity crops.

In many sections of the country the news- papers have offered prizes for bumper yields from stipulated acreage, and the har- vest this season. [Like the harvest in Austria-Hungary, promises to be the most bountiful in a generation.

It is a long jump from Russia to England, and the contrast is quite as impressive. In a word, England is unchanged. The average English breakfast of today is as good as the average dinner in any other country at war.

The Englishman has much for which to be thankful. He suffers the annoyance of an air raid occasionally, and several times the German fleet has visited his shores for a few minutes; but, aside from that, he experiences few of the hardships of war.

One who has just made the journey from Petrograd to London, via Berlin, Vienna, Bern and Paris, is astounded by the enor- mous prosperity evidenced on every hand in the English capital. Entire fronts of stores are blocked by great slabs of fresh meat; vegetables of every description are stacked or barreled behind counters; sea- food can be had almost for the asking, and fruit, juicy, wholesome fruit, can be obtained for a song.

Poverty Not Evident.

On every hand people are well fed and well clothed. No evidences of actual poverty can be detected, even in the slums of the cities. London, Liverpool, Manchester—all one continuous round of pleasurable en- joyment of the good things of life.

While eating at the appetizing display of food the traveler's mind unconsciously harks back to the miserable, starving peasants on the tundra stretches of Russia; the hollow- cheeked, hungry women and children in the Mariabill district of Vienna; and, approach- ing much nearer, the empty market stalls in Paris. He conjures visions of how those unfortunates would behave if suddenly confronted with an opportunity to partake of England's good things. The thought is not pleasant for one helpless to remedy ex- isting conditions.

A pleasing dinner of five courses may be had in London for two shillings, and if one cares to dine in a less-pretentious restaurant he can procure the same food for one shil- ling.

"Why should we worry about the U- boats?" the Londoner will ask you. "They have not hurt us. Hasn't the Admiralty in- formed us that for every vessel sunk two new ones are laid down in the shipyards? Look at our restaurants; look at our mar- kets; look at our people; do we appear to need anything?"

There is only one answer. Gastronomical- ly speaking, England needs nothing. Her prices are the same as before the war; her food supply is normal; her people are optimistic; she need not worry, unless— and the rest is conjecture.

## After the Conflict. By May C. Ringwalt.

### THE TRUCE.

ND so Aunt Jane was really dead.

Her niece, Francesca Norton, read the brief telegram without any sense of conviction. It seemed impossible that a person who had so completely dominated the lives of all about her for so many years should ever be persuaded to lay down her scepter. In fact only two words upon the little yellow slip had any significance—"Funeral Friday."

Immediately, Mrs. Norton got up; counted the money in a shabby pocket-book, and be- gan to pack her suitcase.

Aunt Jane alive, nothing could have dragged Francesca Norton across her thresh- old, but now that she was dead the tribal in- stinct of kin reasserted itself over any per- sonal feeling, and although even the small expense of the journey—the loss of pay while away from the pupils she was coaching—would cripple the family finances for weeks, she never thought for a moment of not go- ing to the funeral. Her one regret was that she had to leave "the children" at home. But Kenneth was in the midst of his high school final examinations and Kathleen, all nerves and sensibilities, too delicate a girl for any emotional strain.

Measured by miles, the trip was not a long one, but tedious in the way of chang- ing trains and making connections.

There was little of interest out the car window, and the travel too light for many distractions from fellow-passengers.

For the most part, Francesca sat lost in thought—by that mysterious conspicuous- ness that death confers, Aunt Jane, who for worry-crowded years had been only a shadow in the background of her mind, sud- denly occupying its stage center.

As long as Francesca could remember, Aunt Jane and she had been antagonistic.

In fact before she could remember; for ac- cording to family tradition on the Easter Sunday when her six-weeks' old baby self was baptized Francesca Jane after her grandmother and aunt, the instant the min- ister pronounced the Jane she had stiffened her small spinal cord, thrown back her head, beaten the air with angry fists, and screamed at the top of her lungs.

The first conscious, face-to-face encounter took place six years later.

Aunt Jane had come in from the ranch on a week's visit at her brother's. It was a Sunday morning—a Sunday of rain and wind and sticky adobe mud on the little town's ill-paved streets and by-ways.

"Agnes, you surely do not intend to let that child go out a day like this?" Aunt Jane said to her sister-in-law, as Francesca stamped on her high rubber boots prepara- tory for Sunday-school.

"It is stormy," agreed Francesca's mother. "Fran, dear, I think you'd better stay at home today."

"But, mother," vehemently protested the

small Puss-in-boots, "I've got to go, it's most im- portant."

Aunt Jane looked over her spectacles at the culprit in a piercing black glance.

"I should like to hear a child of mine speak that way to me."

It was a challenge sung straight in the face of parental authority—and parental authority is only human.

"We will not discuss the matter, Fran- cesca,"—the tone was too stiff—"mother said you were to stay at home."

Francesca stayed, a kicking, screaming heap of rage flung upon the floor.

None of the child's past little normal naughtinesses had prepared for this violent outburst of temper.

Her mother stood appalled, helpless, not in the least knowing how to handle the situation.

But Aunt Jane knew exactly. Somehow she managed to bundle the screaming, kick- ing heap in her arms. Flashed into the bathroom with it. Closed the door, turned on the cold-water faucet.

And Benny Wilson, who from that rainy Sunday's absence called her "Molly Coddle," won the good-attendance pin that for three whole months Francesca had set her heart upon wearing on her own proud breast.

So it began—a mere little crackling grass fire of childish anger and resentment. But if a grass fire is not stamped out, it may leap fences into forests of full-grown trees and end in a whole woods ablaze.

Aunt Jane never stamped out, she fanned. Sometimes her interference was about the merest trifle such as Francesca's wear- ing her hair like the other girls at school. Sometimes a big, crucial question like her opposition to Francesca's going to college; but always her look and attitude as much as her sharp-tongued words inflamed.

And the worst of it was that the event so often proved Aunt Jane in the right.

Francesca went to college, and for three dreary years after her graduation was a semi-invalid.

The fact that the matter of health had not even been mentioned made no difference in Aunt Jane's grim triumph.

"What did I tell you!" she constantly re- minded. "You wouldn't take my advice, you know."

It was the same thing when Francesca had insisted upon marrying Ken Norton in spite of all Aunt Jane could say against the match.

As the memory of that most unfortunate step of her life came in natural sequence the woman on the train winced.

She could not live over even in thought the agony of her disillusionment.

But her marriage had given her the chil- dren.

For an instant, her face brightened, then the sudden radiance faded out and the care shadows closed in again.

She had dreamed such ambitious mother dreams for Kenneth, and now in spite of her fight against circumstances she would have

to yield to the inevitable—consent to his taking the clerkship offered instead of go- ing on to college as she had hoped against hope a way might be opened for him to do. And Kathleen—her eyes brimmed with tears. Oh, if only she could gather Kathleen up in her arms and run away with her to the quiet of pine woods and health- giving mountain air before it was too late!

"What did I tell you!" Out of the great silence Aunt Jane's voice seemed to call back to her. "You wouldn't take my advice, you know."

And again she felt the lash of the cruel moment when she had received a copy of the will cutting her off from any part and parcel of the large inheritance that had been accumulating to unguessed proportions during so many miserly years—Aunt Jane's last word in an angry strife of argument in which Francesca had maintained fierce loyalty to her husband to the end.

All the others had come to the funeral, of course. The nieces and nephews who had "kept friends" with Aunt Jane. Francesca smiled a disdainful little smile. She had been too proud, too honest, to pay the price of favor.

But as she took off her things in one of the cheerless spare bedrooms of the familiar old ranch-house she blamed them less than ever before. Perhaps one could not go through life—and live—without a com- promise. If she, too, had "kept friends" what a difference it would have made in the children's future.

Yet when she joined the little gathering of relatives downstairs her disdain became dis- gust.

In the buzzing whirl of everyday little happenings, little hypocrisies may scarcely jar upon one's ear but in the stillness of a great reality their sounding brass and tink- ling cymbals grate upon the nerves until they become insufferable.

In spite of their mournful faces—the la- ments of their mournful voices as they talked over "the family bereavement"—Fran- cesca knew perfectly well that Aunt Jane's death meant nothing to them—her money everything.

As she went alone into the darkened par- lor a sort of indignant pity gripped her heart. Aunt Jane and she had always been at sword's points, but the blades at least had been clean of guile. . . . And in her coffin Aunt Jane looked so little—so alone. To come into the world—to stay seventy years—to go away again—and no one to care.

With a sudden impulse, she turned from the set floral pieces that she knew Aunt Jane had always loathed, and, opening the shutters at a near-by window, gathered a creamy-golden spray of Aunt Jane's favorite honeysuckle.

As long as Francesca could remember Aunt Jane and she had been antagonistic. If there was a life beyond the grave—if they should meet again—inevitably their

wills would clash in the same old way. But now—

Francesca stooped over the casket and slipped the spray of honeysuckle in one of Aunt Jane's empty hands.

### Fishes from Far-off Japan.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Pittsburgh is soon to have a notable addition to her proud possessions. The Carnegie Museum has just completed negotiations for the purchase of the collection of fishes made by Alan Owston of Yokohama, Japan. Director W. J. Holland announced yesterday. For many years Mr. Owston has been collecting fishes from the rivers and seas of Japan, using for this purpose his yacht Golden Hind, with which he has dredged both in shallow waters and in the deep sea. His collection is the largest and most interest- ing of its kind in existence and numbers some 1900 species, each species being repre- sented by numerous specimens.

The Carnegie Museum recently published a paper on the fishes of Japan, prepared by Chancellor David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, and based largely upon specimens collected by Mr. Owston. In this paper some thirty species, new to science, were described and figured. The number of these species new to science was not, however, exhausted by this publication, and it is believed that when the collection ar- rives here many new fish families will be found to be contained in it. Its arrival is therefore awaited with more than ordinary interest. It will be some time before the fishes are received here, as Mr. Owston has just accepted the offer made to him, and has notified Dr. Holland that he will start at once on the work of packing and preparing the specimens for shipment.

The collection of Japanese fishes in the Carnegie Museum, by this acquisition, be- comes the largest and finest of its kind in the world.

### Good Directors Atone for Bad.

The present directors of the Dai Nippon Sugar Company of Japan are about, says the Far East, to found a library of works on industry and commerce with the sum of 200,000 yen presented to them for their efforts in restoring the company to its former prosperous position. This great company was brought to the verge of bank- ruptcy in 1907 by the defalcations of its directors. In any other country it would have been declared bankrupt and the guilty parties punished; here the leading directors were sent to prison and every effort was made to put the company on a stable basis, which, after nearly ten years of co-opera- tive effort, seems to have been successful. The present position of the company, after a failure that would have finished it for- ever in England or America, is a notable example of the elasticity of Japanese com- mercial methods.



ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

*Compiled for the Times.*

### Dead at His Post.



SUNDAY MORNING,

HARRY

The Great War.

OFFENSIVE

OF ALLIES.

French and British  
Start a Drive.

English Line is Repulsed,  
According to the Advice  
from Berlin.

Jeff's Men in Retreat are  
Reported to Have Lost  
Heavily.

Military Rather than Diplo-  
matic Action Expected in  
the Balkans.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.  
BERLIN, Sept. 25 (via Lon-  
don, Sept. 26, 1:38 a.m.)—

The German official communi-  
cation says that after an artillery  
preparation of great intensity,  
which at some points lasted fifty  
minutes, the expected Anglo-French  
drive has begun on the west-  
ern front.

The communication claims that  
the northern British wing has al-  
ready been repulsed and that the  
French also have been repulsed  
on Soissons, Noyonville and at  
other points.

(Continued on Second Page.)

THE WORLD'S NEWS

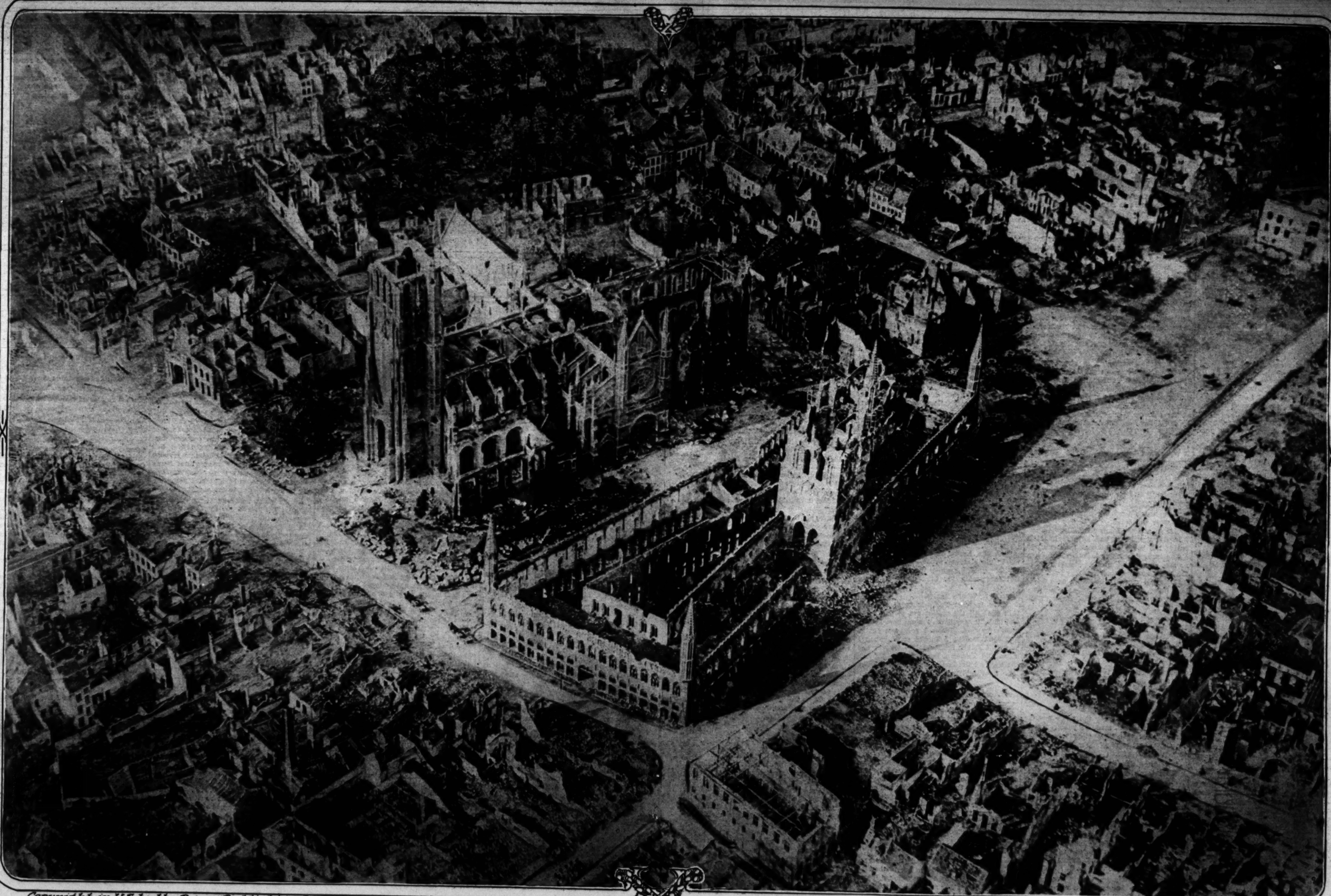
IN TO

The Foremost Events of Yesterday.  
(8) Renewal of Hostilities.  
(9) The Expected Anglo-French Drive.  
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(11) The Expected Anglo-French Drive.

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Ruined Ypres as Seen from an Aeroplane.



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